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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IX. JANUARY 1, 1827. NO. XLIX.

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Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

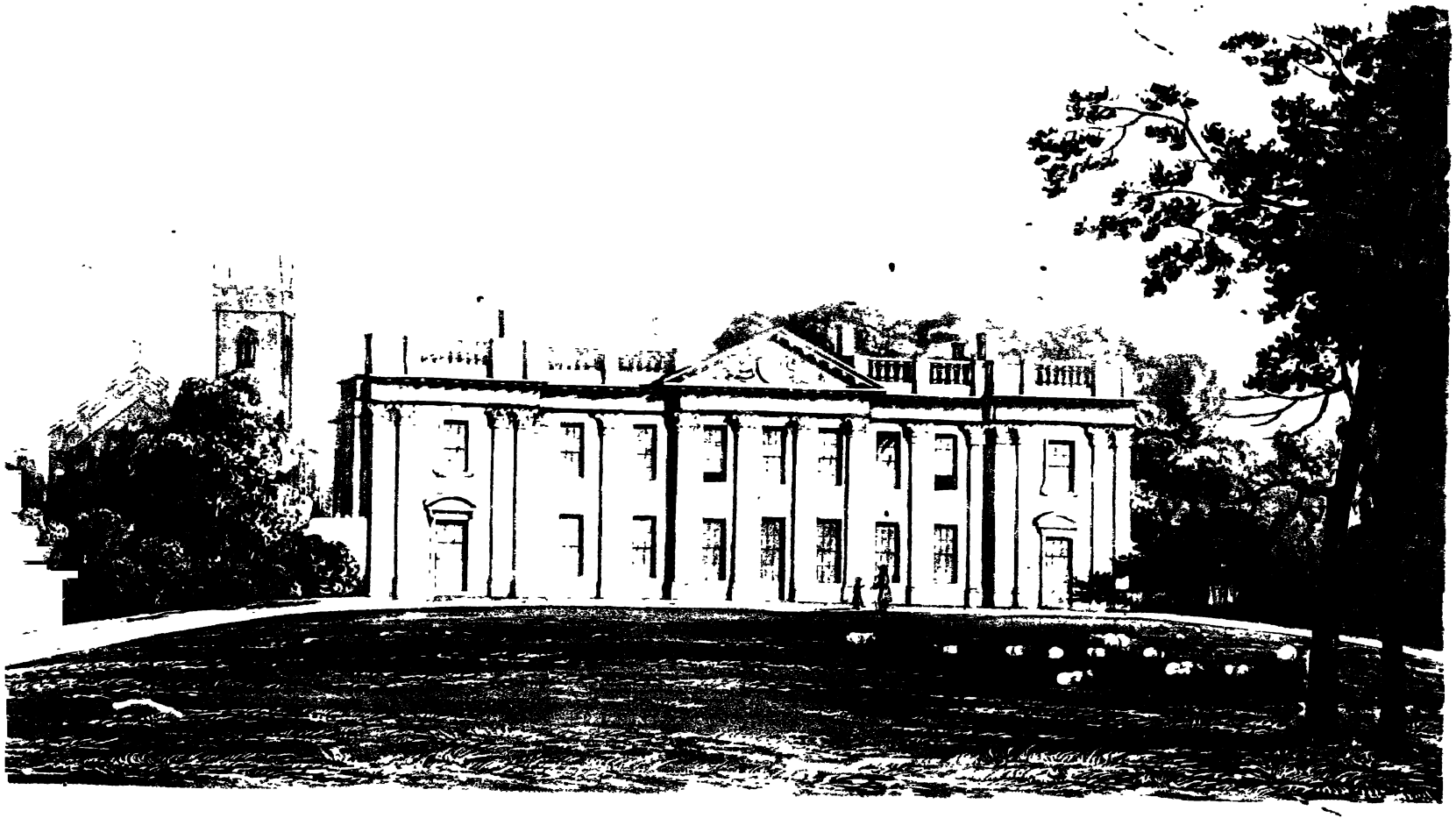
Love in the Older Time—Scraps from the Tablets of an Old Chevalier of St. Louis, *and various other Papers, shall have an early place.*

The Sonnet to My Twin Boys *shall appear in our next.*

Paul Jones *and* Head-Pieces and Tail-Pieces *will probably be noticed in the next number of The Literary Coterie.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

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VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

SUTTON-HALL, DERBYSHIRE, THE SEAT OF RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, ESQ.

THIS truly splendid mansion is situated at a short distance on the right of the road, about four miles from the town of Chesterfield, in an extensive park, embellished with fine plantations and spacious fish-ponds. This valuable estate, together with the manor of Sutton in the Dale, has only lately become the property of Mr. Arkwright; it having formerly belonged to the late Marquis of Ormond, and after the death of that nobleman remained a considerable time unoccupied.

Sutton-Hall is one of the most elegant mansions in the county, and was built at a very considerable expense by the last Earl of Scarsdale. The principal front, which forms the subject of our plate, commands a variety of extensive and diversified prospects, among which the ruins of Bolsover-Castle cannot fail to excite the attention of every visitor to this interesting place.

Willersley-Castle, another beautiful seat in this county, also belongs to Mr. Arkwright, who possesses many valuable works of art, especially some of the best specimens of landscape-painting by the celebrated Wright of Derby.

The town of Chesterfield, which is in the vicinity of Sutton-Park, is remarkable for its extensive iron-works; but in other respects it is a place of little importance.

CLOWANCE, CORNWALL,

THE SEAT OF SIR JOHN ST. AUBYN, BART.

CLOWANCE, which is considered as one of the most valuable estates in the county of Cornwall, and has belonged to the St. Aubyn family since the reign of Richard II. is situated about five miles north of Helston, and three from Redruth. The mansion, surrounded by an extensive and richly wooded park, is an ancient pile of building, and, excepting the south

front, which forms the subject of our engraving, is an incongruous mixture of several styles of architecture. The principal attraction, however, of this place consists in the many works of art which it contains, and among which are several fine family portraits by Sir Peter Lely and other eminent masters, in the highest state of preservation. In the drawing-room is a very striking likeness of Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart. by Opie, the celebrated Cornish artist. Here is also a remarkably fine collection of rare old prints, which has lately been considerably augmented by many choice specimens purchased by Sir John during his residence on the Continent, whose taste and judgment, as also the suavity of his manners, deserve every distinction.

The eye is highly gratified by the beauty of the several plantations in the park, which, being formed in the centre of the mining district of the county, strikingly contrasts with its barren aspect. In the park is also a fine piece of water, which tends considerably to improve the scene.

About half a mile from the mansion is the parish church of Crowan, a large ancient structure, and in the church-yard is a mausoleum belonging to the St. Aubyn family.

Returning to Helston from this place, the celebrated tin-mine called Veal, or Huel Vor, is well worth seeing. Here are not fewer than five large steam-engines for raising the water from the mine, besides stamping-mills, &c. It is considered one of the most valuable mines in the county, and gives employment to nearly one thousand persons: the ore which it produces is extremely rich; and the works connected with this mine extend more than a mile above-ground.

For the above particulars, as also for the drawing of Clowance, we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale, the author of *Excursions through Cornwall.*

JANUARY.

"JANUARY!" some people may exclaim on reading this title, "the less that is said about January the better!" But, I reply, "Patience! read what I have to say, and you will find that this crusty, blue-nosed, old-maidish sister of smiling April and frolicsome May and blooming June has attractions peculiarly her own, and is a greater favourite with many people than some of her younger and more gamesome sisters. It is true that I cannot, in this month, lead you through the flowery meadow, or by the margin of the summer brook, charming the listening woods with its gentle music; I cannot speak to you of blushing morn or 'dewy eve;' nor can I take you with me to the thicket to listen to the birds,

> 'Pouring from their little throats
> The melody of summer notes.'

But if I cannot lead you to the summer brook, I can shew you the winter torrent; if we cannot walk together among the 'leafy woods,' we can contemplate the naked forest, with its mossy trunks and fantastic branches, or bending under its feathery burden; and I can shew you the winter moon, looking down in beauty from the brow of night, and spangling the snowy mantle which covers the earth as with a veil of pu-

rity, with as many stars as crowd the firmament. But these are charms which January shares with several of her sisters. With her, indeed, they are unchangeable; and when she visits us we may safely rely upon finding her the same: nevertheless, that blustering fellow February, and that jocose dog December, resemble in many things their demure elder sister."

I fancy some querulous enemy to all innovation may here exclaim, "Elder *sister!* who ever heard of January being a female? Ever since the days of Chaucer, when *January* courted *May*, January has retained his character as a wooer." Gentle reader, I deny the authority of Chaucer, who is an old antiquated fellow, and cannot be trusted to in these enlightened days. January takes the precedence of all the months in the year; and does it not follow from this, by every law of gallantry and etiquette, that January must therefore be of the softer sex? But waving this digression, let me now do justice to January, and speak of the attractions which none other shares with her. Of all the holidays in the year the first day of January has ever been the most associated, in my mind, with mirth and glee and innocent festivity. History in all times, the usages of all nations, concur in giving to this day the character of hilarity; and I confess I am loath to part with ancient usages, and cling with a peculiar fondness to the observance of such holidays as this; and I will explain to you why.

It has been said that merriment at the commencement of a year betokens an inconsiderate levity, ill according with the uncertainty and brevity of life; and that the close of another year should dispose the mind to thoughtfulness, rather than to gaiety. But, in truth, I cannot perceive that the rising of the sun upon the three hundred and sixty-sixth morning should have any thing more melancholy in it than the rising of the moon on the twenty-ninth evening; and, without being any advocate for riotous dissipation, I avow myself a friend to every institution which awakens kind feelings and good humour and innocent hilarity. One of the peculiar characteristics of this season is the happiness of children; and who is there, possessing the kindlier feelings of our nature, to whom this is not an object of the most pleasing contemplation? Few spectacles are more delightful than groups of innocent children hastening, with faces of laughing expectation, to the toy-mart, where they are about to exchange the shillings and half-crowns, which papas and uncles have given to them as new-year's gifts, for some of the wonders which it displays. How glad are their hearts! what a store of future enjoyment seems on the eve of being provided for them! Alas! experience has not yet taught them the chilling lesson of truth, or stript novelty of its charm. The toy which each grasps in its little hand seems, to the owner, a more permanent source of happiness than wealth or honours to maturer years. This, too, is the season, this is the day, for the overflow of affection. How sweet it is to see the little ones, risen early from their slumber, hastening to their mother's chamber, and holding up to her their little mouths for a new-year's welcome; or to see brothers and sisters, hardly big enough to be distinguished, going into each other's arms, a-

giving and receiving the pure kiss of infant love! Sure I am, that in such moments affection flows in a wider channel, and hearts throb with a deeper attachment. But the sentiments of affection which, in days like this, warm in the hearts of children, reach farther, and cement in closer bonds of love the husband and the wife, the grandfather and his grandchildren; all, in short, who are connected by bonds of social relationship. Simple as may be the festival which commemorates a new era, these effects are produced, whether the table of the citizen is graced with a plum-pudding in honour of the day, or the wealthier commemorate it by prouder distinctions and more magnificent displays. Domestic felicity is influenced by seemingly unimportant causes; the morning salute with which the husband greets the partner of his days, as she enters the breakfast-parlour on new-year's day, is pregnant with the accumulated kindness of years; it carries the mind back to the first festival after their union; and though long years have perhaps intervened, the husband, in that moment, calls back all that had adorned the spring-time of youth and freshness, and the years that may have wrinkled his brow, or silvered o'er his hair, hinder him not from recognising that throb of the heart which vibrates to the chord of earlier days.

Many are the pleasing scenes that holiday commemorations offer to the contemplation. Is it not a fine spectacle to behold age and youth, and infancy and maturity, all assembled together in social glee? The white-haired grandfather, and his sons and their spouses, and his daughters and their husbands, and the laughter-loving grand-daughter and the tricky grandson—how kindly does the old man smile upon them all! It is fine to see the respect which youth pays to age; to witness the eagerness with which children strive *who* shall wait upon hoary-headed years; *who* shall place a chair for grandpapa, and carry grandpapa his tea, and have the first, and the last, and the most kisses from grandpapa. True it is all this passes away; the feast has its termination—the day its close. The guests depart—night comes—and sleep throws oblivion over all. But the kind feelings that have been awakened do not so soon pass away. Such days are the landmarks of life; promontories standing out from the dullness of existence; spots which live greenly and freshly in memory long as life's journey lasts. Let us not check the kinder emotions. Let us not stint the exercise of the social affections, nor throw a chill over the expression of innocent mirth and decent joy. Let these have their little hour. Many are the dark hours which intervene.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

No. VII.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

THE bridge which crosses the river at waters the town of Pont-à-Mousson wants the middle arch. The country-people seriously tell you, that several efforts have been made to rebuild it, but always in vain, for that what was done in the day was sure to fall to pieces at night. How that

may be I know not, but certain it is, for there stands the bridge without its arch; and I am now going to inform you, good reader, with all the veracity of a faithful historian, how it happened that the said arch disappeared.

It is now some centuries since an architect, named Eugene Pierre, undertook to build the bridge in question. He had made what he considered a good bargain with the town, but, unlike the architects of modern days, he was not to receive any part of the money till the bridge was entirely finished. Eugene had some money in hand, and he depended for a further supply on a sum that he had lent to a friend, which he thought himself sure of receiving in time. Unfortunately for the poor architect, this friend died suddenly and insolvent: thus he found himself utterly destitute of the means to complete the bridge.

He did not, however, despair; generous and friendly himself, he expected friendship and generosity from others. He had many friends; he went and explained his case to each of them separately, assuring them in turn, that if he could not raise the money he was a ruined man.

Our readers have already divined that this mode of borrowing was not very successful; in fact, Eugene returned to his house without a penny, and was met by his workmen clamouring for cash, and declaring that they would not go on without it. Pierre, half distracted, begged hard for another day, which, with some difficulty, he obtained, and he went, as a last resource, to a young widow, whom he loved and was upon the point of marrying. He knew that she had not the money, for she was poor, but he thought that she might perhaps procure it among her friends; for even his own sad experience had not yet destroyed his belief in friendship.

No sooner had he revealed his situation to her, than she flew to fetch him the few ornaments of value which she possessed and two hundred crowns in money: it was every farthing she was mistress of. "Take this for the moment, dear Eugene," cried she, "and by to-morrow I shall get thee more." This proof of the truth of her whom he loved gave a transient relief to the oppressed heart of the young architect; he embraced her tenderly, and returned home to indulge in dreams of success.

It was then late in the evening, and as he walked by the river-side he suddenly found close to him a stranger dressed in black. The moon shone full as Eugene turned round to look at him; and, stout-hearted as he was, he drew back with involuntary shudder as he met the eyes of the stranger bent full upon his. There was something he knew not what in their expression which made his blood run cold to his heart. He slackened his pace; the stranger did so too. He again pressed forward, but in vain; his unwelcome companion was still at his side.

"Thou wouldst avoid me," said he at length, in a tone of mockery; "and yet I alone can do thee good."

"How?"

"Even so—thou hast tried thy friends, been disappointed, and still thou hopest, but thou wilt be again disappointed."

"How know you that?" and Eugene stole a fearful glance at him.

"No matter! to-morrow will prove to thee the truth of my words. Then

when disappointment drives thee to despair, think of me; a wish will bring me to thy succour." And before Eugene could reply he had vanished.

The poor architect regained his house with feelings which it is impossible to describe. He did not doubt for a moment that it was a demon he had seen, and he presaged from this terrible visit the utter destruction of his hopes. His fears were too just; the next night his beloved came to announce to him, that all her attempts to raise the money had failed. He heard her with affected calmness, and dismissing her with a tender embrace, sat down to consider what he should do.

The more he thought of his situation the worse it appeared. He was not only ruined but dishonoured. He had no refuge from ignominy but in the grave; but he shuddered at the thought of suicide. In spite of himself a half-formed wish arose that the terrible being whom he had seen the night before would come to his assistance; and that instant he beheld him at his side.

"Think no more of death; live to enjoy thy wishes, the means are in thy power," said he, as he bent upon Eugene those terrible eyes, the withering glance of which no mortal could endure.

"The means are in my power!" repeated Pierre faintly, "what then are those means?"

"Thou hast but to call me to thy aid; I may not benefit thy race but by their own consent."

Eugene was silent for a moment. In that moment what fearful thoughts passed through his mind! An indistinct idea, a vague hope, that if no bargain was made the fiend could not have actual power over him, urged him on. "Whom must I summon?" said he at length.

"Nay, this is mockery; thou knowest me, and what men call me, well."

"Fearful being, hence! I cannot, will not ask aid from thee."

"Pusillanimous wretch! thy coward soul trembles to receive even that which is offered without condition—to-morrow thou wilt make less difficulty."

He vanished. During the night the wretched man paced his room, vainly endeavouring to form some resolution. The following day his creditors beset him; he attempted to fly, but he was stopped, and on the point of being taken to prison. "I have yet one untried resource," said he to his creditors, in a tone of despair, "and it cannot fail me. Leave me in peace till to-morrow, and I swear you shall be paid."

"You seek to deceive us," cried one of them, "and it is useless, for escape us you cannot."

"I shall not try—I repeat, to-morrow you shall be paid."

They consulted together, and at last they left him just as the evening closed. No sooner was he alone than he exclaimed; "Angel of darkness, give me then the aid that thou hast promised; but give it to me without condition, else I accept it not." Again the stranger appeared, bearing a bag filled with gold, which he placed in silence before Pierre, and instantly vanished.

Eugene examined the money; it was just the sum he wanted. "It is mine," cried he, "mine without condition!" He repeated these words to himself many times, but he sought in vain to reassure or tranquillize his mind.

His workmen were paid, their task

was resumed, and it proceeded with such rapidity that it was finished even before the time agreed upon. Eugene received the sum he had bargained for with the town; his friends hastened to wish him joy, and were dismissed, as they deserved to be, with contempt.

There was one and one only whose felicitations were received with joy: need we say that this was the widow, whose disinterested affection he hastened to reward? They were married; and could he have forgotten the manner in which he obtained the money, he might have been happy; but the recollection of it was ever present to his mind, and a dread that his terrible creditor would finally prove his destruction embittered his peace of mind.

Some time passed and nothing appeared to warrant his fears. He had made up the exact sum given him by the fiend, and resolving never again to use what he regarded as an accursed thing, he buried it in a cellar in his house. Shortly after he had done so, a noise, as if of low stifled groans, was often heard at night proceeding from the cellar. The neighbours, struck with these singular sounds, reported the facts to the civil authorities; search was made, the bag of gold was discovered, and near it, in a corner of the cellar, the body of a murdered man. He was recognised as the former proprietor of the house. He had been missing above a year, and it was directly remembered that the architect had hired the house of him shortly before he disappeared, and removed into it only the day after. Upon the strength of these suspicious circumstances he was apprehended and committed to prison.

Despair seized him; he saw no means of extricating himself, and he believed that he was about to expiate by an ignominious death the punishment of the crime he had committed: for let him act which way he would, his fate was sealed: if he revealed the truth, his tale would either be treated with disbelief, or he would be burnt as a sorcerer; if he remained silent, he would be surely executed as a murderer. Overcome with grief and horror, he dropped upon his knees, and was about to pray, when he heard a low sound proceed from the corner of his dungeon, and casting his eyes towards it, he met the withering glance of the demon bent full upon him.

He shrank not, for despair had braced his nerves. "What wouldst thou?" cried he; "why art thou here?"

"To save thee."

"Liar! impostor! Begone, leave me to the fate that thou hast brought on me."

"Fool! say rather to the fate thou hast brought upon thyself: but it may yet be averted. I can transport thee to a far distant country, thee, thy wife, and thy gold; there thou mayst live happily."

"And this too thou wilt perform without condition?"

"No; thou must, as the price of my services, take that crucifix from the table and trample it under thy feet."

"Wretch! I refuse thy proffer; I abhor and I renounce thee: thou hast ensnared my life, but there is still mercy for my soul, and it is here I seek it." He raised the crucifix devoutly to his lips. At that moment the fiend disappeared, and a loud clap of thunder, that seemed to shake the bridge even to its base, burst

over it. The spirit of darkness carried with him in his flight the middle arch.

Prostrate on the floor of his dungeon, Eugene was pouring out his heart in prayer, when the venerable pastor of the parish entered with tidings of hope and comfort. He had witnessed the extraordinary scene, an explanation of which he sought from Eugene, who gave it to him without disguise. When he had concluded, the *curé* informed him that the real murderer was discovered, and he had no doubt that, by a proper representation of what he had himself seen, he should succeed in averting from Eugene all charge of sorcery. His benevolent intentions were fulfilled; the architect was released, performed public penance, and led ever afterwards an exemplary life. As for the gold of the fiend, no traces of it were ever after seen; but the place where it had been concealed was filled with a noisome stench, which rendered the house uninhabitable.

THE BANDIT.

At that part of the road leading from Rome to Naples, which winds along the seacoast, are seated, on steep and nearly inaccessible rocks, the ruins of the Roman town of Anxur, for ages the haunt of robbers, who often descend in numerous bands, and strike terror and consternation into the surrounding country. Not unfrequently they make incursions into the village of Terracina, situated on the high-road at the foot of the hills, and other adjacent places, plundering, murdering, and carrying off young persons belonging to distinguished families. For most of these captives they extort a heavy ransom, but others they refuse to restore at any price. The villains dwell securely amid the ruins, whither no one can pursue them: horses trained for the purpose carry them with amazing swiftness up the steep narrow path to the tops of the highest rocks, on which the ruins are seated. Were it even possible to follow them thither, this would be of no avail, for they plunge with their steeds into a dark cavern, the entrance of which, yawning like the mouth of hell, scares the horses of the pursuers to such a degree, that, regardless of the rein, they betake themselves to a precipitate flight. This aperture leads to an immense cavern, which serves for a stable, and from which a winding staircase, hewn out of the rock, conducts to the top of the hill, where the robbers have formed habitations among the relics of the once considerable town. In this dreary abode a circumstance of no ordinary interest occurred about a century since; and I only wish that my narrative of it may afford as much pleasure to the reader, as I received from the relation given me by a person who has long resided in these parts.

The Marchese Lorenzo Altamonte, the descendant of a very ancient family, resided at Terracina. His ancestors were once very opulent, and had extensive possessions in the Ecclesiastical States: but misfortunes of various kinds had so far reduced this noble and flourishing house, that its last representative had nothing he could call his own besides a small villa on the seacoast,

and a good house at Terracina, the former of which he inhabited in summer and the latter in winter. His family consisted of his wife and his only daughter, Bettina, who was celebrated far and near for her exquisite beauty. Her large dark eye glistened beneath long silken lashes, and her hair descended in black, glossy, luxuriant ringlets, over a neck of dazzling whiteness. Her face, cast in the Grecian mould, was also delicately fair, and her cheeks were tinged with the hue of the rose. In figure she was tall and elegant; her gait was that of a goddess, and her voice melody itself. At the same time Bettina was a model of virtue and piety; she was the joy of her parents, and beloved and admired by all who knew her.

Altamonte, though not actually rich, enjoyed the reputation of possessing wealth, and this reputation he was particularly anxious to maintain. His wife, Camilla, understood as well as himself the inestimable art of keeping their expenditure in equilibrium with their income. As they observed the strictest order in their whole domestic economy, their house was well managed, and they lived in a very respectable manner. The fair Bettina soon had many suitors, but only one of them was able to make any impression on her youthful heart. The fortunate candidate, a young gentleman, the last scion of a very ancient family, was the handsomest and the most amiable, but at the same time the poorest of all her suitors. Besides a small landed property, which yielded him but a scanty support, Federico Maraviglia possessed absolutely nothing. The loving Bettina easily overlooked that fault: not so her parents, who, being better acquainted with their circumstances, deemed it incumbent on them to seek a wealthy match for their daughter, to whom they could give but an inconsiderable portion. They were of course decidedly adverse to this silly passion, as they termed the romantic attachment of their charming daughter to the high-spirited Federico.

The love of the young people for each other was almost as old as themselves, for Bettina had grown up with Federico. They had been playmates in childhood; and their young hearts had even then conceived a mutual predilection which strengthened with their years, and grew up in the bosom of the ardent youth in particular into an uncontroulable passion. Bettina loved the dear companion of her infantine sports with enthusiastic tenderness: but her heart was soft, and love itself there assumed a delicate form; and when Federico, with vehement impetuosity, abused her parents as cruel and hard-hearted, because they disapproved his love, Bettina had only silent tears to express her feelings.

The Count of Castelmare solicited the hand of Altamonte's fascinating daughter. Endowed with all that can assure happiness to a mortal, handsome, young, rich, possessing an excellent heart and a cultivated mind, the count united in his person all that the marchese could desire in a son-in-law; and both parents hoped to make their child completely happy by this advantageous match. They well knew that Bettina's heart was attached to Federico; but still they trusted that this childish, unpromising passion would soon be overcome

by the superior qualifications of the count. They gave him therefore their consent, and acquainted their daughter with their intentions. Bettina threw herself at their feet, and implored them not to plunge her into inexpressible misery: but they had different views of happiness; and they intimated to the weeping girl, that she must obey, and at the same time forbade all further intercourse with Federico.

Bettina was a dutiful daughter, but yet she could not do such violence to her feelings as to part from her lover for ever without a farewell interview—she must see him once more, to bid him, alas! an eternal adieu. Her nurse, on whose fidelity and silence she could depend, was dispatched to him with a letter, in which she apprised him of her melancholy lot, and invited him to meet her at night in the garden, that they might take leave of each other for ever. These tidings burst like a clap of thunder on Federico, and drove him almost to despair: he promised, however, to keep the appointment. He then abandoned himself to the excess of his grief, furiously struck his brow with his clenched fist, and more than once he was on the point of throwing himself from the lofty parapet of his mansion; for after the loss of his mistress, life seemed to him an oppressive burden: but a sudden thought darted through his brain; he led forth himself his best horse from the stable, vaulted into the saddle, and galloped away.

Night spread her veil over the face of nature, and the moon gleamed through light clouds on the dark embowered alleys, when Bettina, with her attendant, softly descended the marble steps leading into the garden. She soon found in a distant summer-house her lover waiting for her with impatience. Bettina sank weeping on Federico's bosom, and he strained her ardently to his throbbing heart. After the first tempest of their feelings had somewhat subsided, he strove to tranquillize the trembling girl. "Bettina!" he exclaimed, "do you love me?"—"More than I can express," replied she; "but this is the last time that I must tell you so, the last time that I must see you. Duty commands me to shun you henceforth and for ever."—"No, that you must not, shall not! Flee with me. It will not be difficult to get over the garden-wall: two horses ready saddled are waiting for us on the other side; let us hasten then, dear Bettina, and you shall be safe, for I will convey you to a place whither no one will pursue us."

Bettina shuddered at the idea of a step which would have been death to her beloved parents. "Cease, Federico," said she; "indeed I cannot assent to your proposal: my father and mother would die of grief. And to what place could we flee whither the anger of my parents and the power of the count would not pursue us?"

"Look at me, Bettina! Cannot you guess whither I would convey you?"

Not till then did Bettina observe the singular costume in which Federico appeared. He wore a short jacket; by his side hung a broad sword, and in his girdle were stuck a dagger and a brace of pistols. "You must know the ruins of Anxur," said he; "there I have friends living in secret. Apprehensive that the pride

and the selfishness of your parents might some time or other tear you from me, I long since secured their assistance and an asylum for us both, in case of such an event."

"O heavens!" exclaimed Bettina, starting back with horror, "art thou then become the associate of robbers and murderers? Is it to them that thou wouldst conduct me? Is it to the den of ruthless banditti that thou woulst have me flee from the arms of beloved parents, who have trained me to virtue and honour? Desist, Federico; and do thou too return, and forsake not the fair path in which thou hast hitherto walked. I loved only the noble and upright Federico —the comrade of banditti I abhor. I will not flee with thee, for I would rather be unhappy than criminal."

"Ha, serpent! is this thy affection? Girl, girl, drive me not to madness! In order to possess thee I have sold myself to the men whom thou callest villains, and who are far less guilty than thou imaginest them to be; for they are the step-sons of unjust Fortune, who have the courage to combat Fate, and to wring from it that which it refuses to give them spontaneously. Thou must go with me— I cannot now recede; thou must go with me, for it shall not be for nothing that I have sacrificed myself!"

With these words he seized Bettina and would have dragged her away by force, but, disengaging herself from his grasp, she flew on the wings of the wind towards the house. He would have pursued her, but the nurse threw herself in his way; she caught hold of him and clung to him so closely as to fix him to the spot. Suddenly drawing his poniard from his belt, he plunged it into the bosom of the faithful creature. He then hastened after Bettina, who had meanwhile reached the door, which closed with violence as soon as she had entered. All he could now do was to make a precipitate retreat. He passed, not without shuddering, the unfortunate old servant, who had fallen a victim to her fidelity and was just breathing her last. He mounted his horse, took the other by the bridle, and away he posted to the ruins, among the inmates of which he was now worthy to be numbered, for he was already a murderer. He had nothing more to lose; his account with the world was closed; the powers of darkness had taken possession of his soul, and he now belonged wholly to the guilty band with which he had associated himself.

Bettina hurried breathless to her chamber, where she fell on her knees, and thanked God that he had granted her strength to escape. With burning tears she besought the Father of Mercy to conduct the misguided youth back to the path of virtue. She sank exhausted upon her bed, and tossed about in restless anguish: hideous phantoms crowded upon her brain, and she was soon seized with a burning fever. In this condition she was found in the morning by her mother, who was not a little alarmed at the state of her beloved child. The physician who was summoned, declared that her disorder, which must have been produced by violent agitation of mind, was dangerous and likely to be protracted; but he hoped that her youth would overcome it. The phantoms of her delirium were frightful. Sometimes she was among murderers whose daggers were pointed at her heart; at others she bemoaned her lover, whom she beheld in imagination

bleeding on the scaffold. She begged him in the most moving accents to return to virtue; she offered her own life to save his.—The body of the murdered nurse was found: her mother readily guessed the connection of the matter, but strove to conceal as much as possible from her husband, fearing the effect of his anger upon Bettina. She was anxious to keep the count also in ignorance of what had happened, lest he should recede, and break off a match, which, under the then circumstances, appeared to her to be more desirable than ever. Bettina now needed protection against the robber, who might easily snatch her from the very bosom of her family. The count was powerful, and when he rode out, his coach was always surrounded by a number of armed servants. His castle on the seacoast was guarded by a troop of soldiers, whom he kept in his own pay: there then Bettina might live in safety.

In a few weeks Bettina recovered, to the joy of her parents and the count, who was impatient to lead his beauteous bride to the altar. The lovely girl was reserved and melancholy; an interesting paleness overspread her fair face, upon which a sad smile but rarely played, like the moon bursting for a moment through gloomy clouds. Poor Bettina! her mind was wrung by the giant conflict between duty and passion: the former proved victorious, but her heart was rent in the struggle. She gave her hand to the count at the altar, and pronounced the solemn vow of fidelity, which she firmly resolved to keep. No more did Federico's name escape her lips; and once, when her mother would have spoken of him, she urgently entreated her never to mention him again. Neither was he ever seen by any one, so that it seemed as though he had disappeared from the earth.

The Count of Castelmare felt inexpressibly happy in the society of his lovely and beloved wife; but the tranquil melancholy which pervaded her whole manner frequently filled him with apprehension. They had been married two years and had yet no prospect of issue: this was the only cloud that darkened the horizon of his felicity. Still he hoped that time would fulfil the fondest wish of his heart, and strove more and more by every means in his power to promote the happiness of his adored Bettina. The countess on her part esteemed and respected her generous consort, by whose delicate attentions she was deeply touched; but love she could not give him, for Federico's image yet lived in her heart. The impression of her first attachment was indelibly stamped upon it, and never, no never, could she forget that.

The robbers of Anxur meanwhile prosecuted their unhallowed trade more daringly than ever. They had elected a new chief, whom on account of his hardihood and intrepidity they had named *Cor di Leone*—Lion-heart. Of this chief the most extraordinary stories were circulated throughout the whole country. Many could recount traits of his generosity and liberality shewn to persons who had been plundered by his band; others, on the contrary, attributed to him horrible acts of cruelty and revenge. The domains of the Count Castelmare and the Marchese Altamonte suffered more especially by the depredations of the banditti. To no purpose did the count send forth

his soldiers, reinforced by *sbirri*; the wretches carried their audacity so far as to drive away the cattle from the farm-houses, and to set fire to the villages, almost before the face of the troops posted to protect them.

The castle alone had been spared these unwelcome visitations; and often when a numerous band had routed the count's soldiers and the *sbirri*, and were ascending in full career the hill on which the castle was situated, a commanding figure appeared on a stately steed. His dress was black; feathers of the same colour waved above his high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat; from beneath it descended a profusion of raven hair, which so shaded his embrowned face, that nothing could be seen for it but the glare of his wildly rolling eye. At his beck the victorious troop turned about and hastened back to their retreat. This conduct appeared strange and inexplicable to all but Bettina. She alone knew the elegant equestrian: his figure was too deeply impressed upon her memory not to be recognised.

Atrocious outrages had been committed by the banditti: they had fallen at night upon Terracina, pillaged and plundered, and carried off several females, whom they conveyed to their haunts and there detained. The public authorities and the landed proprietors of the whole adjacent country consulted together by what means the excesses of these villains might be checked. They assembled the inhabitants of Fondi, Itri, Gaeta, and the neighbouring villages, and all the *sbirri* and soldiers in the whole district; they beset all the avenues to the rocky defile, in hopes of securing some of the robbers, or at least their captain, who, it was learned, frequently repaired alone to the sequestered chapel, seated on a steep rock, overshadowed with pines, in the rear of Castelmare.

Bettina heard of these arrangements, and trembled for him whom she durst no longer love: she might, however, without any violation of her duty, warn and save him; and this she resolved to do at all hazards. She wrote in a disguised hand a few lines, in which she cautioned him against visiting the chapel, because danger awaited him there. She then conjured him by the image of the crucified Redeemer which looked down upon him from the altar of that chapel, to forsake the disgraceful profession of a robber; and return to virtue. "The Saviour," she thus wrote, "has shed his blood for thee also—let him not have suffered in vain! Return, ah return, from the black slough of vice, where thou wilt be involved in certain perdition!"

Taking with her this paper, she went in the evening into the garden. A walk overgrown with grass conducted her among thickly tangled shrubs to a door, which she opened with considerable effort. She then found herself in a wood, where a foot-path wound between rude crags to the chapel on the rock. She pursued her way trembling through the dark shade of the trees, fearing lest she might be discovered and made prisoner by the banditti; but the consciousness of good intentions, as she hoped to bring a sinner back to virtue, infused into her courage and confidence in the protection of higher powers.

She entered the sacred precinct just as the beams of the departing sun through the painted windows irradiated the face of the dying Re-

deemer. Overpowered with melancholy and devotion, she sunk upon her knees on the steps of the little altar; burning tears trickled from her eyes, and she raised her supplicating hands to him from whom alone she could expect comfort for her distressed heart. She besought pardon and repentance for the unhappy man whom she loved. Absorbed in grief, long had she continued in this posture when a noise roused her: she deposited the paper on the altar, and with precipitation regained the garden. It was lucky that she staid no longer, for it was Federico himself, who was making his way through the thick shrubs to the chapel.

Federico there sought refuge from the despair which, since Bettina was snatched from him, had seized his mind and conducted him to the banditti. Having lost their captain, the robbers offered him the command, which, being then under the impulse of furious revenge, he accepted. Too soon he had occasion to rue the horrid covenant into which he had entered; for he quickly discovered that those whom he had considered as unfortunate men, persecuted by the injustice of Fate, were but the scum of society, who had richly deserved their lot, and who undertook to procure by murder, robbery, and every other outrage, what they were too indolent to earn by honest means. His eyes were at once opened, and he felt a horror of the atrocious society to which he belonged. He often fled from their company to the chapel: there at least he was sure not to be disturbed by them; for, according to an ancient tradition, that place had always been dangerous to the banditti, and several of them had been taken there. Federico laughed at these fears, relying on his weapons, his personal strength, and the swiftness of his horse, which was always at hand. In the gloom of the little chapel his mind was frequently absorbed in reveries, in which memory fondly clung to the recollections of his juvenile years. Hither when a child he had often been brought by his beloved and pious mother, and here she had often prayed for his future prosperity. He had had such excellent parents!—his father had taken pains to implant in his soul courage and noble sentiments, and his mother religion and integrity. Both had passed with the fondest hopes into a better life. And he—O heaven! how completely had he blasted those hopes, degraded as he was into a robber, a murderer, an outcast from society! His bosom was agonized by these reflections, and burning tears, such as fallen angels might weep, started from his dark eyes. On such an occasion a gleam of sunshine suddenly burst upon him—he perceived Bettina's note. In spite of the feigned hand, he immediately knew the writer, and the thought that she still felt an interest for him filled him with transport. "Yes," he exclaimed, "she loves me still! O thou angelic spirit, how easy it seems to thee to return to a path, from which, as soon as we have taken the first step, we are irresistibly urged forward. Alas! I can no longer recede—the powers of darkness hold me fast—nothing can rescue me from their clutches. But neither will I any more distress thee; thou shalt no longer feel alarm for the criminal, and for thy sake all that belong to thee shall be spared."

The incursions of the banditti in that part of the country actually be-

came less frequent, and the domains of Altamonte and Castelmare ceased to be molested. None felt happier in this tranquillity than the count and his father-in-law. Their satisfaction was soon afterwards augmented by the hope which Bettina at length afforded of becoming a mother. Nothing but the declining state of her health since she began to cherish this delightful hope, disturbed the joy felt by the whole family on the occasion. It was supposed, however, that her indisposition was owing to her situation, and that after her confinement she would speedily recover. Still there appeared but little probability of the fulfilment of these expectations, for the farther the countess advanced in her pregnancy, the worse she became. She suffered more particularly from cramps and convulsive attacks; often swooned suddenly, and then lay for hours together without exhibiting any signs of life. The count and her parents were greatly alarmed, and still more when the physician declared that he was afraid the patient would sink under a violent attack of this kind. His anticipation was but too speedily realized; one day the amiable Bettina fell insensible in the midst of the family circle, and all the means employed to revive her proved unavailing. The grief of the husband and the disconsolate parents baffled description; the latter especially seemed to have lost with their beloved daughter all the joys of life. The funeral was solemnized with great pomp, and the remains of the beautiful countess were deposited in the vault of the Castelmare family.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RELIGIOUS LADY'S-MAIDS.

It is not a little astonishing to perceive what arrant humbug and miserable cant—cant actually bordering upon fatuity—pervades some publications. As if it were not sufficient to have maudlin "religious" novels, as they are styled, which, it may be observed, are frequently of a very doubtful tendency, we must, forsooth, have cookery-books interlarded with moral maxims and pious reflections; thus providing "crumbs of comfort" for the soul, as well as something more substantial for the carnal appetite of the body. The heterogeneous mixture of moral and *peptic* precepts is as little edifying as it would be to dance a minuet to a psalm-tune; and we hardly know which would be the most offensive to a person who has any regard for propriety, to hear a cook quoting texts of scripture in the midst of his culinary operations, or to behold a divine in his canonicals occupied in making soups and gravies; or, lastly, to interleave a cookery-book with a prayer-book. We have lately met with a most notable instance of this species of canting in a book entitled *The Duties of a Lady's-Maid*, in which religion is set down as an indispensable qualification for such an office. This is surely interpreting the text, to preach "in season and out of season," more literally than is becoming. Can it be that the writer conceives, that lady's-maids have hitherto been more irreligious than other persons in the same sphere? and that he is anxious to reform this useful class of domestics? If so,

however we may commend his, or more probably *her*, intentions, we are not of opinion that such exhortations will be attended with any good effect; for if a young woman who takes up the volume be really religious, she is more likely to be scandalized than edified at the flippancy of such gratuitous exhortations in such a place; or should she not be so, instead of becoming a convert, she is much more likely to take the hint to become a demure hypocrite, in order to qualify herself perfectly for the situation she is ambitious of filling. So that in either case, more harm than good is likely to ensue from such exhortations to piety as we have met with. Or who knows but that when a girl is told that to be a lady's-maid she must be religious, she will rather choose some less sanctified occupation, arguing with herself, that if it is necessary to be religious in such a situation, in any other there is no occasion to be religious at all?

For ourselves, we do not exactly see why religion should be more a *sine qua non* for such an office than for any other in a domestic establishment—for a cook, for instance, a butler, or a footman, or even a dancing or music master. We are not so dull but we can conceive that, in in some respects, a lady might not be displeased to have her own attendant a person of more than ordinary strictness; but there are also many occasions on which the scruples of such a person might be very troublesome. A fashionable lady, for example, would hardly endure one who, in her excess of zeal, might hint that the use of rouge was sinful, and better becoming the lady of Babylon than a Christian woman; who should exhort her mistress to go oftener to church, and less frequently to the opera; who should advise her to have family prayers on a Sunday evening, instead of a *conversazione*; to patronise a sermon instead of a concert; and to expend more in charity, and less in millinery.

Few ladies, we apprehend, would like either a *censor morum*, or a *memento mori*, in the shape of an Abigail, if in any shape at all. No woman of the world would care to retain an attendant whose conduct would so frequently be a satire upon her own. It is probable, however, that the writer contemplates no such results from his preaching, but takes it for granted that the religion of a lady's-maid will of course prove of more temporizing stuff; that her piety will be of such an accommodating kind as not to prevent her from cheerfully administering to the levities and vanities of others. Indeed, we are certain that such must be his view of the matter, or he would never have followed up his religious precepts by so many recipes for washes for the face and other cosmetical preparations. Thus it should seem that, although he is of opinion that a lady's-maid should be religious, he has some doubt as to whether the mistress ought to be so too. Accordingly, Religion is to be the handmaid to Vanity. The maid may dress her lady for the ball, and then go to say her own prayers to keep herself out of mischief. This, it must be confessed, is a very convenient sort of theory at least, if not very edifying.

Religion is an excellent thing for servants: truly, so it would be, most excellent, if those who kept them could be religious by proxy, and depute the care of their souls to their domestics. But until people are con-

vinced that such is the case, it is to be feared that few, except those who are religious themselves, will be anxious to have a pious household.

It requires no very great penetration to foresee what inconveniences might arise in many families, were servants to be too conscientious in certain respects. A religious coachman, when ordered to drive on a Sunday to Hyde-Park, might perhaps conceive himself to be justified in disobeying his lady's commands, and convey her to church, as a more becoming place on a Sabbath-day than a promenade; or perhaps he might designedly overturn her on her way to a Sunday rout, and for the benefit of her soul, break her bones to warn her against such sinful indulgences. A religious cook would hardly scruple to spoil a dinner of three courses on a fast-day; and a pious footman would refuse to say that his mistress was not at home when she was standing at the drawing-room window. A religious lady's-maid, too, would hardly be so docile and complaisant on all occasions as might be desirable. Can it be expected that such a one would study cosmetics with the zeal necessary to become an adept in so important an art? It is rather to be feared that she would mislay the rouge when it was most wanted, and contrive to break a false tooth, or spoil a new set of curls: for she would probably be of opinion, that such artifices ought to be condemned as a species of practical lying; a breach of veracity that nothing can possibly justify, much less the frivolous desire of concealing the decays of time. At any rate, we suspect she would not condescend to waste her time in preparing the compositions and messes for which so many precious receipts are given in this book. It is really a pity, therefore, that the author did not consider better what he was about, as he might thereby have saved himself half his labour—either the moral instruction, or the practical lessons of immoral vanity. By this means, too, he might have composed two works: one for the devout, for "serious" families; the other for those who have no objection to the vanities of the world. Perhaps, however, he thought it better to furnish his pupils with both kinds of instruction, and send them forth armed with both piety and receipts, to apply either according to the inclinations of those in whose service they may engage.

To be somewhat more serious, we cannot help considering the book to which we allude as a most flagrant example of that species of canting which is at once ridiculous and disgusting. To hear a person prate of religion and rouge, of discreet conduct and worldly-minded practice, in one and the same breath, is a sad trial to our patience, and we have as little faith in his receipts as in his morality. This maudlin kind of hypocrisy is excessively absurd, and cannot be too severely reprobated. Next to open irreligion, we abhor the practice of making that which ought to be a matter of the utmost seriousness ridiculous, by jumbling it up with subjects and feelings diametrically opposite to, and alien from, its spirit. It excites our utmost disgust to see religion thus made a cat's-paw on every paltry or odious occasion; to see men bring, not religious feeling, but the parade of it, into the most trivial occasions; to

see it mixed up with the mere business of the world. A Turk may be edified when he hears a fig-dealer in the street cry out, "In the name of the Prophet—figs!" a party of Spanish Catholics may think they shew their devotion by laying down their cards and crossing themselves, when they hear the tinkling of the bell that precedes the Host, and not perceive any indecorum in resuming their game the very next instant; but these are practices which we certainly do not approve. . . .

Devotional forms and phraseology may be so hackneyed as to lose their value, and at length be repeated without having any more meaning attached to them than to the compliment at the end of a letter. If we would preserve our religious feelings pure and uncontaminated, we must not wantonly expose them on every idle occasion. It is for this reason that we strongly object to many of what are termed religious novels, where, owing to an indiscreet zeal, religious topics, language, and opinions, are so mixed up with mere worldly concerns, as to produce, if not any great harm, at least no good. Nor does it unfrequently happen in these compositions, that more danger is to be apprehended to the inexperienced from the highly-coloured scenes intended as a warning against vice, than benefit from the reflections with which they are interspersed. For this reason, most strongly do we protest against religious subjects being so indecorously, not to say profanely, dragged into works where they appear so ridiculously out of place. We would wish to have religious servants, even religious lady's-maids; but we are also quite certain that they will never become so by studying such books as that which has here called forth our animadversion.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM TALMA, THE FRENCH TRAGEDIAN, TO A NAMESAKE IN HOLLAND.

PARIS, *June* 15, 1820.

SIR,—I had the honour to receive only eight days ago a letter from you, dated last February, with two copies of your thesis. The Rev. M. Marron has sent me a third copy from you. I am truly grateful for your obliging attention, and I beg you to accept my best thanks. I do not know, and it would be difficult for me to discover, if you and I are descended from the same stock. I was told in Holland, when I was there more than fifteen years ago, that there were families of my name in that country. The principal seat of my family is a place about six leagues from Cambray, in French Flanders.

It is not the first time that my name has given rise to inquiries from strangers respecting my origin. Forty or fifty years ago, a son of the Emperor of Morocco being at Paris, and hearing of the name of my uncle, came to ask him if he was not of Arabian origin. Since that time, a merchant in one of the seaports of Africa, whom I saw in my youth at Paris, put the same question to me. I could no more answer the merchant, than my uncle could the son of the Emperor of Morocco.

The learned M. Langlés, the friend of my infancy, who is justly distinguished for his knowledge of the Oriental languages, told me that in

Arabic, Talma actually signifies intrepid, and that it is one of those appellations which that nation employs to distinguish the different branches of the same family. You will readily conceive how proud such an explanation must have made me, and how constantly I have striven to prevent the honour of the name from being tarnished in my keeping. It has happened, unfortunately for me, that having always devoted myself to the culture of the arts, I have never had the means of proving that my name was justly acquired. These different intimations led me to suppose that we derived our origin from a Moorish family, who had remained in Spain and embraced Christianity; that this family had afterwards passed from Spain into the Low Countries, which were then in the possession of the Spaniards, and removed thence to settle in French Flanders.

But, on the other hand, I have been told in Holland that our name had a Dutch origin, and was very general in that country. This new piece of information has overthrown at once the fine edifice raised by my fancy, and transported me in an instant from the barren sands of Arabia to the verdant pastures of Holland. You, sir, as you speak Dutch, can decide much better than myself, whether our family comes originally from the north or the south; whether our ancestors wore the turban or the chaperon; and whether they worshipped Mahomet or the God of the Christians.

But there is still another conjecture relative to our origin, which I see I have forgotten to state. The Count de Mouradia, who has resided a long time in the East, and has written upon the religious systems of the Orientals, cites a passage from one of their authors, who informs us that King Pharaoh IV. of Egypt, the same who drove out the Israelites, was named Talma. That king was a great scoundrel; but we must not be too nice on the score of character when an illustrious descent is in question. You see, sir, that there is no German baron with his sixteen quarterings, nor even any of the kings of the four quarters of the world, who can boast of an antiquity so remote and so legitimate as that of our family. I think, however, much more of the honour of being related to so distinguished a scholar as yourself, than of being the descendant of a crowned head.

I hope you will have the goodness to inform me whether you think our name is Dutch or Arabian. At any rate, I shall felicitate myself on bearing a name which you know so well how to honour; and I flatter myself that some favourable circumstance will, one day or other, bring about a meeting between us, and so afford me an opportunity to make your intimate acquaintance, either by my going to Holland, or by your coming to Paris.

Accept, sir, the assurance of those sentiments of high consideration with which I have the honour to be

Your most devoted servant,

TALMA.

Rue St. Lazare, 56, Chaussée d'Antin.

IGNATIUS DENNER.

About the latter end of the sixteenth century, in one of the wildest forests in the district of Fulda, dwelt a bold huntsman, named Andrew Schweil. He had formerly been in the service of Count Aloys von Bach, whom he had attended during a tour through Italy; and once, when travelling in the kingdom of Naples, then, as now, the favourite haunt of banditti, he had by his prudence and bravery extricated his master from a most perilous adventure, which had nearly placed him in the power of one of the bands which infest that country.

In the hotel at Naples where they resided, a poor but lovely orphan had been taken by the hostess out of charity, but treated with brutal inhumanity and condemned to the lowest drudgery. The kind-hearted Andrew pitied her wretched lot, and his compassion so won upon the poor girl's affection, that he soon became the sole hope of her life, and she was easily persuaded to leave her country and attach herself to the only being she recollected as having ever shewn kindness to her. The prayers of Andrew and the tears of Georgina prevailed on the count to permit their attachment and add Georgina to his travelling suite. Before they quitted Italy they were united; and on their return to Germany, the count, as a reward for the faithful services of his attendant, appointed him keeper of his most extensive forest. Accompanied only by his Georgina and one old servant, he retired to the lonely and wild forest which he was to protect from the depredations of poachers; but instead of the prosperity which had been promised by the count, his new office entailed on him only fatigue, danger, and poverty, and sorrow and misery soon overwhelmed him. The scanty wages in money which he received were barely sufficient to clothe himself and Georgina; the small profits arising from the sale of wood were precarious; his garden, the formation and cultivation of which cost him great labour, was frequently laid waste by the wild boars and wolves, notwithstanding all the watchfulness and care of himself and his man; and the produce of the toil of months, on which he depended for the support of his family, was annihilated in a single night His life too was threatened by the robbers whose advances and offers he repelled with honest indignation, resolving to discharge his duty fearlessly and faithfully, and rather die than acquire wealth or safety by dishonest means. Exasperated at his invincible fidelity, they resolved on his destruction, and nothing but the terror of his fierce watch-dogs saved his house from being attacked and its inmates from being murdered.

Georgina, unaccustomed to the inclemency of the climate, and unable to bear up against continual terror and misery, daily declined in health. Her complexion, formerly of a clear brown, changed to a sickly paleness; her sparkling eyes grew dim, and her elegant form wasted to a skeleton. On waking at midnight, she was alarmed by the report of fire-arms in the forest; the dogs howled furiously, and her husband, softly creeping from her side and cursing his fate, hastened into the forest with his man. Fervently and anxiously did she pray that the Almighty would deliver them

from their wretched state, and restore them to the world and their former happiness. At length the birth of a son stretched Georgina on the bed of sickness, and daily becoming weaker, she saw her end approaching. Gloomy and desponding, the wretched Andrew watched over her; his last hope and comfort seemed departing with his beloved wife. The wild beasts of the forest rushed by him as if scorning and deriding his inability to destroy them; his hand was no longer steady; his bullets flew in vain; and but for his assistant, a skilful marksman, he would not have been able to procure the game with which he was bound to furnish the count. One night he sat by Georgina's bed, his eyes, dim with tears, fixed on his beloved wife, who, almost exhausted, scarcely breathed audibly. In an agony of grief, her hand clasped in his, he heard not even the cries of the infant for the nourishment its dying mother could no longer supply. The man had been dispatched that day to Fulda to purchase, with the last coin they possessed, some food that might gratify the appetite of the invalid. No comforting neighbour, no friendly form was near them; but the storm raged with fury around, and terrified by its violence, the dogs crept to the feet of their master, and whined responsively to the thunder without. Suddenly Andrew heard a sound like footsteps in the front of the house; he fancied it might be his man who had returned, though he did not expect him for some hours, but the dogs rushing out, barked furiously at a stranger. Andrew went to the door and opened it; a tall spare man entered, wrapped in a gray cloak, his travelling-cap flapped partly over his face. "Friend," said the stranger, "I have lost my way in the forest this awful night; the storm is violent; will you admit me into your house to recruit myself before I proceed on my journey?" "Alas! sir," replied the wretched Andrew, "you have come to a house of misery, and excepting a bench on which you may rest yourself, we have nothing to offer you; I have no food even for my poor sick wife till the return of my man, who is gone to Fulda."

With these words they entered the cottage. The stranger took off his travelling-cap and cloak, under which he carried a portmanteau and a small iron box; he also took out a dagger and a pair of pocket pistols, which he placed upon the table. Andrew had returned to the bedside of Georgina, who lay nearly senseless. The stranger approached, gazed earnestly on her, and gently taking her hand, laid his finger on her pulse. "Fear nothing, my good friend," said he in reply to the anxious inquiries and despairing exclamations of Andrew; "make your mind easy; nothing ails your wife but want of proper nourishment, and the best medicine would be some enticing, invigorating food. I am not, it is true, a physician, but a merchant: yet I am not quite unskilled in the healing art, and possess many an arcanum of the olden time, which I usually carry about with me, and in fact trade in." He then opened his box, took out a small vial full of a dark red liquor, poured two or three drops of it on some sugar, and gave it to the invalid; then drawing from his portmanteau a bottle of Rhenish wine, he filled two glasses and poured it down her throat. He then directed the infant to be laid on its mother's breast, and both to be left to quiet repose.

Poor Andrew thought an angel

had descended from heaven to restore health and happiness once more to his dwelling. At first the dark penetrating glances of the stranger had awed him; but now gratitude for his compassionate sympathy, and for the evident amendment he had wrought in the malady of his Georgina, irresistibly attracted him to his benefactor. He related to the stranger the history of his life, how, by the very benefits which the count had conferred on him, he had been plunged into poverty and misery, from which he never could hope to extricate himself. The stranger spoke some words of consolation, and reminded him how often in this life, when every thing seems at the worst, the current changes, and wealth and comfort unexpectedly visit the miserable and forlorn; he hinted that sometimes a bold effort is necessary to bend Fortune to our wishes. "Alas! dear sir," replied Andrew, "I can only rely on God and his holy saints, to whom my wife and I daily offer up our fervent prayers. What can I do to obtain wealth and comfort? If God does not see fit to bestow them, it is sinful even to desire them. If he has destined my lot to be prosperous in this world, which, for my poor wife's sake, who has left her country to follow me into this dreary wilderness, I earnestly long for, he will bestow it without risking life or limb for their attainment."

The stranger smiled gloomily at this reasoning of the simple forester, and was apparently about to reply, when Georgina with a deep sigh awoke from the slumber into which she had fallen. She felt herself wonderfully strengthened, and her boy once again drew nourishment from her breast. Andrew was beside himself with joy; he cried, he laughed, he shouted, he capered round the room. The man returned, and prepared with what he brought a frugal meal, of which the stranger accepted their invitation to partake. He himself made a nourishing broth for Georgina, in which they observed that he put several roots and ingredients he had with him.

Meanwhile night came on: the stranger consented to stay till daybreak, requesting that a bed of straw might be provided for him in the same room with Andrew and Georgina. It was prepared accordingly, and Andrew, unable to sleep from anxiety for his wife, remarked that almost every hour through the night the stranger rose, approached the bed softly, and with the utmost tenderness felt her pulse and administered her medicines.

When morning broke, Georgina's amendment became more and more apparent. Andrew thanked the stranger, whom, in the fulness of his heart, he called his guardian angel; and Georgina asserted that God had answered her fervent prayers by sending him to their succour. These expressions of gratitude seemed to be somewhat annoying to the stranger, who declared again and again that he must have been wholly devoid of humanity had he not assisted the invalid with the skill and remedies he possessed; and that not Andrew but himself was the obliged person, as, notwithstanding their poverty, they had so hospitably entertained him, and he should by no means leave this kindness unrewarded. He drew forth a large purse, and taking out several pieces of gold, would have forced them on Andrew, but the latter persisted in refusing any remu-

neration. "What, sir!" said he, "why and wherefore should I take so much gold from you? To shelter you in my house when benighted in the forest was but an act of christian duty, and even should you think it deserving recompence, you have already amply, and more than I can express by words, overpaid me, by saving my beloved wife from death by your humanity and skill. What you have done for me I never can forget, and would to God an opportunity might arrive when I could prove my gratitude at the expense of my best blood!"—At these words a dark fearful glance shot from the stranger's eyes. "Notwithstanding all this, my honest friend," replied he, "you must take the money. You forget that it will be requisite to procure your lovely wife proper food, which she must have if you would wish to save her from a return of that debility from which she has scarcely recovered, and to enable her to suckle her infant."—"Pardon me, sir," resumed Andrew, "pardon me, but a secret voice whispers that I ought not to accept your undeserved bounty. This secret voice, which I have always obeyed as the impulse of my protecting angel, has carried me through life, and shielded me from every peril of body or soul. If you will complete your kindness, grant my request, and leave me a little of your wondrous medicine, that my wife's recovery may be ensured by its powerful virtues." Georgina had raised herself in the bed, and the look of woe which she gave her husband seemed to implore him not to persist in his resolution, but thankfully to accept the gift of the liberal stranger: the latter observed her. "Well," said he, "if you will not take my money, I shall present it to your wife, who will not be offended at my earnest wish to raise you from the poverty in which you are sunk." Thus saying, he took the purse again, and approaching Georgina, poured into her hands the gold he had already offered to Andrew; she gazed on the glittering coin with eyes that glistened with hope and joy; unable to utter her gratitude, she could thank him only by her tears.

The stranger turned from her, and again addressing Andrew, "My honest friend," said he, "you may accept my present without hesitation; I give it out of my abundance. I will acknowledge to you that I am not what I seem. From my threadbare clothing and my mode of travelling, like a needy wanderer on foot, you may have imagined that I am poor, and depend on the profits which I derive from my small trade at fair or town; but I assure you that, from long and prosperous dealings in jewels, I have acquired an immense fortune, and continue my simple mode of life from choice, not from necessity. In this small box are contained jewels and valuables, chiefly of old-fashioned device, which are worth many thousands. Lately I have been so successful in Frankfort, that what I have given you is not the hundredth part of my profit. Besides, I do not give you the gold for nothing, but shall require an important service from you in return. I am on my way from Frankfort to Cassel, and have wandered from the high-road: I find, however, that the route through this forest, which is usually avoided by travellers, is very agreeable for a pedestrian; therefore, on my future journeys I shall generally prefer this road and pay you a visit. You will

see me twice a year: once at Easter, on my way from Frankfort to Cassel; and again late in the autumn, on my return from the Leipsic Michaelmas fair, whence I usually proceed to Frankfort, and on through Switzerland to Italy. As an acknowledgment for this present, you shall in future give me shelter for a day or two at these periods; and this is the first favour I have to ask of you.

"Further, I shall be obliged if you will take care of this box of jewels, which are not requisite for my present trade at Cassel, and which incommodes me much in travelling, till you see me again next autumn. I will not conceal from you that they are of great value; but that will not make me fearful as to their safety, as I see I may rely on the honesty and integrity so manifest in you both, that you would carefully preserve any property I might intrust to you; and I am satisfied that particular attention will be paid to the safety of articles so valuable as these are: this is the second service you shall render me. The third I require is the most troublesome to you, but it is most necessary to me. You shall leave your wife immediately, and guide me out of the forest on the road to Herschen, where I have some friends, and whence I pursue my journey to Cassel. For besides that I am not very well acquainted with the roads, and might easily lose myself a second time, without having the good fortune to fall in with so hospitable a being as yourself, the forest does not bear a good character for safety: one so well known as yourself is secure from any danger; but a lonely wanderer would offer a tempting prize to any straggling robber. It was indeed currently reported in Frankfort, that a band, who had long been the terror of the country round Schaffhausen, and even extended their incursions to the very walls of Strasburg, had taken up their quarters in the forest of Fulda, with the hopes of finding in the merchants travelling to and from Leipsic, a richer booty than was likely to be met with in their former haunts. It is by no means impossible that they are already informed of my journey, and also that I carry much wealth with me. If I have been so fortunate, therefore, as to secure a claim on your gratitude by saving your wife, you will richly repay me by giving me your escort out of this forest."

Andrew joyfully promised compliance with these requests, and, agreeably to the wishes of the stranger, prepared to set out with him immediately. He put on his uniform as huntsman to the count, threw over his shoulder his double-barrelled rifle, hung his sword by his side, and ordered the servant to loose two of the fiercest dogs. Meanwhile the stranger opened the box, and took out several rich jewels, necklaces, ear-rings, &c. which he spread upon Georgina's bed, till she could no longer conceal her delight and longing to possess them. When, however, he proceeded to ornament her with some of the most elegant, and holding a small mirror before her, she broke out into expressions of childish delight, Andrew interposed. "Dear, sir," said he, "how can you awaken the vanity of my poor wife by ornamenting her with jewels unfit for her to wear! Forgive me, sir, but in my eyes the necklace of coral, which my Georgina wore when I first saw her at Naples, is a thousand times more beautiful than all these glitter-

ing baubles."—"You are too scrupulous," replied the stranger, with a scornful smile: "why should you deprive your wife in her state of health of the innocent pleasure she feels in wearing these jewels? Do you not know that much of woman's happiness is derived from such simple causes? and if you say they are unfit for your Georgina, I must maintain the contrary. Your wife is lovely enough to add lustre to them; and who can tell whether the day may not arrive when you will be rich enough to afford to adorn her with jewels still more costly?" Andrew now spoke more earnestly: "Pray, sir, do not continue such dark incomprehensible speeches. Do you wish, by awaking vain desires for wealth and splendour in my poor wife, to render the poverty in which we live less endurable, and deprive us of the cheerful and contented spirit with which we have hitherto borne its evils? Put up your jewels again, I beg you: I will keep them safely till you return. But tell me now if—which may Heaven forbid!--some accident should happen to you, so that we never see you again, to whom shall I give up the box, and how long must I wait before resigning the jewels to him you shall appoint: as yet I am ignorant even of your own name."—"I am called," replied the stranger, "Ignatius Denner, and am, as you know, a merchant. I have neither wife nor children, and my relations live in Italy; but I care for none of them, for in my poverty none cared for me. If you should not see me again in three years, keep the box with a safe conscience, and as I know that both you and Georgina will refuse so rich a legacy, I make a present of it in such an event to your boy, to whom I desire you will give the name of Ignatius when he is christened."

Andrew scarcely knew what to make of the singular generosity and kindness of the stranger-merchant. He stood like one in a dream; whilst Georgina loudly thanked him for his benevolence, and promised to offer her prayers to God and all the saints to protect him on his journey, and bring him back in safety. The stranger smiled scornfully in his singular manner, while he expressed his conviction that the prayers of a lovely woman might be more efficacious than his own. He would therefore leave that part to her; for himself, he trusted to his own bodily strength and the goodness of his weapons for his safety.

These remarks of the stranger's highly shocked Andrew's pious feelings; but he suppressed with some difficulty the reproof which rose to his lips, and urged their departure without further delay, lest night should overtake him before he could return to the forest and excite fears for his safety in his Georgina.

In taking leave of the latter, the stranger repeated his permission, and even wished that she would ornament herself with the jewels left in her charge whenever she pleased, observing that few sources of pleasure would offer in that dreary wilderness. Georgina blushed with inward delight; and Denner and Andrew hastened rapidly away through the dark forest. In one of its deepest shades the dogs scented around and barked, looking at their master as if warning him of danger. "All is not right!" exclaimed Andrew,

cocking his rifle, and advancing with cautious steps in front of the stranger-merchant. He now fancied he heard a rustling among the boughs, and again forms, scarcely defined in the gloom, seemed to glide by and disappear amid the forest: he prepared to uncouple his dogs. "Do not let them loose, my good friend," interposed Denner; "I assure you there is nothing to be afraid of." Scarcely had he spoken these words when, a few yards before them, a dark-looking man, with black bushy hair and beard, sprang from behind a bush with a gun in his hand. Andrew raised his rifle to his shoulder, but Denner exclaimed, "Hold! hold!" The figure gazed on them for a moment, made a signal of recognition and vanished. At length they escaped from the forest and gained the highway. Denner now thanked him for his safe guidance, and added, "In returning home, should you observe any forms similar to that which a few minutes since alarmed you, heed them not, but pursue your way peaceably. Do not appear to see them; keep in your dogs carefully; no danger will befall you till you return to your wife and child." Andrew could not tell what to think of these strange circumstances and of the unknown merchant, who, like a wizard, seemed to possess some mighty power for his protection. He could not divine why he had requested his escort out of the forest. He carefully retraced his steps: nothing capable of exciting suspicion met his view, and he safely reached his home, where his beloved Georgina, restored to health and strength, met him, and threw herself into the arms of her delighted husband.

(To be continued.)

A COUNTRY BELLE.

"MARIA, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms." This, perhaps, is one of the few things which every one who has read Sterne's Journey remembers, and almost every body has quoted. How accurately does it describe Maria, the subject of the present sketch!

She is not tall, but "nevertheless" is finely formed; she is not handsome, but although beyond the age of birthday-keeping, and arrived at that critical period when it is found convenient to forget events long passed, but which are well remembered, is still pretty. Fair as the "lilies of the field;" a forehead of the noblest contour; eyes of the softest lustre; the nose, to be sure, it must be owned, has not the grand outline of Roman beauty, nor the delicate symmetry of Grecian grace, yet it is a tolerably well-made nose, not turned heaven-ward, nor deforming the sweet face with what is vulgarly termed, *in our country*, a "bottle-end;" in short, it is neither too short nor too long, and may be reckoned a better sort of nose than is commonly met with on the greater number of English faces. Then her teeth—where shall we see prettier? or who can display them by a sweet smile with more effect than Maria?

With such an exterior, and manners free from reserve, and I had almost said studiously unaffected, a

stranger would scarcely pass half an hour in her company without being much prepossessed in her favour.

I myself was never from her side during the first few months of our acquaintance, and had very nearly proposed that she should "eat of my bread, and drink of my cup." Whether she would have accepted the invitation it is not for me to conjecture: certain it is, that one fine evening in "lovely June," just as the sun was making "a golden set," I had accompanied her in her walk, and was just going to intimate that I should feel too happy if I could walk *thus* through life; or how I desired that we might "climb the hill of the world together," as we were ascending a grassy knoll. I forget which expression I had determined upon; I knew that it would never do to ask her in good set terms. A pun or an allusion, well aimed, it struck me, would be the most likely to hit the mark, and to disarm her ridicule. This important moment had arrived, and the question was all but out, when "gathering clouds proclaimed a storm;" thunder rolled, lightning flashed; Maria's terror drove us for shelter to our home, where we arrived drenched with rain, having just escaped the fate, as I poetically fancied, of Celadon and his Amelia. That cooling shower—shall I own it?—cooled my courage; and, strange to say, I have not at present regretted having missed the happy opportunity, though seven long years have flown since I first saw Maria, and though I can still call myself an independent bachelor. Why not? Because her conversation is like ginger-beer, all sparkling and pop at the first broaching, but miserably "stale, flat, and unprofitable," if recurred to after the effervescence has ceased. Like the same frothy beverage, too, it has lemon and ginger among its ingredients, as well as sugar; indeed, the lemon and ginger may be said to predominate.

Born with a keen eye for the ridiculous, from the narrowness of her education and the contracted sphere of society in which she has moved, she invests every thing on earth, or in the waters under the earth, with an air of ridicule. No wonder that the failings and infirmities, nay, the very perfections of all within her circle should be destined to be displayed à la Mathews to the next party of friends she favours with her company, who, in their turns, may expect to be shewn up for the amusement of another set, and so on *ad infinitum*. So much does ill-nature prevail in the world, so much does every man delight in beholding the faults of his neighbour scanned with freedom, that Maria is considered a most entertaining creature, from the envious Miss Grundy who covets her friend's dress, and therefore loves to hear it voted a fright, to the dinner-giving matron, who desiring to outvie her rivals in that fashionable science, listens with eager pleasure to hear Maria "cut up" Mrs. Currylove's last entertainment.

A close observer of her character must often remark that she can excuse herself with the sweetest grace from visiting an invalid, "fearing the exertion would be too much for the poor thing;" and that she can apologize for having omitted to go to her best friend in distress, because she "did not wish to intrude upon her sorrows."

But see herself in distress—how eager she is for sympathy! Mrs. Prosy is sent to for advice, and Mrs.

Ready sigh for tears of the first water; the whole neighbourhood is put in requisition, at least such part of it as are willing to give their services in christian charity, without hope of reward, present or to come.

Highly popular in her confined sphere, how is it that she has never attached one man of common sense or feeling? Perhaps it is that we look for something beyond the tricks of a monkey, when we pronounce those emphatic words, "for better or worse;" for more mind than displays itself in the recital of a droll anecdote, or the manufacture of a pun.

However, Maria seems quite content with her lot; content to be thought the best contriver of mischief, the best bringer-about of a match which never would have been a match but for her matchless management; to be referred to in all matters of etiquette, at least such points of it as are usually in requisition in a country-town; content to have her songs remembered, and her wit repeated; and she appears to have reached the summit of her ambition in being an acknowledged first-rate country belle. The time may come when she will change her mind.

THE LATE SIR H. RAEBURN, MISS EDGEWORTH, &c. &c.

Mr. William Carey has just published, "Some Memoirs of the Patronage and Progress of the Fine Arts during the Reigns of George the Second, George the Third, and his present Majesty; with Anecdotes of Lord de Tabley, of other Patrons, and of eminent Artists; and occasional Critical References to British Works of Art." From this publication we extract the following sketch of the late Sir Henry Raeburn;

This eminent artist long enjoyed the esteem and patronage of the northern nobility and gentry. He lived in a handsome style. His town-house is in one of the most fashionable streets in Edinburgh. His delightful villa*, at St. Bernard's, is in a romantic and picturesque spot, such as a poet or painter would choose for a residence. He was looked up to as the Scotch Reynolds, at a time when the arts were more successfully cultivated and valued, in that part of the empire, than at any former period. Like Sir Joshua, he had the honour of painting the leading characters, in the first ranks of beauty and fashion, for three generations: like him, also, he was personally known to, and his intimacy courted by, the most eminent men of his day. The bold, original truth of his portraits entitled him to his diploma, and secured his election as a Royal Academician. He had a commission from Lord de Tabley to paint a picture for his gallery, and the subject was left to his own choice. His anxiety to produce a work worthy of a place in that collection, made him long fastidious. He, at last, selected *Musidora*, from Thomson's *Seasons*. Unfortunately he was called away before he could accomplish that object of his honourable ambition.

To his high professional eminence he joined the manners of a gentleman, an undeviating rectitude, and an exemplary candour in conferring just praise on his competitors. As a husband and father, he was kind and affectionate; as a friend, the unsuspecting openness of his nature

* When I was last there, in 1819, the genius of *speculation*, that foe to the *picturesque*, was hard at work, and the new buildings threatened soon to shut out the most beautiful part of the prospect.

led him, more than once, into mistaken reliances. Without any thing like ostentation or pretension, he was possessed of the most valuable qualities that embellish private life, and add to the happiness of the social circle. His person was tall and robust, and his presence dignified; his complexion was florid, and his countenance manly and prepossessing. He was between sixty and seventy years of age at the time of his decease, and he died in the full possession of his professional powers. His end was rather sudden, and wholly unexpected. He had been only a week returned from a pleasant excursion of several days, with Sir Walter Scott and some select friends, on the day of his dissolution. It is not possible to think of his frankness, his sincerity, his urbanity, professional modesty and powers, without a sigh to his memory, as a man and an artist.

Miss Edgeworth possesses the rare talent of probing the festering wounds of society with a healing hand, without adding to their inflammation. She has touched upon scenes and questions pregnant with conflicting heats; and, with a truly christian spirit, she has stripped them of exasperation. She has done more: she has converted the oppressor into a benefactor; has taught the rich man to repent and make atonement; and the sufferer to forgive his injuries, and to pray for the hand by which they were inflicted. The discriminating powers of her head are of a high order; but these powers, alone, would not have enabled her to perform the part of a persuasive messenger of peace, between the absentee and his tenant, if her pen had not been guided by genuine goodness of heart and an active spirit of benevolence. Her works prove her to possess a thorough knowledge of human nature. She has depicted the lights and shades of fashionable life with delicate wit and playful humour; and has represented the various gradations of the Irish character, from the peer to the peasant, with admirable truth and vivacity.

That amiable writer has not employed her brilliant talents to flatter a party, or to excite popular discontent; but to alleviate the sufferings of the humblest classes of her countrymen. Her voice came like a beam of light from heaven to those who lay in darkness and affliction: it was a gladness to those who deemed themselves friendless and desolate. For this she possesses the richest reward, the grateful affection of millions; and she has treasured up for her dying hour the purest of all consolations. Every Irish gentleman, and every Irish lady, ought to read her *Absentee*. If residents, it will enlist their feelings on the side of the poor *Cotter* and his little ones, in their rude and comfortless cabin. If non-residents, it will open their eyes to the fashionable humiliations of *Lord* and *Lady Clonbrony*, and to the many nefarious oppressions which an Irish tenant too often suffers from the thoughtless absence of the landed proprietor.

The following summary observations express the author's view of the present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland:

The preceding sections contain information that the Dublin Society, the flower of the Irish nobility and gentry, of the talents, wisdom, patriotism, and opulence of Ireland; a succession of her Parliaments during many generations before the Union, and of the Imperial Parliaments since, with three of our sovereigns, George the Second, George the Third, and his present Majesty, sanctioned the support of the Dublin Society's drawing-schools, established for the study of the fine arts in that country. In the same pages I have adduced evidence that the principal Irish nobility and gentry, a number of members of the learned professions, and leading commercial men, supported by his Majesty's most gracious patronage and munificent donations, have,

within these few years, founded the Royal Irish Institution and Royal Cork Society of Arts. I have also stated that his Majesty, so late as 1822 or 1823, has further manifested his earnest wish for the cultivation and promotion of the fine arts in Ireland, by the incorporation of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in Dublin.

My impartial reader will therefore see that *whoever would advise his countrymen to withhold encouragement from the Royal Hibernian Academy, and other Irish establishments for the promotion of the arts;* and would *seek to raise himself* by *spreading disparaging reports of them in England,* merely *because they labour under discouragements,* is only lifting up the weak and erroneous voice of a *private individual* against *his present Majesty's munificent example* and *paternal desire,* and *against the long declared* and *confirmed sense* and *interests* and *honour of his country.*

Was it not because the arts laboured under heavy discouragements and stood in need of aid, that his Majesty most graciously presented the Papal casts to Ireland? Was it not on account of the heavy public discouragements that Lord de Tabley presented his pictures to the Royal Irish Institution? Was it not on the same account that Francis Johnson built and presented a national gallery to his country?

Surely where the king leads the way, and has set a glorious example by splendid donations, to carry his earnest desire for the promotion of the fine arts in Ireland into effect; and where the prime of the Irish nobility have combined their patriotic efforts to the same great object; every other Irish amateur, who has means, taste, and public spirit, may be proud to follow with alacrity in contributing to the same national benefit.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXIII.

Present, the VICAR, *Mrs, Miss, and Miss* ROSINA PRIMROSE, *Captain* PRIMROSE, BASIL FIREDRAKE, *Mr.* MATHEWS, *Mr.* MONTAGUE, REGINALD HILDEBRAND, *and Mr.* APATHY.

The Vicar. ONCE more met around our "cheerful fire," welcome and health to all! This is our intellectual feast—a feast, for which I think every fresh recurrence gives me a greater zest, a more longing appetite. To drop all metaphor, however, the oftener we meet in these social parties, the more endearing they become, the greater is their charm, and tenfold would be the pain inflicted by their cessation or interruption.

Miss Primrose. I heartily hope, my dear father, we are not doomed to suffer either; for although we have got the nick-name of "the Blues" in our village, *that* inoffensively given and good-humouredly applied, we deem an honour, and not a disgrace.

Basil. By my faith, girls, ye may consider it an honour when an old soldier and an old sailor are attracted to your fire-side; and leaving the associates of their dangers and their toils, forsaking the cheering glass and the inspiring bowl, the[illegible] to your tea-table, and forgetting to "fight their battles o'er again," and to "tell how fields were won," listen to your prattle, and that of your pacific associates; and even take a part in the discussion of the merits of books—books, which once I was as ignorant of, always excepting Moore's *Treatise on Navigation* and the *Nautical Almanack,* as a younker, who does not know a main-sheet from a marline-spike, is of all that relates to

the *materiel* of a ship, or to the mode of navigating her through the "deep waters."

Miss R. Primrose. Cousin, we are highly flattered, I assure you, by your preference of our society to that of the very elegant and accomplished cavaliers, whom you would be able to meet at the ale-houses, or at the inn down in the village. Methinks the conversation of the farmers and labourers who frequent there would be very entertaining!

Basil. You are a saucy jade! But no matter, you will be caught some time or other and tamed too, when some lucky fellow pursuades you to say "Yes" and leads you to church, for that which cannot be undone. But what a pile of books have you brought here! What are they all about?

Miss Mathews. Contributions, Basil, to the ladies, to amuse their leisure hours till we meet again. These are historical, poetical, and biographical works, with several works of fiction, all published within these few weeks: for most of them we are indebted to Reginald, who is just returned from a three weeks' excursion to London: some are from the library of your humble servant. And amongst them all you may find food for "meditations" an you are inclined that way, or for laughter if you would be merry, or materials to nurse melancholy should you be in a melancholy mood.

Basil. Thank you; but I am seldom inclined to pipe my eye, except when I see a friend or messmate in distress, and would rather be a laughing than a crying philosopher at any time. I will therefore look over some of your gear, that which is ludicrous rather than sentimental, calculated to draw forth smiles rather than tears. Let's see, what have we here? The *Tor-Hill*—what is that about? Is it worth spending an hour in perusing?

Reginald. The *Tor-Hill* by Horace Smith is a respectable and an amusing work, with much that would please you, Basil. It falls short of the Waverley novels, as much as it exceeds the namby-pamby productions of the Minerva press. The characters are well drawn and in good keeping; and they are admirably illustrated by trite poetical mottoes, prefixed to each chapter. Thus we have attached to the opening one these lines:

> Pugnacious, stern, arm'd cap-à-pee,
> The paragon of chivalry,
> His spirit dances
> To hear the trumpet's battling sound,
> And bid his steel-clad charger bound,
> Amid the lances.

Here we have an exact epitome of the traits which distinguished Sir Giles Hungerford, deputy governor of Calais, a testy, choleric, obstinate old gentleman; garrulous only about feats of arms, and when speaking of alterations he had introduced into the armour then worn in offensive warfare. Sir Giles was a bitter enemy, however, to all inventions but his own; to gunpowder and the recently introduced fire-arms he had a mortal aversion, thinking, with the popinjay who annoyed Hotspur,

> That it was a great pity, so it was,
> That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
> So cowardly.

And so said Sir Giles when colloquizing with his nephew, Poyns Dudley.

> These gunpowder-engines like me not,
> Dudley, and I foresee ere long they will

bear down all knighthood and good chivalry. Foul fall the shaven monk that invented this pestilent grain, and evil hap to the smiths that are ever discovering some new mischievous machine of that sort! Caliver and harquebuse, and other hand-guns, were not enow, but we must have heavy gear of every device, such as falcons, chambers, serpentines, basilisks, curtalls, culverines, sacres, and God wot how many more, besides the king's great gun of three yards long, that shoots a stone as big as a penny-loaf. Dudley, Dudley! it will never be well for the gentle order of chivalry, whereof I profess myself an humble member, if bold hearts and stout limbs are to go for nothing, and cowards may win battles by thrusting pounded sulphur and charcoal into an iron pipe.

Captain Primrose. And I could sympathize with Sir Giles; for certainly there is little opportunity now for any display of chivalry—for any gallant daring in modern warfare. All are placed upon a level; and the men at arms and the commander are equally compelled to bow to the power of gunpowder, without any opportunity of shewing their personal prowess, except indeed in a charge with the bayonet or by cavalry; and then some of the old chivalrous bearing may be displayed. But go on with Sir Giles.

Reginald. I have little more to say of him. He headed an excursion of adventurers from Calais, bent upon revenging the slaughter of their companions by the French peasantry; and falling in with a larger party of the enemy than he had calculated upon meeting, poor Sir Giles, after fighting bravely, lost his life, by the defectiveness of his helmet. He was desperately wounded by an arrow in the cheek, but as the helmet was made after a plan of his own, construction, the stout old knight would never admit that this wound caused his death, attributing that event to a blow on the back of the head from a pole-axe.

Miss Primrose. What sort of a youth is Poyns Dudley?

Reginald. O! one of your every-day sort of persons; of the class of Waverley, Francis Osbaldestone, Peveril, &c. He has nothing to distinguish him from any of the milk and water heroes who figure through the pages of the *Great Unknown*, who has an unaccountable propensity to make those personages which appear most prominent, the most tame and spiritless and uninteresting in his magic volumes. Thus Dudley is one of the worst drawn characters in the *Tor-Hill;* though he can scarcely be deemed the hero either: perhaps that epithet would be more properly applied to Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, the King of the Hill, as he was called, in opposition to the Abbot of Glastonbury, yclept the King of the Valley.

Miss R. Primrose. And who was Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice?

Reginald. A very mysterious sort of personage; who, by cunning and rapacity, had acquired great power, and, by the practice of certain chemical pursuits, had obtained the character of a necromancer amongst the people in the neighbourhood, who firmly believed he had formed a compact with the devil, and shrunk with terror at the bare mention of his name. Some of the best passages of the book are those introductory to the appearance of Sir Lionel upon the scene. His name inspires awe in all who hear it; and an undefinable feeling of dread appears to pervade those who know his power, and

are likely to feel the exercise of it. His tyranny and oppression of course have not mitigated the fears of his neighbours; and his character is described in the author's best manner in these stanzas, which form the mottoes to two of the chapters in the work:

Of haughty heart and prouder mien,
His soul's remorselessness is seen
Stamp'd on his features.
Vengeance his object, not redress,
He lives to scorn, hate, spoil, oppress
His fellow-creatures.

Treating his base subservient tools,
Knaves though they are, as gulls and fools,
Each he entices
To shew the blackness of his heart,
Then with sardonic grin apart,
Laughs at their vices.

Mrs. Primrose. A dreadful, repulsive character!

Reginald. He is so; but interesting withal. From the first mention of his name you feel that something more than common attaches to it; and though we have had similar characters drawn over and over again, yet Horace Smith has thrown in a few additional touches with great skill, and he seems to have bestowed more pains in working up Sir Lionel than on any other of the numerous personages of his novel. His appearance is well described. When Dudley was first introduced to him, it was at the mansion of the Tor, amidst his retainers; and he had by Doctor Wrench, a crooked, dwarfish figure, by his side.

His stature would have appeared more than usually lofty and commanding, even when compared with the tallest of the common sons of men; but, when contrasted with the dwarfish figure by his side, its proportion seemed almost gigantic, and would probably have appeared still more so but for the exact symmetry of his limbs. In age he looked about forty-five. His forehead was bald, but the dark locks at the back of his head seemed still to curl naturally; and his long black beard, which he wore untrimmed, imparted a singular solemnity to his whole aspect. His large and penetrating dark eyes were surmounted by brows boldly and yet delicately sculptured: his nose, inclining to the Roman, exhibited the same character; the nostrils were long and narrow: his teeth were perfect; and his features altogether might have been pronounced unexceptionably handsome, but that the derisive curl at the corners of his mouth occasioned a permanent though slight sneer in their expression; while the grisly scar on one of his temples, left by the wound he received in saving the life of Sir Giles Hungerford, communicated to his face, when viewed upon that side, something of a gaunt and terrific character.

Miss Primrose. Are there any inmates allotted to the mansion over which this man ruled, besides mere domestics?

Reginald. Yes; a wife and daughter: the former a simple, single-hearted woman, the daughter of a clothier, whom Sir Lionel had married for her money.

Married, not match'd, the faithful wife,
Doomed to an uncongenial life
Of state and terrors,
Tho' slighted, scorn'd, still fondly loves;
In secret mourns, but ne'er reproves
Her husband's errors.

She busied herself about household affairs; and some idea of her character may be formed by her inquiries of Dudley, at dinner:

Since you are but freshly come from France, resumed the lady, not noticing this remark, and addressing Dudley, you can resolve me truly whether they live so much cheaper than we, as I hear they do. God wot how we are to live in England,

since things are thus run up. A fourteen-pound stone of beef is not be had under eight good pence, nor a leg of mutton for less than threepence, a bacon-hog costs ten shillings, and I have just paid a shilling each for guinea-pigs for the minstrels' dinner to-morrow. Flour too is again up, and none to be had under eightpence per bushel; and as to poultry, there is no getting a fat capon or hen under threepence, and a mallard is as dear, while they make it a favour to give you three or four dozen eggs for a shilling. Formerly, good ale at three halfpence a gallon would serve the turn, but now there must be a void of spices after dinner; and claret or brown bastard, at a shilling a gallon, is no longer good enough to serve with it; so we must even have Muscadine, or Malmsey, at sixpence the quart, or sack at ninepence, or Candia and Romagna wines, of which I wot not the value; nay, there be some that will fancy nothing but Hippocras with their spice.

Miss Primrose. And the daughter?

Reginald. Was by a former wife, a lady of high and noble birth. She possessed much of the spirit of her father, softened and ameliorated by feminine virtues; and, on the whole, she is not unamiable. She is thus described:

Her stature was commanding, although from the exactness of its proportions she seemed to be very little above the standard height of beauty. Her large hazel eyes, with their dark and finely arched brows, were as majestic as Juno's; the outline of her face was equally noble; her teeth were faultless; but her mouth, although it had not the derisive curl of Sir Lionel's, wore an expression the very reverse of meekness and humility, and which had at various times been termed a warranted consciousness of superior beauty, a look of becoming dignity, a slight tendency to superciliousness, or absolute hauteur, according to the impression it made upon various observers. None, however, could deny that the general character of her face and figure was singularly striking and stately. Nor had she neglected to assist nature with the embellishments of art, for the delay in her appearance had arisen solely from her sedulous attention to the toilet. In this she seemed to have studied the becoming rather than the fashionable, as if she felt entitled to set, rather than to follow, the mode. Her hair being parted in braids, so as to shew her high forehead, was drawn through a crescent of pearls, and fell behind in short clustering ringlets. Neither ruff nor partlet concealed her neck and shoulders, whose fine form was becomingly and decorously visible; her tight bodice of russet damask being fashioned in the modern style, although considerably longer in the waist, and pounced and garded all over with pearls, and passement lace of silver demi-sleeves, fastened with knots of pearl upon the shoulder, displayed the symmetry of her arms as well as the richness of her bracelets; and her kirtle, of the same material as the bodice, was tastefully decorated with flowers of beaten silver and pearl bows.

Captain Primrose. Beshrew me, if I could not love that girl myself! she seems formed for a soldier's bride.

Reginald. She is haughty, imperious, self-willed, but withal well calculated to excite love and admiration. She is one of the attractive characters in the book. So is Pierre, an anglicized French valet of Dudley's. This is the most original character in the *Tor-Hill:*

He is a true light-hearted Gaul,
Who laugh'd, let good or ill befall,
With equal gladness;
Welcom'd whatever Fortune sent,
And form'd a plea for merriment,
Even in sadness.

Sib Fawcett and her inn too are well described: witness this spirited sketch of the latter:

At one extremity of this irregular street stood an ancient tenement, which had for many years acquired no inconsiderable celebrity as an inn, although he who should associate it in his mind with our modern hotels, which may justly be termed the palaces of the public, would be grievously mistaken in his estimate. The building in question was a large, low, thatched house of two stories; the walls of rubble covered with yellow plaster, intersected and crossed with solid beams, or rather rough-hewn trees of old willow, oak being deemed too precious a wood, when this caravansera was constructed, to be appropriated to any but churches and monasteries, or the palaces and mansions of the great. Chimney it had none, for these were deemed luxuries even at a later period, when there were seldom more than two or three in each country town, besides those of the manor-house and the religious edifices; the fires being made in louver holes, or laid against rere-dosses in the hall, and the smoke being considered a salutary specific, not only for hardening the timbers of the roof, but for securing the inmates against catarrhs and rheums. The windows of our rural hostelry were of wooden latice-work, some of them having the interstices left open to the weather, or only screened with canvas; while two, that probably belonged to the best apartment, were filled with thin shavings of horn instead of glass. One of the door-posts was rudely chequered with red and white squares, placed diamondwise, to signify that the game of tables or draughts might be played within; and from this sign or symbol, as well as from the frequent resort of wayfarers, for the purpose of enjoying this recreation while they sipped their ale, the house was known in those parts by the name of "the Tables."

The Vicar. There appears to be a great variety of characters in the *Tor-Hill.*

Reginald. I have not done yet. There are friars good and bad; amongst the former are Friar Frank, an obvious compound of Father Lawrence and Friar Tuck, and the Abbot of Glastonbury. The famous abbey of that name was in the height of its splendour when the events related in the novel are supposed to have taken place, and the monks seem to be favourites with Mr. Smith. Thus, "Frank," though he has all the humour and all the convivial qualities of Friar Tuck, has none of his immoral propensities; and of the Abbot of Glastonbury he says, quite *con amore,*

What abbot could be found throughout
The realm more learned, good, devout,
Better or brighter?
Blameless he an his godly race,
Conferring sanctity and grace
E'en on the mitre.

Then Sir Eustace Poyns and his lady are a complete contrast to the haughty, impetuous Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice and his helpmate. Sir Eustace is as formal, starch, and stiff, as it is possible for man to be; he is a burden to himself and to others; and having laid down certain rules for the management of his house, and the governance of its inmates, nothing in the world could induce him to depart from them.

All find this automatic elf,
Who lives by line and rule himself,
Their worst tormentor;
His household's a machine, that moves
For ever in the selfsame grooves,
To the same centre.

His wife is his counterpart for frigid monotony. Like Lady Fitzmaurice, she is slavishly obedient to her husband; but, unlike that lady, she vents

the spleen engendered by the subserviency in which she is held by him upon all beneath her; correcting her machine-like daughters, who are all women grown, with the handle of her fan, which it was then the fashion to wear half a yard long. Then we have Sir John Dudley, a kinsman of Poyns Dudley, a heartless libertine, just such a one as you might expect the son of Empson's notorious partner in tricking, chicanery, and oppression, would prove:

A supple, servile, heartless knave,
Who, while he own'd himself a slave,
Sang his own pæan:
Yet merrier wag you ne'er shall meet,
Nor a more selfish and complete
Epicurean.

A rattling, reckless, merry wight!
At least his equals would unite
In this opinion—
But with the great, the wary knave
Becomes a sycophantic slave
And sordid minion.

Mr. Mathews. You have not mentioned, in my opinion, the most interesting character in the book—Cecil Hungerford.

Reginald. I have not forgotten Cecil. He is indeed a fairy creation; and his appearance in Wokey cave, a cavern of the Mendip hills, to Dudley and his servant, who had lost their way there, seems to breathe of enchantment. He is heard singing this song:

Echo, songstress of the air,
All excelling,
Tell me, viewless wanderer, where
Is thy dwelling?
O rare! 'tis here, 'tis there;
Hark! hark! hark!

Sweet to hear a human tongue,
And yet be lonely,
Nor fear the lurking syren sung
To harm us only.
O rare! 'tis here, 'tis there;
Hark! hark! hark!

Thine is a voice that never did
Deceive or flatter,
That cheers our gloom, yet when we bid
Will cease to chatter.
O rare! 'tis here, 'tis there;
Hark! hark! hark!

Absent presence! other self!
Mine offspring rather,
How durst thou, little playful elf,
Thus mock thy father?
O rare! 'tis here, 'tis there;
Hark! hark! hark!

Nay, gentle Echo, do not flee!
Be not offended,
But let my solitude by thee
Be still attended!
O rare! 'tis here, 'tis there;
Hark! hark! hark!

Soon after he appears and directs Dudley, who is his cousin, but who does not then know the fair form which stood before him to be that of Cecil Hungerford, to find an outlet from the cave; and when they meet again, it is in the house of Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, where, in the mansion of his fathers, the youth is censured, whilst a report of his defective capacity and aberration of intellect is widely circulated. Much that relates to Cecil Hungerford is told in the author's best style: witness this almost-living portrait:

Cecil Hungerford was one of those delicate, fragile, and almost ethereal forms, which at once lead you to expect a correspondent gentleness and refinement of mind. As a youth, he had the look of an angel, and the *mens divinor* was not unworthy of its shrine. Of the finest porcelain that Nature manufactures, his fair transparent skin revealed every minute branching of the blue veins beneath it; enlarged intellect was legible on his high forehead and finely expanded brow; while the love with which his heart was filled expanded itself over his mild and amiable countenance.

Miss Primrose. Beautiful indeed!

Poor Cecil! though his woes are fictitious, I feel indignant at his oppressors.

Reginald. The character, however, does not answer the expectations which its first introduction excites: it is badly managed, and the marriage with Beatrice is quite unexpected by the reader. In fact, the story of *Tor-Hill* is, like the plots of some of the Waverley novels, a mere peg to hang the characters upon; and in the last volume the author seems evidently at a loss to dispose of all the personages he has introduced. The antiquarian learning and facility of sketching individual portraits of Mr. Smith are very considerable; but he wants imagination; he wants "the poet's eye," which,

> in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven!
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

His portraits are pretty pictures, but they are merely copies, and leave no impression of originality on the mind. There is a wide difference between him and the author of Waverley; though his novels are pleasing compositions, and display considerable talent, they are not works of great and commanding and original genius, and leave no vivid impression on the mind.

Mr. Mathews. I have lately read the tale of *Honor O'Hara*, by Miss A. M. Porter, which is a very well written novel. The characters are ably drawn and admirably discriminated, and the interest is well kept up. Honor herself is a charming picture; she is such a woman as every man must fall in love with: he who can be insensible to the description only, is not worthy the name of man.

Honoria really was charming, and being then at that childish age which privileges men in telling her that she is so, the young red and blue coats were not slow in availing themselves of this privilege; and the fond nurse and admiring foster-sister were perpetually repeating what was said of the beautiful Miss Honoria's "flower of a face." Never was poor girl, therefore, in a fairer way of being made a coquet.

From this evil, however, she was preserved by extravagant notions of her importance as a descendant of kings; to be omnipotent by means of her beauty was a secondary sort of triumph. She was, besides, fortified against such an ignoble propensity as flirting by certain, perhaps fantastic, notions of not merely loving only once during the most prolonged life, but doing it with a delicacy which would make it impossible for her to receive an instant's gratification from any man's attentions except those of the one beloved. Thus, she came from Ireland with all the ease-bestowing consciousness of beauty, without its frequent concomitant, thirst for conquest. The beautiful Honor O'Hara, as she was styled in Ballygarry, was not, however, strictly worthy of the title; hers was that kind of face in which the light, the roses, the picturesque varying of countenance and complexion peculiar to unbroken youth, passed admirably for beauty. Her features were softly moulded, and in harmony with each other; that was all their merit. There was, however, a wild brightness in her large black eyes, a glitter on her teeth, and a peachy richness in the colouring of her cheek, which the gipsey darkness of her clear smooth skin seemed intended to heighten into effect. A painter, certainly, would not have called her beautiful; though he

might have given his best picture for the privilege of making what are termed *studies* of her.

Honoria was singularly graceful: she never thought how she was looking when met in a fresh morning, running over the hills with her hat half blown off her head, all her locks scattered, and her cloak escaping from her laughing struggle to keep it folded round her. She never thought it might look inelegant, when she sat down on some three-legged stool at the foot of a village goody, her elbow on her knees, her hand crushing half the ringlets of her hair over one side of her glowing face, and, while loosening the knotted handkerchief from her throat, gazing up in the face of her companion, asking some favourite legend of the Cheviots. She never thought how she was looking at these times; and yet, more than once, her figure, thus accidentally seen by wandering sons of genius, was transferred to the sketch-book of the painter and the tablets of the poet.

Honoria had a genius for drawing: that is, she sketched rapidly and freely the forms of trees, old buildings, cattle, children; in short, whatever picturesque group or object caught her attention: but she knew nothing of working them up into ladylike or workmanlike drawings fit for display. She sang as woodlarks do—sweetly, wildly; her taste was born of sensibility; her tones were rich and downy, and had a certain pathos in them which deepened the tender sadness of Scottish melodies and those of her native land. She could also accompany herself, in a self-taught way, upon the Irish harp. Beyond this accomplishment, Honoria went not. She could dance, it is true, and dance gaily, gracefully; for she had a fine ear, a light heart, and yet lighter foot; but she knew only the few steps necessary to carry an unambitious person safely down that interminable avenue, a country-dance (which, like all other avenues, by the way, is out of fashion), and might more easily have outrun a deer than executed the *minuet de la cour*, or a French quadrille.

She could, however, work like Arachne, arrange nosegays like Glycerium, make cakes and comfits like Mrs. Glasse, and dress herself at an instant's warning for a ball out of a few ribbons. She told ghost-stories better than any body: she had always some little comic or touching tale to tell after her tour among the cotters, or some amusing sally ready to answer the bantering of a lively companion. She was always in good-humour, though not always in good spirits. She gossipped with the aged poor, played with their grandchildren, patted their curs, fondled their kittens, helped them with a little money when they were pinched to pay their doctor's bill; and neither playing the inquisitor into their concerns nor their consciences, neither wearying them with lectures, nor pampering them with alms, bettered the hearts she was warming towards herself. In winter she helped the hobbling sexton to decorate the church with christmas, and never before were sprigs of box and branches of holly stuck with so much effect. On Monday she assisted the children in making their garlands, dressed their little heads and bosoms with ribbons and flowers; nay, provided many of the flowers herself. Honoria could not live without a garden; and finding only a wilderness bearing that name at the rectory, she expended a trifling sum, and employed a very indigent old man in creating one upon her favourite hill's side. Her uncle allowed her to steal a bit of ground from his meadow there, and she in return supplied his study-table with the common flowers of every season. Thus she pleased herself, and employed a person deemed past his work.

Miss Primrosa. I was delighted with Delaval Fitzarthur and his worthy father; the Mulcaster family is also a delightful group; and Major Stanhope and Lord Fitzjames

have each their separate claims to admiration.

Reginald. I have not yet paid my respects to Miss Honor O'Hara, but shall lose no time in doing so. But I have read a production by a lady in a sister department of literature, being a poetical instead of a prose work of fiction, *Worcester Field*, by Miss Strickland; a poem in the style of Scott and Moore, which does credit to the author's talents. It is illustrated with notes; and I recommend both notes and text to your attention. I will read a brief extract from the first canto; the poem contains four:

Emerging from the foliage green,
A grove of snowy plumes is seen;
And from the steep hill-side,
With martial bearing proud and high,
And banners waving gallantly,
A troop of horsemen ride.
With fearless and majestic grace,
The foremost urged his charger's pace;
While on the breezes flew,
Disorder'd by the rushing air,
And waving wild in ringlets fair,
His hair of chesnut hue;
And parting from his brow of snow,
In glossy curls they loosely flow,
And shaded veil the heightened glow
That brightens on his face.
As charging fiercely to the plain,
He peals the battle-shout again,
And forward waves his gallant train,
Like hunters to the chase.
No look behind De Lacy cast,
For in his steps approaching fast,
His brave companions came:
The trusty band, unknown to fear,
Each true and valiant cavalier
Inspired by honour's flame.
With fiery and impatient speed,
Each gallant spurr'd his mettled steed
Adown the deep descent.
Their lifted broad-swords gleaming blaze,
All glittering in the sun's last rays,
A flashing glory sent.
As near they came arose on high
Their charging and inspiring cry,
"God for King Charles and loyalty!
Woe to rebellion! woe!"
Then, like a storm of wintry rain,
Descending on the trembling plain,
With all its furious power amain
They rush'd upon the foe.
Fierce Bevil stood their fiery close,
Prepared to meet them, and oppose
With well-determined skill;
With fearless and collected might,
The cavaliers commence the fight,
Descending from their vantage-height,
In gallant order still.
No moment there De Lacy staid,
No single pause for breath he made,
But forward, with his lifted blade,
Upon their battle came:
A flashing light his course reveal'd,
"Onward!" he cried, "we gain the field!
Another charge! they yield! they yield!
On, on, for deathless fame!"
He waved his plumed cap on high,
"God for King Charles and loyalty!
False traitors to the dust!
On, on, each valiant cavalier,
In danger's hour unknown to fear,
And God defend the just!"
Disorder'd by his fierce assail,
Stern Bevil's squadrons yield;
They feel their wonted courage fail,
And slowly quit the field.

Counsellor Eitherside. See, here's a worthy companion to the *Forget Me Not*, Alaric Watts's *Literary Souvenir*. I shall place them side by side in my cabinet of curiosities, as specimens of the high state of the arts among us. It is impossible, I think, for the printer to do more for any work than has been done for these: the binders, too, have excelled their former efforts; the edges have the appearance of a mass of burnished gold.

Mr. Apathy. Psha! what matters all this frippery, if the literary contents are not of a corresponding value? It is like decking a calf's head with a laurel crown.

Counsellor Eitherside. A most outrageously *outré* simile, my dear sir: but I can assure you that the interior is as brilliant as the exterior is captivating. The *Forget Me Not* you can judge of yourself, and I am sure of a favourable verdict. Then

the *Souvenir*, with many contributions from the same celebrated writers who have adorned the pages of its contemporary, contains some elegant *morceaux* from the pens of Mr. Southey, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Wilson (of Edinburgh), Lord Leveson Gower, Dr. Drake, and a host of others, including the accomplished editor himself, one of the sweetest poets of the day; and all these great names have maintained their claims to pre-eminence.

The Counsellor. I think the following, by Mr. Watts, are amongst the best verses in the book:

THE GREY HAIR.

Come let me pluck that silver hair,
Which midst thy clustering curls I see;
The withering type of time or care
Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee!

Years have not yet impair'd the grace
That charm'd me once, that chains me now;
And Envy's self, love, cannot trace
One wrinkle on thy placid brow!

Thy features have not lost the bloom
That brighten'd them when first we met;
No—rays of softest light illume
Thine unambitious beauty yet!

And if the passing clouds of care
Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left triumphant there
A holier charm—more witching grace.

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,
And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness, all its own,
Methinks I never mark'd before!

Thus, young and fair, and happy too—
If bliss indeed may here be won—
In spite of all that Care can do,
In spite of all that Time has done;

Is you white hair a boon of love,
To thee in mildest mercy given?
A sign, a token from above,
To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?

To speak to thee of life's decay;
Of beauty hastening to the tomb;
Of hopes that cannot fade away;
Of joys that never lose their bloom?

Or springs the line of timeless snow
With those dark glossy locks entwined,
'Mid youth's and beauty's morning glow,
To emblem thy maturer mind?

It does—it does;—then let it stay;
E'en Wisdom's self were welcome now;
Who'd wish her soberer tints away,
When thus they beam from beauty's brow?

Mr. Mathews. What is this *Almack's* that I have heard so much talk about? Have any of you read it?

Reginald. It purports to be a description of the intrigues (I do not use the word in the bad sense) carried on in, and a sketch of the principal persons who frequent, that fashionable place of resort; to be, in fact, a picture of life at Almack's: and as the difficulty of obtaining admission to that club or *coterie* is immense, and it requires both influence and address to combat the caprices of the lady-patronesses, *Almack's* is a sealed book even to nine-tenths of the fashionable circles in town. Any thing like a correct representation, therefore, of the arcana of this mysterious place is sure to be well received and eagerly read; and as the name alone excites interest, even a worthless production would be sure to attract attention on its first appearance, and obtain readers, till the humbug should be exposed.

The Vicar. Who is the author of *Almack's?*

Reginald. Report says Lady Foley: but I suspect this is merely a *ruse de guerre* of the bookseller to sell his book. I am inclined to think *Almack's*, though displaying considerable tact and cleverness in its light and airy sketches, is not the production of one of the initiated. If it be, the frivolity, the heartlessness, and even the vulgarity of the

people of *haut ton* is disgusting. Of course I profess to know nothing of the manners and habits of this too exclusive class; but I think a lady-patroness of Almack's would never express herself in the following language. It is Lady Hauton addressing the Baroness de Wallestein, "the Austrian ambassadress," as the author terms her—"what a vile phrase!"

"I am afraid we are late, my dear baroness, and there will be so much to do, just at the opening of the campaign. Hauton wanted to have had my carriage this morning, because he broke the spring of his chariot on Saturday night at the door of the Opera-House, and he wished to pay a bore of a visit to his money-shop in the city to-day, in order to negociate a fresh loan with that troublesome animal his banker; but I told him his supplies must wait till to-morrow. God knows that's what they seldom do! But now to business. You cannot think how delighted I am that we managed so cleverly to get you amongst us, my dear Madame de Wallestein: I foretell much prosperity to Almack's in consequence! You and I must manage, however, to carry things our own way. We must make a bold push for power now. I can tell you, some of the party are difficult enough to deal with; so I may as well, *chemin faisant*, give you a sketch of our leaders."

Again:

"I manage all the ladies by a little tact, as thus: I laugh and amuse the duchess, when she is confined or musing; I flatter Lady Plinlimmon; I bully Lady Bellamont; and I scold Lady Rochefort."

In fact, if *Almack's* be a correct representation of the language and manners and feelings of the people of high life, it will tend much to depreciate them in public opinion.

We now began simultaneously to consult our watches, and found that we had by far exceeded the usual hour at which our *coterie* made it a point to separate. This discovery made, all further discussion was adjourned by mutual consent; and we bade each other good night, and "Wended each our separate way, and slow."

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
Dec. 14, 1826.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE WILLIAM WARD, ASSOCIATE ENGRAVER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND HIS MASTER, J. R. SMYTH. BY W. C.

WILLIAM WARD was born in London in the year 1766, and having manifested a strong inclination for drawing, when a schoolboy, his parents, from the praise bestowed on some of his rude efforts, conceived great hopes of his future proficiency. They shewed his attempts to John Raphael Smyth, then esteemed the best mezzotinto-engraver in England; and that artist was so pleased with them and with the boy's mild manners, that he took him as an apprentice. We may conceive that those indications of his talents were but very slight, for the young aspirant was only about thirteen years old when indentured.

Of John Raphael Smyth, as the master of William Ward, it may be interesting to the reader to know something. That artist was the son of John Smyth, a landscape-painter, who, from his having resided in Der-

by, and being born in that county, was called Smyth of Derby, in contradistinction from the Sussex landscape-painters, his contemporaries, who were known as the Smiths of Chichester. From his reverence for the great old masters, John Smyth gave his sons celebrated names: the eldest was christened Thomas Coreggio, the younger John Raphael; but so mistaken was he in their capabilities, that he brought up the former to the profession of a portrait-painter, in which, with considerable advantages of instruction, he never even approached to mediocrity. On the contrary, Raphael, whom he apprenticed to a linen-draper, used to employ his spare hours in drawing, and made some progress, by his own natural abilities, under every disadvantage. After the term, for which he had been articled, expired, he, for two years, acted as foreman to a linen-draper on Ludgate-hill, and continued to practise drawing occasionally. When he had acquired some facility and confidence in this course of application, he abandoned the shop altogether, with a determination to run all risks as a self-taught artist, throwing himself upon the patronage of the public.

Having made a trial in mezzotinto-scraping with some success, he persevered in that branch of chalcography, and obtained work from an indifferent mezzotinto-scraper, named Humphries, who kept a second-rate print-shop close to Temple-Bar. Smyth's prints, even then, possessed considerable freedom and spirit, and he soon rose into vogue. His popularity was chiefly owing to his taste in drawing certain gay ladies of fashionable notoriety, from whose whole-length portraits he published mezzotinto prints, in fancy characters, from the most popular novels of the day.

His merit, at length, recommended him to some of the principal publishers; and being occasionally employed to scrape plates after pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, he made a rapid improvement, and gave such satisfaction to the President of the Royal Academy, that he was encouraged to remove from Bateman's-buildings and to open a print-shop in Oxford-street, nearly opposite the Pantheon. There he fell in with George Morland, and turned his intimacy with that artist to a lucrative account. His prints, after his friend George's pictures of the *Piggery*, the *Stable*, the *Farm-Yard*, and other rustic subjects, had an astonishing sale. The plates of some ale-house scenes, village groups, and smugglers, after the paintings of that popular artist, were worn out and regrounded with the mezzotinto tool two or three times. These prints proved a mine of wealth to Smyth, who used to boast jocularly that he need not limit his expenses, having found out the secret of converting copper into gold. They mainly contributed to render him a leading printseller; and by suiting his publications to the spirit of the day, he acquired correspondents and connections among the most noted publishers on the Continent.

Under this master young William Ward made a steady progress. Smyth dissipated his time and money with little thought, and was incapable of resisting the calls of pleasure; but his pupil delighted in his art, and reaped the reward of his diligent application. His advance was so very quick, that he soon became a principal assistant to his master, and was entrusted with the execution of his

most important works, in bringing them forward to the last stage of finishing. Smyth had a good eye, a great facility, and was thoroughly grounded in the principles of light and shade, from his having worked after so many of Reynolds's paintings. There was a loose bewitching freedom in his best prints which fully expressed all the spirit of the President's pencil. I well remember hearing the latter say, with evident pleasure, on looking at a proof of his admirable print of *Colonel Tarleton*, "It has every thing but the colouring of my picture." Ward acquired all Smyth's sound principles of breadth and truth, with his painter-like freedom of hand, and somewhat more of depth in his masses. If there be any perceptible defect in Smyth's best prints, it is that they sometimes are of too equal a colour; his love of breadth led him, in particular parts, into a *woolliness*: there is a want of sharpness in some of the deciding touches and of extreme force in the darkest shadows. These defects, however, exist only in a very slight degree, and were not so much occasioned by a want of taste, as by his abhorrence of every approach to a hard, dry, and petty manner.

Ward completed the term of his apprenticeship with credit to himself and with great profit to his master. He was then engaged by Smyth at a liberal salary, and continued for some years to execute the chief part of that artist's plates, who, after working a little on each, had his name, according to the custom of the day, engraved under them, and published them as his own performances. Of the prints finished in this way, that most beautiful mezzotinto of the *Bacchante*, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's exquisite picture of *Lady Hamilton*, was one. I saw William Ward at work on that plate from day to day until he had brought it to a proof ready for publication. Nothing could be more charming in its class than that print. Smyth, who was always disposed to do justice to merit, expressed his high admiration of it; but he took the tool in hand, worked on the plate for little more than a couple of hours, sent it to the writing-engraver to have his name engraved under it; and published it as his own. This was not deemed by Ward any unfairness; nor is it here noticed as such. It was an act in strict conformity with their special contract. Such was Ward's modest opinion of his own abilities, and his just estimate of Smyth's excellence, that I am persuaded he would have considered it an injustice to have had his name affixed to that or any other print to which his master had given the last touches of his tasteful and scientific hand.

The *Bacchante* is one of those unrivalled prints in which Reynolds, Smyth, and Ward are seen in all their glory; it certainly possesses, besides its enchanting gaiety and allurement of expression, more of that exquisite combination of sharpness and softness which constitutes the spirit and tenderness of flesh, than any other mezzotinto that I at present remember.

It is but justice to observe, that it has been the practice of the eminent engravers of the old schools to affix their own names to those plates in which they conjointly worked with their able assistants, and to which they gave the finishing stroke. Bartolozzi, and all the eminent engravers of the time, excepting Strange,

were accustomed to do the same. One motive here is obvious: where the name of the master contributed to the sale of the print, and the name of the pupil or assistant was unknown to the public. The practice, as managed by some printsellers, undoubtedly led to abuse, and the purchasers of the prints might be deceived; but the proceeding was always a matter of settled agreement between the artists and publishers.

Ward, in his employment at Smyth's, was, necessarily, introduced to that artist's gay circle, and, among others, he there became acquainted with George Morland. This dangerous intimacy, however, proved of real service to him. In the course of their companionship he married that painter's sister, and Morland married a sister of his. About this period Ward received his brother James (now the Royal Academician) as an apprentice. After having worked at Smyth's during his stated hours, he usually went home to his lodgings in Wells-street, where he employed himself in instructing his brother, and in drawing or working on some plate on his own account, until a late hour. Although naturally of a cheerful, happy turn, he gradually disengaged himself from his former jovial companions soon after his marriage, and devoted himself with exemplary diligence to the cultivation of his profession and promoting the interests of his family.

When the course of the war with the French republic had nearly excluded the British shipping from a direct trade with the Continent, Raphael Smyth found himself cut off from his foreign print trade, the most valuable source of his income. The pressure of the public distress, at the same time, reduced his home sale so low as to render it not worth his while to continue it. He, therefore, declined that business altogether, and took a private house in Newman-street. From that time he applied himself wholly to painting small portraits in crayons, which he executed with much freedom, mellowness, and truth. His colouring was rarely brilliant; but his works were recommended by their masterly breadth, by his surprising facility of hand, and by the excellence of his likenesses. With these capabilities he made a progress into various parts of the country, and deservedly rose into high reputation in a provincial circuit. He painted some pictures in oil, but was too impatient to submit to the necessary attention for that process. That he would have succeeded in that manner, I have no doubt if he had persevered. He shewed me his own portrait in a green velvet cap and morning gown, painted with great force and freshness of colouring; but having exhibited this head at the Royal Academy, with a hope of being elected an associate academician, and being disappointed, he swore he would never "*smudge* another in oil." In crayons his science was such, and his practice so great, that I have known him, in many instances, when his price was eight guineas for a small head, to finish a portrait in a single sitting of six hours, with perhaps some additional mellowings after the departure of his sitter.

Ward's connection with Smyth being thus dissolved, he worked for the remaining printsellers, and occasionally published some of his own plates. He possessed the talent of infusing into his prints, with uncommon spirit and fidelity, the style and ex-

pression of the several painters, whether ancient or modern, after whose pictures he worked. His portraits of public characters, from the paintings of Reynolds, Opie, Hoppner, Lawrence, Owen, and other eminent artists, are very valuable as admirable transcripts of the originals. In his historical prints his drawing is firm, the heads and naked parts cleverly marked, and the effect is broad and powerful. His best performances unite with his own peculiar merits the various excellencies of his ablest predecessors.

In 1814, his professional abilities were acknowledged by his election to the rank of an associate engraver in the Royal Academy.

This excellent artist was of a tranquil, domestic turn, of mild and inoffensive manners. He was slow in taking offence and easily appeased; warmly attached to his friends, and happy in being able to render a kind service. The strong temptations to a dissipated course of living, which he had been exposed to in his outset, had no power to corrupt his heart or principles. If, for a short season, he was carried away by the force of pleasurable companionship, he soon broke from the contagion. He naturally enjoyed a chirruping flow of spirits, loved a good song, and was fond of agreeable society. As he advanced in life, he became imbued with a serious, religious sense, and was generally esteemed for his good feeling and unaffected piety. Of his extreme strictness I need only furnish one instance. He had engraved a splendid mezzotinto from Hoppner's master-piece, the *Sleeping Nymph*, in Lord de Tabley's gallery. The plate was his own, and the impression was in full sale, when the very fascination of that print and its popularity struck his conscience as a reason why he should suppress it. He called in the impressions from the print-shops, refused every application for their after sale, and, as he himself declared, destroyed the plate. In this he carried his severity perhaps too far. The figure is naked; but it was painted as a fine work of art, not as an object of corrupt allurement.

He brought up a large family, amidst the contingencies occasioned by the long war, with unremitting industry and affection. By an afflicting visitation, he lost three daughters in three weeks. They died of the scarlet fever, and were buried in one grave in St. James's chapel. William, his eldest son, was brought up to the profession of a mezzotinto engraver, and his merits peculiarly qualify him for the task of finishing the plates which his father had begun and left in progress at the time of his decease. Alfred, his second son, was brought up to the profession of music. Martin, his third son, is a general painter, of merit in the same class of subjects painted by his uncle, James Ward, the Royal Academician. He has also left four daughters.

Mr. Ward latterly resided at Mornington-place, Hampstead-road, and his death was unexpected and sudden. He had been for several years afflicted with that painful disorder, water on the chest. On Friday, the 1st of this month, he rose, as usual, early; he called up his family, and returned to his chamber. Not coming down stairs at the breakfast-hour, his daughter, on going up to his room, found him lying on the floor, with the towel in his hand, quite dead,

but with a smile on his countenance, which made her in the first moment imagine he was still alive. He had shaved and nearly dressed himself; and from his noiseless departure, there is every reason to believe that his death was instantaneous. He had been in better health and spirits on the preceding day, and had passed the greater part of it from home. He was sixty-three years of age at the time of his decease; and was interred, where he had always intended to be laid, with his three daughters in St. James's chapel.

Raphael Smyth died nearly as suddenly, at Doncaster, in 1810, within half an hour after having parted from a pleasant company with whom he had passed the evening at his lodgings. He was buried in the town where he died.

December 11, 1826.

PRESENT STATE OF THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

THE last number of the *North American Review* contains some highly interesting information relative to the state of the Cherokees, furnished in an address to the Whites, delivered in the first Presbyterian church at Philadelphia, on the 26th May, 1826, by Elias Boudinot, a Cherokee Indian, and which address has since been published.

A book written by an Indian, it is said in the article just referred to, is a novelty even in this native land of Indians. The one before us has much interest, both in regard to its origin and its subject. It was made, as we see on the title-page, by a Cherokee Indian, and it gives a short but somewhat remarkable account of his nation. We shall let the author speak mostly for himself:

"You here behold an Indian, my kindred are Indians, and my fathers sleeping in the wilderness grave—they too were Indians. But I am not as my fathers were—broader means and nobler influences have fallen upon me. Yet I was not born as thousands are, in a stately dome and amid the congratulations of the great; for on a little hill, in a lonely cabin overspread by the forest oak, I first drew breath; and in a language unknown to learned and polished nations I learned to lisp my fond mother's name. In after-days, I have had greater advantages than most of my race; and I now stand before you delegated by my native country to seek her interest, to labour for her respectability, and by my public efforts to assist in raising her to an equal standing with other nations of the earth.

"The time has arrived when speculations and conjectures as to the practicability of civilizing the Indians must for ever cease. A period is fast approaching when the stale remark, 'Do what you will, an Indian will still be an Indian,' must be placed no more in speech. With whatever plausibility this popular objection may have heretofore been made, every candid mind must now be sensible that it can no longer be uttered, except by those who are uninformed with respect to us, who are strongly prejudiced against us, or who are filled with vindictive feelings towards us; for the present history of the Indians, particularly of that nation to which I belong, most incontrovertibly establishes the fallacy of this remark.

I am aware of the difficulties which have ever existed to Indian civilization, I do not deny the almost insurmountable obstacles which we ourselves have thrown in the way of this improvement, nor do I say that difficulties no longer remain; but facts will permit me to declare, that there are none which may not easily be overcome by strong and continued exertions. It needs not abstract reasoning to prove this position. It needs not the display of language to prove to the minds of good men, that Indians are susceptible of attainments necessary to the formation of polished society. It needs not the power of argument on the nature of man to silence for ever the remark, that 'it is the purpose of the Almighty that the Indian should be exterminated.' It needs only that the world should know what we have done in the few last years, to foresee what yet we may do with the assistance of our white brethren and that of the common parent of us all.

"The Cherokee nation lies within the chartered limits of Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. Its extent, as defined by treaties, is about two hundred miles in length from east to west, and about one hundred and twenty in breadth. This country, which is supposed to contain about ten millions of acres, exhibits great varieties of surface, the most part being hilly and mountainous, affording soil of no value. The valleys, however, are well watered, and afford excellent land, in many parts, particularly on the large streams, of the first quality. The climate is temperate and healthy; indeed I *would* not be guilty of exaggeration were I to say that the advantages which this country possesses to render it salubrious are many and superior. Those lofty and barren mountains, defying the labour and ingenuity of man, and supposed by some as placed there only to exhibit omnipotence, contribute to the healthiness and beauty of the surrounding plains, and give to us that free air and pure water which distinguish our country. These advantages, calculated to make the inhabitants healthy, vigorous, and intelligent, cannot fail to cause this country to become interesting; and there can be no doubt that the Cherokee territory, however obscure and trifling it may now appear, will finally become, if not under its present occupants, one of the garden spots of America. And here let me be indulged in the fond wish, that she may thus become under those who now possess her; and ever be fostered, regulated, and protected by the generous government of the United States.

"The population of the Cherokee nation increased, from the year 1810 to that of 1824, two thousand, exclusive of those who emigrated, in 1818 and 1819, to the west of the Mississippi; of those who reside on the Arkansas the number is supposed to be about five thousand.

"The rise of these people in their movement towards civilization may be traced as far back as the relinquishment of their towns; when game became incompetent to their support, by reason of the surrounding white population. They then betook themselves to the woods, commenced the opening of small clearings and the raising of stock; still, however, following the chase. Game has since become so scarce, that little dependence for subsistence can be placed upon it. They have gradually, and, I could almost say, universally, for-

saken their ancient employment. In fact, there is not a single family in the nation that can be said to subsist on the slender support which the wilderness would afford."

After stating several other facts, shewing the progress of the Cherokees in civilization and the arts of life, he proceeds to say:

"There are three things of late occurrence, which must certainly place the Cherokee nation in a fair light, and act as a powerful argument in favour of Indian improvement.

"First, the invention of letters.

"Second, the translation of the New Testament into Cherokee.

"And, third, the organization of a government.

"The Cherokee mode of writing, lately invented by George Guest, who could not read any language nor speak any other than his own, consists of eighty-six characters, principally syllabic, the combinations of which form all the words of the language.

"Their terms may be greatly simplified: yet they answer all the purposes of writing, and already many natives use them.

"The translation of the New Testament, together with Guest's mode of writing, has swept away that barrier which has long existed, and opened a spacious channel for the instruction of adult Cherokees. Persons of all ages and classes may now read the precepts of the Almighty in their own language. Before it is long, there will scarcely be an individual in the nation, who can say, 'I know not God, neither understand I what thou sayest,' for all shall know him from the greatest to the least. The aged warrior, over whom has rolled three score and ten years of savage life, will grace the temple of God with his hoary head; and the little child, yet on the breast of its pious mother, shall learn to lisp its Maker's name.

"The government, though defective in many respects, is well suited to the condition of the inhabitants. As they rise in information and refinement, changes in it must follow, until they arrive at that state of advancement when, I trust, they will be admitted into all the privileges of the American family.

"The Cherokee nation is divided into eight districts, in each of which are established courts of justice, where all disputed cases are decided by a jury, under the direction of a circuit judge, who has jurisdiction over two districts. Sheriffs and other public officers are appointed to execute the decisions of the courts, collect debts, and arrest thieves and other criminals. Appeals may be taken to the superior court, held annually at the seat of government. The legislative authority is vested in a general court, which consists of the national committee and council. The national committee consists of thirteen members, who are generally men of sound sense and fine talents. The national council consists of thirty-two members, besides the speaker, who act as the representatives of the people. Every bill passing these two bodies becomes the law of the land. Clerks are appointed to do the writings, and record the proceedings of the council. The executive power is vested in two principal chiefs, who hold their office during good behaviour, and sanction all the decisions of the legislative council. Many of the laws display some degree of civilization, and establish the respectability of the nation.

"Polygamy is abolished. Female chastity and honour are protected by law. The Sabbath is respected by the council during session. Mechanics are encouraged by law. The practice of putting aged persons to death for witchcraft is abolished, and murder has now become a *governmental* crime."

Our readers will agree with us, we believe, that these particulars savour a little of the marvellous, especially when considered as uttered by the voice of an Indian: yet we have no doubt of their truth. The Cherokees have written laws, and a representative government, though not, as far as we can learn, of a very republican cast. The chiefs have found little difficulty probably in persuading the people that they know not how to govern themselves. Power is a strong argument, and this the chiefs had entirely in their own hands. They deserve credit, therefore, for giving up as much of it as they have done; and it may be expected that the same spirit of concession will hereafter operate in accordance with circumstances, till a free government shall grow out of the present aristocratic system. The Cherokees exhibit a novel spectacle; but the result is not difficult to conjecture. A community of *civilized Indians* is an anomaly that never has existed, nor do we believe it ever will exist. Bring the Indians up to this mark, and you put them on a level with the Whites; they will then intermarry, and the smaller mass will be swallowed up by the larger; the red skin will become white, and the Indian will be remembered only as the tenant of the forests, which have likewise disappeared before the march of civilization.

THE TYRANT OF MOROCCO.

The Emperor Muley Ismael was eighty-seven years old, and bore traces of the infirmities belonging to so advanced an age. He had lost all his teeth, breathed with difficulty, and had a severe cough. His beard was thin and very white; his eyes much sunk. He was still very active, however, and his eyes had not lost all their fire. He had reigned fifty-three years, having, in 1762, succeeded his brother, Muley Arschid, of whom he was not the rightful heir; but being governor of Mequinez, and having thus a considerable force under his command, he dethroned and put to death Muley Hamet, his nephew. The cruelty of this extraordinary barbarian soon began to manifest itself. It produced at first some salutary effects: the laws were rigorously enforced; the roads were cleared of banditti, by whom they had been infested; travelling was rendered secure, and the kingdom preserved, during his long reign, in a state of tranquillity. His executions, however, were not confined to those who had given just cause of offence; he always maintained the habit of putting to instant death all who became the objects of his capricious resentment.

The instruments of his violence were a body of eight hundred negro guards, who formed his chief confidants, and were carefully trained to their functions. He tried their temper by furious beating, and sometimes laid forty or fifty of them at his feet

sprawling in their blood; when such as shewed any sensibility to such treatment were considered wholly unworthy of being attached to the person of his majesty. These negroes, on the slightest signal, darted like tigers on their victim, and not content with killing, they tortured him with such fury as reminded the spectators of "devils torturing the damned." A milder fate awaited those whom the emperor killed with his own hand. He merely cut off their heads, or pierced them at one blow with a lance, in the use of which instrument he was very skilful, seldom letting his hand go out of practice.

When he came out in the morning an awful observation was made of his aspect, his gestures, and even the colour of his clothes; yellow being his killing colour. When he killed any one through mistake, or a violent gust of passion, he made an apology to the dying man, saying that he had not intended it: but surely it was the will of God, and that his hour must have been come. Those, however, who had opportunity for closely observing him, reported, that he was agitated by frequent and terrible remorse; that in his sleep he started wildly, calling on the names of persons he had destroyed. Sometimes, even when awake, he would inquire for his victims, and on being told they were dead, he would ask with emotion, "Who killed them?" The attendants, aware that an explicit answer might occasion their being sent after the defunct, took care to answer they supposed "God killed them." The greatest favourite he ever had was a youth named Hameda, son to the keeper of the slaves, whom, when a boy, he distinguished for his spirited conduct at the siege of Tarudent. This youth, being of a gay disposition, was soon admitted to the greatest familiarity: yet this did not prevent the tyrant from beating him so severely that he died soon after. The murderer was often heard in his sleep, and when he believed himself alone, calling upon the name of Hameda. This ferocious personage made great pretensions to sanctity, and to inspiration for expounding the Alcoran.

THE LOVER OF MONSTERS.

The wise Solomon has said, that there is nothing new under the sun. Were he living now, however, I am inclined to think he would find an exception to this rule in the person of Mr. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, one of the Professors of Natural History at the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris. This worthy gentleman has obtained among his friends the name of the lover of monsters; and certainly no appellation was ever better merited. He spends all his time in pursuit of those objects in the formation of which Nature has departed from her usual mode. Present him with the most beautiful production of the animal or vegetable world, he receives it with cold politeness, and scarcely looks at it; but a calf with two heads, a cat with six claws, or a child with four legs, throws him into raptures, and is carefully preserved in spirits of wine, and added to his collection of monsters. This collection is already very extensive, and Mr. St. Hilaire vows, if he lives long enough, to make it the largest in Europe.

But our learned academician, not content himself with proclaiming his affection for dead monsters, is equally partial to living ones. All the virtues and talents in the world are not so sure a passport to his good graces as some monstrous deformity of person. But since those divine subjects, as he calls them, are very rare, he does not disdain to court the acquaintance of minor monsters; such as people with a redundancy of fingers or toes, odd-shaped legs, or figures peculiarly distorted. He has even attempted to prove that he belongs to the class of monsters, by instancing the peculiar form of his ears, the shape of which, it must be confessed, is very singular; and once, to the great dismay of his wife, he seriously informed his acquaintance, that he was in hopes of having a legitimate claim to the title of a horned monster, because he felt an excrescence in the middle of his forehead, which he had no doubt would become in time a tolerable-sized horn. During six months he watched with intense interest the supposed growth of this so much coveted ornament to his brows, but as it never came to more than a good-sized lump, he has been forced to resign all hopes of the distinction which he flattered himself it would bestow upon him.

Mr. St. Hilaire is a member of the Academy of Sciences, of the section of Natural History; and few meetings of that learned body pass without our indefatigable *savant* calling their attention to new monstrosities. It is not very long since he arrived, preceded by a *terrine de Nerac*, large enough to contain six partridges stuffed with truffles. "It is a *pâté!*" exclaimed all the learned members. "It is a *pâ-â-té!*" cried an academician, more distinguished for his skill in the science of eating, than for any other kind of knowledge.

All the learned members rose, and each remained with mouth watering and eyes fixed upon the *terrine*. The professor began his speech: "I have the honour, gentlemen, to present to the Academy something which, I may say without vanity, cannot fail to please the taste of all its members." He paused — the professors licked their lips. "This extraordinary production, gentlemen, is a remarkable infant, which eight days ago ——" The whole assembly was seated in a moment, busily employed in stuffing their noses. Mr. St. Hilaire paused in unfeigned astonishment and anger at the effect produced by his harangue. "What," cried he, "is it possible! Is the sacrifice I was about to make of such a precious object thus thanklessly received? Gentlemen, since such is my recompence, I declare that it is to your conduct the Institute will owe the loss of the most magnificent monster that has appeared for years; I shall reserve it to crown my own collection:" and he withdrew in high dudgeon, hoping, but in vain, that a deputation would follow to recall him and his monster.

Another passion of the worthy professor's, which is nearly as strong as his mania for monsters, is to trace an analogy between man and the smallest animals. He explained lately, at one of the meetings of the Institute, the affinity which, according to him, exists between man and the lizard. In order to illustrate the subject the better, he had brought with him one of these animals in a phial. The phial passed from hand to hand till it reached an academician who loves a joke, and who happening to be

seated next to one of the most diminutive members of the Institute, handed it to him, saying, with much gravity, "Permit me to present our brother to you."

Notwithstanding these two peculiarities, Mr. Geoffroy St. Hilaire is a worthy, learned, and studious man, as fond of his wife as he is of his monsters, and always ready and willing to employ both his purse and his credit in the service of his friends, even though they have the misfortune to have nothing monstrous about them.

PENN'S TREE AND TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

In a memoir published some time since by Mr. Vaux, an American writer, respecting the place in which the famous treaty between William Penn and the natives was ratified, he establishes the common opinion, by arguments as strong perhaps as the nature of the case will admit, that it was on the bank of the Delaware, in Kensington, the northern suburbs of the present city of Philadelphia, under a large tree, which was to be seen there till 1813, when it was uprooted by a storm. A vague notion has gone abroad, that this treaty was formed farther down the river, at the Uplands, the present site of Chester. Other places have claimed this distinction, as did the Grecian cities the honour of being the birthplace of Homer, but the testimony is in favour of the great elm-tree in Kensington. The following extract from a letter on this subject by the venerable Richard Peters, dated September 6, 1825, will be read with interest:

"It appears that the seat of Penn's government was first established at Upland or Chester, where several of the letters are dated. Now I always understood, that talks with the Indians, preparatory to a final arrangement by a conclusive treaty, were held at Upland or Chester. But it is almost indisputably probable, if general tradition did not confirm the fact, that William Penn chose to hold this treaty beyond the reach of any jealousy about the neighbourhood of fortified places, and within the lines of his province, far from such places; and at a spot which had been an Indian settlement, familiar to, and esteemed by, the natives; and where neither Swedes nor Dutch could be supposed to have influence, for with them the Indians had bickerings. This view of the subject gives the strongest confirmation to the tradition of the treaty being held at Kensington; and that the tree, so much hallowed, afforded its shade to the parties in that important transaction. The prudent and necessary conferences, or talks, preparatory to the treaty, if any vestiges of them now remain, may have given the idea that the treaty was held at Upland.

"The name and character of William Penn, denominated by the Indians *Onas*, were held in veneration through a long period by those who had opportunities of knowing the integrity of his dealings and intercourse, especially by the Six Nations, who considered themselves the masters of all the nations and tribes with whom he had dealings in his time, and his successors thereafter, who adhered to the policy and justice practised by him. At Fort Stanwix, fifty-seven

yeare ago, I was present when the Delawares and Shawanese were released by the Iroquois, or Six Nations (originally five), from the subordination in which they had been held from the time of their having been conquered. The ceremony was called 'taking off' the petticoat,' and was a curious spectacle. When I was adopted into the family of a Tuscarora chief, at the time of the treaty of Fort Stanwix, he made to me a speech in the style used on such occasions, in which he assured me of his affection, and added, that he was pleased with me being 'one of the young people of the country of the much respected and highly esteemed *Onas*,' which means a quill or pen. He gave to me one of his names, *Tegochtias*. He had been a celebrated warrior, and has distinguished himself on expeditions, toilsome and dangerous, against the southern Indians. The feathers and desiccated or preserved birds, called by the Indians *Tegochtias, i.e.* paroquets, were brought home by the war parties as trophies. The feathers decorated the *Moccasins* (whereof I had a pair presented to me), mixed with porcupine's quills in beautifully ornamented workmanship. If there be any thing in my Indian name of Paroquet ludicrous in our estimation, I shall not be ashamed of it, when the great and good Penn was denominated not a whole bird, but merely a quill. My *moccasins* cost me an expensive return in a present the ceremony required, but I considered the singular honour conferred on me richly deserving remuneration; though, in fact, I was more diverted than proud in the enjoyment of the amusing and curious scene, and had no doubt but that this expected remuneration was an ingredient in the motive leading to my adoption. *My* nation is reduced, as is all that confederacy, to a mere squad, if not entirely annihilated; though at that time it (the confederacy) could bring three thousand warriors into the field."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

GRADUS AD PARNASSUM, *or the Art of Playing on the Piano-forte, exemplified in a Series of Exercises in the strict and free Styles, composed, and dedicated to her Excellency the Princess Sophia Wolkonsky*, by Muzio Clementi. Vol. III. Op. 44. Pr. 21s.—(Clementi and Co.)

WITH this third volume Mr. Clementi terminates a work which has excited the admiration of every musical country in Europe; and which, more than any of his other labours, will hand his name down to the children of our grandchildren. Like the Preludes and Exercises of Sebastian Bach, the "Gradus ad Parnassum" will form a guide to the students of every country, in the present as well as in future ages; like Bach's works, it will stand as a record of the attainments in pianoforte playing, and, indeed, of the harmonic knowledge possessed by the living generation.

In looking over the fifty exercises contained in this volume of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, we were filled with wonder at the profound knowledge, the inexhaustible fancy, and the classic purity of taste displayed

in its pages; and when we reflect that these tokens of cultivated and vigorous intellect proceed from a veteran between seventy and eighty years of age (seventy-four, we believe), we are lost in astonishment at this rare instance of the unimpaired vigour of the human mind. For although the exercises certainly abound in scientific contrivance—a feature less extraordinary from advanced age—they at the same time exhibit numerous traits of invention, and of strong and vivid imagination, which, from the decay entailed upon human nature, we are not justified in expecting from a life bordering on fourscore.

We stated the principal features of the *Gradus ad Parnassum* on the appearance of the former volumes, which the sequel before us fully resembles. We should rather call it the finishing step to Parnassus; for the student must have climbed up a good height, and must not be a novice in climbing, to be able to reach the summit to which Mr. Clementi's instructions are intended to conduct him.

Prefixed to this volume is a portrait of the author, an excellent likeness, engraved by Scriven, in the highest style of the art.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *The favourite Airs in Mayer's Opera of Medea, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte* by J. F. Burrowes. In three Books, Book I. Pr 4s.—(S. Chappell.)
2. *Select Airs from Winter's celebrated Opera, The Interrupted Sacrifice, arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment (ad. lib.) for the Flute,* by T. Valentine. In three Books Books I. and II. Pr. 4s. each. —(S. Chappell.)
3. *Mélange on favourite Airs in the Interrupted Sacrifice, arranged for the Piano-forte* by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s. 6d. —(S. Chappell.)
4. *The Overture and select Airs from the Interrupted Sacrifice, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment (ad. lib.),* by T. Attwood. Pr. 4s.—(Clementi and Co.)
5. *Select Airs from the Interrupted Sacrifice, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment (ad lib.),* by T. Attwood. Book I. Pr. 4s.—(Clementi and Co.)
6. *Air, "Buy a broom," composed by H. R. Bishop, arranged for the Piano-forte* by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
7. *Divertisement for the Piano-forte, with an Introduction, and H. R. Bishop's Air, "Are you angry, mother?" composed* by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 2s. 6d —(Goulding and Co.)
8. *Divertimento for the Piano-forte, introducing H R. Bishop's Airs, "Beautiful are the fields of day," and "My Araby, my noble steed," composed* by T. A Rawlings. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
9. *"Are you angry, mother?" Air from H. R. Bishop's Opera of Aladdin, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed* by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)
10. *Cocks and Co.'s Selection of New Foreign Marches, arranged for the Piano-forte* by S. F. Rimbault. Nos. 4. 5. and 6. Pr. 2s. each.—(R. Cocks and Co.)

1. Of Mr. Burrowes's arrangement of Mayer's *Medea,* as pianoforte duets, the first book only has as yet come under our notice. It contains the air "Non palpitar mia vita," the fine chorus "Ah si caro," and "Caro Albergo." The adaptation for four hands is extremely satisfactory and complete; and as there is a great deal of air and tasteful neatness in Mayer's *Medea,* more than one would expect in so serious a drama, these duets cannot fail to obtain the student's favour.

2. Two books of the three comprising Mr. Valentine's arrangement of Winter's *Interrupted Sacrifice* are before us. They are not so full and well stocked with the harmony of the score as an experienced player would wish for and be able to master; but this circumstance precisely recommends Mr. V.'s labour to the

less proficient pupils, for whom he probably intended it.

3. Mr. Kiallmark's *mélange* combines several of the most favourite airs of the *Interrupted Sacrifice* into a consistent whole. The links of this combination, the amplifications of the subjects, and the occasional digressions, are devised with good musical tact, so as to present a very pleasing and beneficial lesson for practice.

4. 5. No. 4. consists solely of the overture to the *Interrupted Sacrifice*; and No. 5. is the first book of the airs of the opera, the sequel of which we have not yet seen. Mr. Attwood's arrangement is of a very superior description. It is evident he inwardly feels and co-vibrates with the composer, and strives to render him all the justice which three staves can be made to yield. Although the flute-part is termed *ad libitum*, there are passages in which we should not wish to dispense with it.

6. 7. 8. are publications very similar in plan and quality, all founded on popular airs of Mr. Bishop's composition, and all written by Mr. Rawlings, who has shewn his usual taste and compositorial tact in arranging the airs; adding thereto desirable amplifications, digressions, and occasional active passages, and devising appropriate introductions.—Real difficulties are nowhere to be met with; and to the amateur who finds gratification in a succession of the novelties of the day, we could hardly recommend any thing more entertaining and satisfactory than these lessons of Mr. R.

9. Mr. Kiallmark's five variations upon the air, "Are you angry, mother?" are well imagined, and sufficiently easy. All runs smooth in a track not untrodden before, but in a style invariably satisfactory, and certainly pleasing.

10. The fourth, fifth, and sixth numbers of Foreign Marches, published by Messrs. Cocks and Co. now before us, appear to conclude the collection, which has been gleaned from the very best sources with undeniable judgment. The contents are:

No. IV. Napoleon's Coronation March.—March from "Tarare"—*Salieri*—March from "Interrupted Sacrifice"—*Winter*.—March from "La Vestale"—*Spontini*.

No. V. Grand March—*Moscheles*.—March from "Ricciardo e Zoraide"—*Rossini*.—March from "La Donna del Lago"—*Rossini*.

No. VI. March from "Ricciardo e Zoraide"—*Rossini*—March from "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"—*Rossini*.—March from "Il Crociato in Egitto"—*Meyerbeer*.

We cannot, at this moment, lay our hands upon the prior numbers; but if our memory does not deceive us, the harmonic adaptation and general colouring were of a more dense and forcible cast than in their successors before us, which, on this account, are free from any difficulty whatever. They therefore unite the rare triple advantage of presenting to the student good, cheap, and easy music. What more could he wish for?

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. *The celebrated Musical Romance of the* WHITE LADY, *as performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, chiefly selected from Boieldieu's Opera, "La Dame Blanche," and adapted to the English Stage* by T. Cooke. Pr. 15s. — (Clementi and Co.)

1. We have, on several occasions, expressed a general opinion as to the value of Boieldieu's music to *La Dame Blanche*, so far as the same

had come under our notice in detached parts and in various forms. The present volume, although not containing the whole of the original music, brings a great portion of it at once under our notice, and, upon a careful inspection of its contents, we see no reason to depart from the opinion we had formed before. We cannot join in the *enthusiastic* "rage" which this composition has excited in the susceptible breasts of the whole French population from Bordeaux to Lille, and from Nantes to Strasburg. With most Frenchmen things are either *divines* or *affreuses*, according as fashion settles the question, especially in matters of taste, in which a sober *mezzo termine* is seldom allowed. But although we are not raving mad with the charms of *La Dame Blanche*, we must in candour allow that the good lady presents attractions which, in some degree, account for the *furore* of *her* countrymen, and entitle her to the favour of an English public. There is a considerable store of good melody spread through the whole work, and this is enhanced by many traits of classic and pleasingly diversified harmonic colouring, especially in the choruses and other pieces of parts. The Scotch subjects, occasionally interwoven, naturally formed additional features of interest to a French audience, but cannot be supposed to be equally attractive here, where they are universally known.

Besides the overture, which is of considerable extent and quite of Scotch character, there are in the present adaptation of the "White Lady" four or five songs, three duets, one trio, and two pieces for a greater number of parts. The arrangement by Mr. T. Cooke is unexceptionable, and he has shewn his usual good taste and judgment in suiting the French original to the new English text written by Mr. Beazeley.

2. "*Morning around us is beaming,*" *a Serenade; the Words and Music* by J. A. Wade, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)
3. "*O'er the valley, o'er the mountain,*" *a Cavatina; the Words by G. Darley, Esq.; the Music composed* by C. E. Horn. Pr 2s. —(Willis and Co.)
4. "*Like the flower of the valley,*" *a Cavatina, written by Walter Mc Gregor Logan, composed* by John Barnett. Pr. 1s. 6d. —(Goulding and Co.)
5. "*No longer the song of the lark,*" *Rondo, written by Walter Mc Gregor Logan, composed* by John Barnett. Pr. 1s. 6d. —(Goulding and Co.)
6. *The Bouquet; the Music* by H. C.
7. *Infant Melodies, or First Songs for Children,* by E. E. Hammond. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Pearson, Fleet-street.)

2. "Morning around us is beaming" is nothing more than an adaptation of English words to a portion of a waltz by Mozart, universally known. There are of course divers deviations from the authentic melody, some of which, such as p. 3, l. 4, b. 4, are not for the better. But, upon the whole, the waltz has produced a pleasing song.

3. Mr. Horn's song, although inferior to the famous "Cherry ripe," and to "I've been roaming," is attractive, from its vein of innocent pastoral simplicity. In p. 3, ll. 2 and 4, the musical rhythm appears to us out of keeping with the rest, the *cæsura* being on the first quaver of the bar, instead of the third, as before.

4. 5. These two songs by Mr. Barnett are in his usual chaste and pathetic style. There is good musical sense and feeling, and correct rhythmical keeping, in every line; and although *all* the thoughts are not new to an experienced ear, there is nothing commonplace or unmean-

ing; on the contrary, the interest and sympathy of the hearer are almost every where forcibly appealed to. This is a distinguishing feature in Mr. B.'s lyric muse; the heart is warm, and feels what the poet felt—more, sometimes — and what the hearer should feel.

6. The *Bouquet* is an elegant little volume of music, composed by the lady under whose initials, H. C. we submitted to our readers three or four songs in the last Number of the *Repository;* and we are informed in an advertisement, that the object of the present publication is to contribute towards the relief of the suffering mechanics in and about Glasgow. When humanity thus calls forth the emanations of a sympathizing female mind, the voice of the critic is all but hushed.

The contents are, two English songs, a waltz, and a vocal duet, *with German text only.* All these afford many evidences of chaste musical feeling, good taste, and considerable scientific attainments, here and there chequered by casual and generally slight imperfections. What can have induced the fair harmonist to set German poetry to music for the benefit of the Glasgow "operatives," we cannot well imagine; considering the small number of amateurs that can understand or even pronounce the text; and in some instances the pronunciation is impeded both by the number of notes allotted to syllables, and by drawing words into a length unsuited to them, as "lust," "bru — — — st." But we are transgressing our bounds and our first intention. The production, independently of its object, has many claims on our approbation.

7. To submit the *Infant Melodies* to the scrutiny of regular criticism, would be nearly as preposterous as to apply the rules of design and architecture to the dolls'-houses in Mrs. Pearson's toy-shop, where these Melodies, very properly, have been placed for sale. They are, as the title imports, meant for babies, to whom, we infer, they are to be sung by the fond mother, or even the nurse, if so be that, agreeably to the present "march of intellect," she knows enough of crochets and quavers to make out the tunes, which we may safely warrant to be as simple as can well be conceived.

HARP AND FLUTE.

1. "*L'Imagination du Moment,*" *Grand Fantasia for the Harp, on the favourite Romance in "Teobaldo e Isolina," composed* by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell.)
2. *The favourite March in Winter's Opera of the "Opferfest," arranged for the Harp* by S. Dussek. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell.)
3. *March "Mosé," arrangé en Rondeau pour la Harpe, par* N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)
4. "*Cruda Sorte,*" *arrangé en Rondeau pour la Harpe par* N. C Bochsa. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)
5. "*Beauties of Caledonia,*" *for the Flute and Piano-forte, with Embellishments,* by Raphael Dressler. Nos. 1. to 12. Pr 2s. each.—(Cocks and Co.)

1. If Mr. Bochsa's fantasia really be, as the title imports, the offspring of the moment, it must have been made *dans un moment d'enthousiasme,* as the French shoemaker said of a pair of boots, in the manufacture of which he had been particularly successful. But such *façons de parler* must be received with a certain degree of allowance: if the "imagination" be ever so vivid and rapid, it must submit to the drudgery of being penned down note for note; and there are notes enough in the

present case to get cool by. The fantasia is an elegant but rather difficult production; it is formed chiefly on the crack song of Galluti, the romance in Morlacchi's *Teobaldo e Isolina*, but which, strange to say, met with less success here than abroad, from its doleful complexion: so much merrier a people than the Italians have we grown!

2. The march from Winter's *Opferfest* is well arranged for the harp, with a view to executive facility. It is first propounded in its simple and authentic form, and then followed by a showy but not difficult variation.

3. 4. Mr. Bochsa, by transposing the beautiful spirited march in *Mosé* into the key of G, adding some few ideas of no uncommon complexion, and prefixing a little introduction, also founded on a Rossinian subject, has produced with little pains an agreeable and tolerably easy harp lesson. A similar treatment has been given to the fine terzetto, "Cruda Sorte," which thus forms an apt companion to the march in *Mosé*, and, from the excellence of the Rossinian subject, will no doubt gain the favour of the amateur.

5. The contents of the twelve numbers of the *Beauties of Caledonia*, before us, are as follows:

1. "There's nae luck about the House."
2. "Auld Robin Gray."
3. "Over the Water to Charlie."
4. "Donald."
5. "Auld Lang Syne."
6. "Blue Bells."
7. "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."
8. "John Anderson my Jo"
9. "Green grow the Rushes o"
10. "Yellow-haired Laddie."
11. "Within a Mile of Edinburgh."
12. "Ye Banks and Braes."

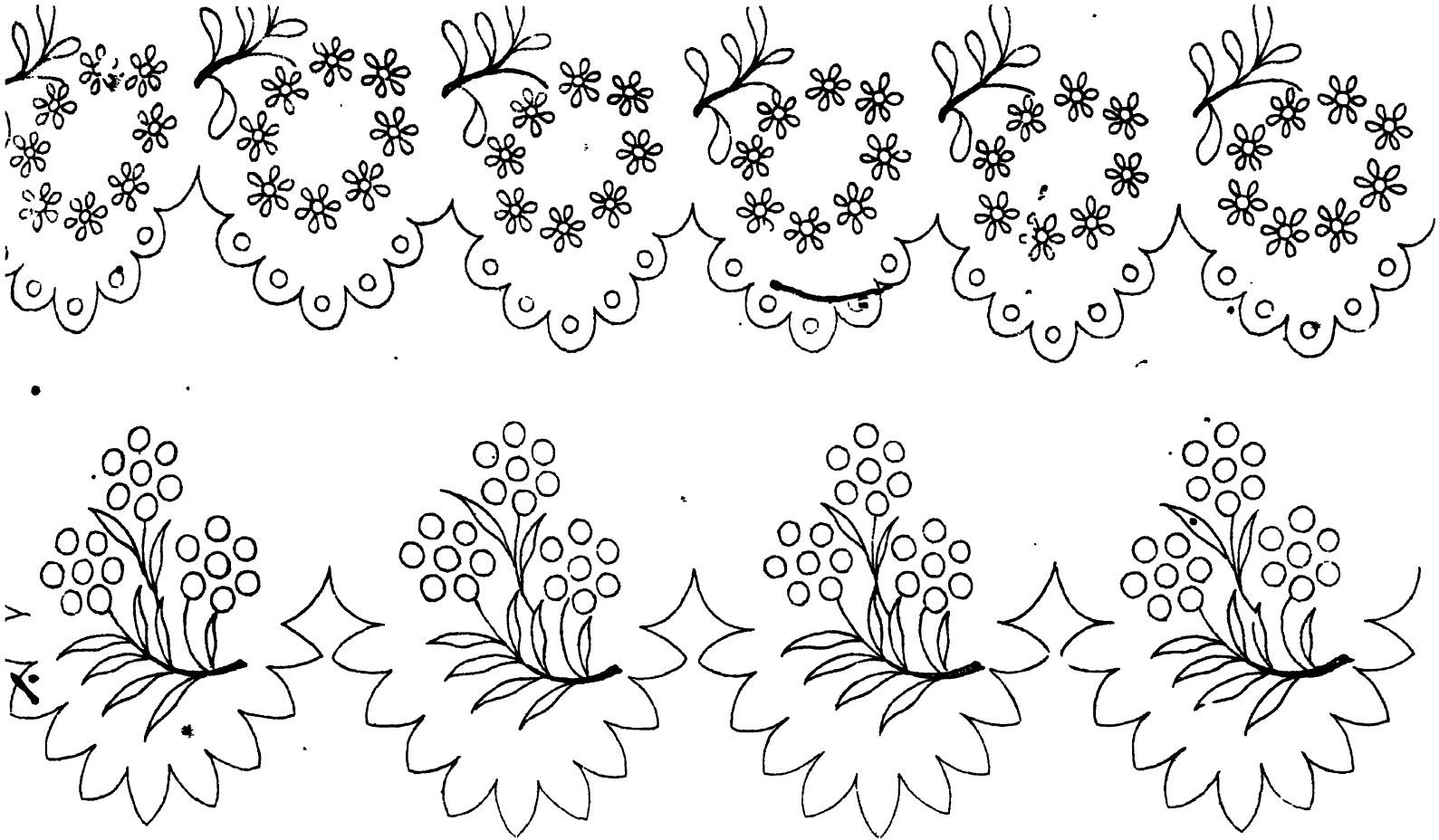
In all these the flute is the leading instrument; but although the principal functions of the piano-forte consist in accompaniment, it bears its share in the melody at the same time, acts responsively, and generally accomplishes all the purposes of a well-digested and tasteful harmonic support. With regard to the flute-part, it is to be observed that Mr. Dressler has infused into it every feature of attraction which it could derive from a superior melodic treatment, judicious decoration, amplification, variation, &c.; and these advantages have been attained at so moderate a rate of executive inconvenience, that a player of common proficiency will suffice to render fair justice to Mr. D.'s labour. The numbers may be procured singly.

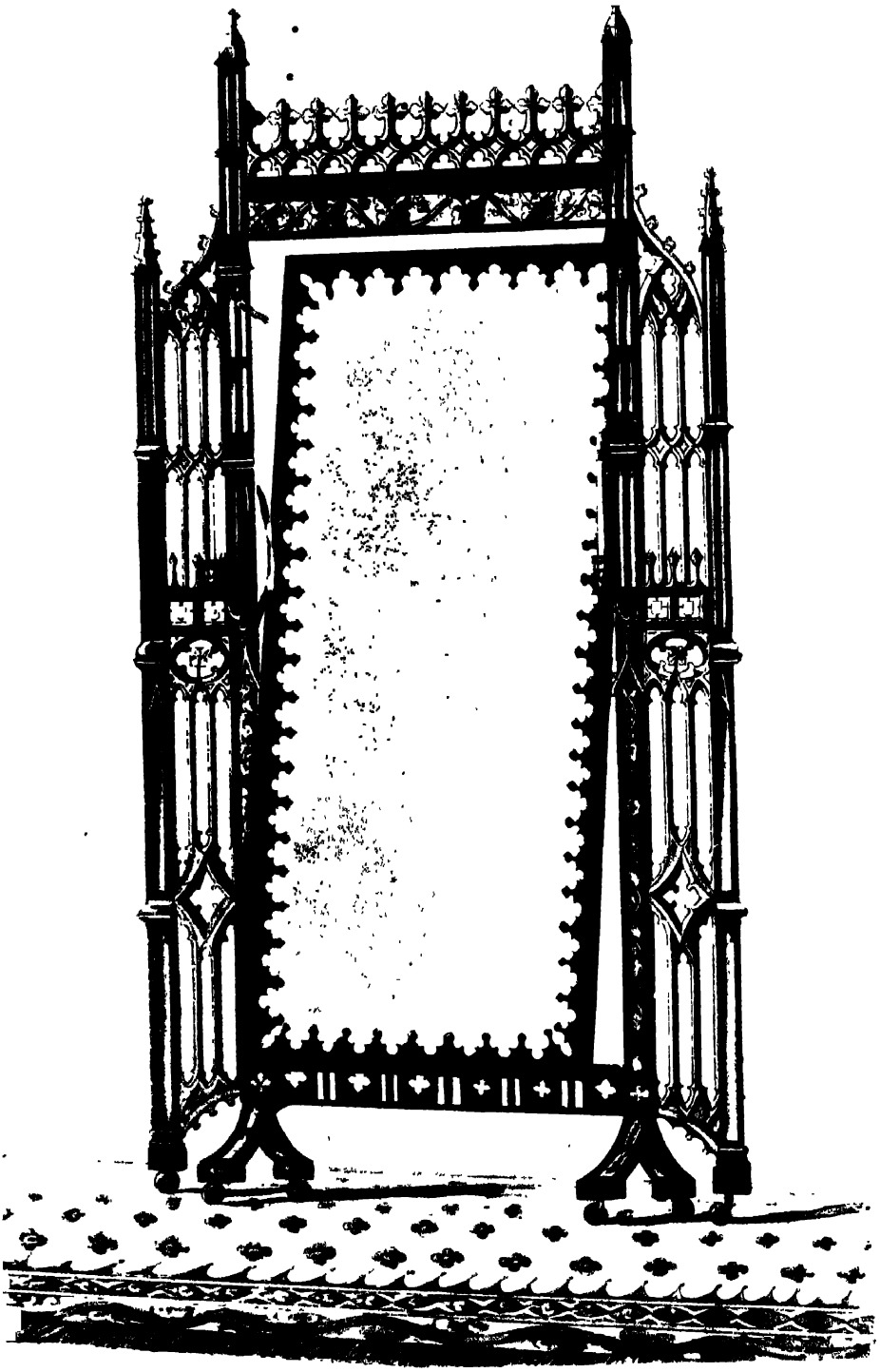
FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

HIGH dress of striped *gros de Naples*, wadded and lined with scarlet sarsnet; the *corsage* made up to the throat, the straight way of the silk, with a little fulness towards the waist, which is rather long, and confined by a rich plaid scarf, worn as a sash, and tied in front, the ends reaching towards the border of the skirt, which is an horizontal fan-like trimming of scarlet corded point, and is crossed in the centre by longitudinal green velvet fluted puffs; their terminations united by circlets of scarlet satin and green velvet: beneath is a row of chinchilla fur, about half a quarter deep. The sleeves are *en gigot*, and









stiffened to keep them extended; they are confined at the wrist by a scarlet corded satin band, fastened with a gold snap: a vandyke cuff extends a little way over the hand, and a second corded band regulates the fulness between the elbow and the wrist: chinchilla fur adorns the shoulders and surrounds the throat. Bonnet of the same material as the dress; the brim circular, edged with a rouleau, and lined with scarlet satin. The crown is almost concealed by its decorations, consisting of three handsome hydrangeas and several large green velvet leaves, besides bows of *gros de Naples*, which are placed on the left side. The hair is dressed in a double row of large curls; the ear-rings are long and of coral; yellow gloves lined with fur; chinchilla muff; and boots of slate-colour morocco.

WEDDING DRESS.

Frock of Urling's sprigged lace, of a very elegant Brussels pattern; the flowers are of an equal size and distance, except on each side, where they are formed into large clusters, and arranged one beneath the other from the waist to the flounce. The *corsage* is circular and of a moderate height, made plain in front, but rather full behind, and has a double row of falling lace of the same rich pattern, but not so deep as the flounce on the skirt. The sleeve is very full, and regulated by seven or eight drawings from the shoulder to below the elbow, from whence it is continued plain to the wrist, where a scolloped cuff graces the hand, corresponding to the scollops at the edge of the dress, which appears just below the flounce. Broad white satin sash, with bows on the right side; white satin slip, with a wadded hem at bottom. The hair is parted in front, and has three very large curls on the left side; above are bows of white satin and *crèpe lisse:* sprigs of myrtle and two full-blown white roses adorn the right side. The necklace consists of three rows of pearl, clasped in front by a brilliant gem; long pearl ear-rings; cameo bracelets. The left arm has an additional bracelet, composed of rows of pearl, united by emeralds. White kid gloves; white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

GOTHIC LOOKING-GLASS.

The design in this plate is intended to represent an upright moveable looking-glass, decorated in the florid style.

A looking-glass or mirror was a luxury unknown to our ancestors, as we learn from authentic sources that the Romans and other nations of antiquity used plates of brass, steel, and even silver, made perfectly smooth and highly polished. But although they produced a strong reflection, yet they are by no means comparable to this invention, by which, not only the labour of continual brightening is saved, but a much clearer reflection is produced. There is some uncertainty with respect to the actual period when mirrors were introduced; but it is well known that they were never brought to such perfection as at the present time.

Venice was formerly the emporium of this manufacture, but France has for some time past furnished the greatest quantities, and latterly Eng-

land equals (if not surpasses) any other nation in this kind of produce.

Great attention must be paid, in designing this piece of furniture, to give it a frame sufficiently solid to support the weight of so large a glass, without appearing heavy and ponderous. The artist has endeavoured to accomplish this object in the present design by the introduction of flying buttresses, which, while adding to the strength of the frame, detract nothing from the lightness of its character. The wood may be either rose or mahogany, and the ornaments of the same wood, or in or-moulu.

These moving glasses are now generally introduced in the sleeping-apartments and dressing-rooms of our nobility and persons of distinction.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Nearly ready, *Network, or Thought in Idleness*; a series of light essays, in one volume.

A Picturesque Tour by the new Road from Chiavenna over the Splugen, and along the Rhine to Coire in the Grisons, by twelve views drawn on the spot, and lithographed by F. Calvert, will appear, in a few days, in a 4to. volume.

Shortly will be published, in one volume 12mo. *Practical Elocution, or Hints to Public Speakers*; being an essay on the human voice, designed to enforce the necessity of an early and continued cultivation of the organs of articulation, by H. J. Prior.

In the press, *A Trip to Ascot Races*; upwards of 17 feet in length, and coloured after life and nature; exhibiting from Hyde-Park-Corner all the bustle of the lively scene on the road down to the Heath. The plates are etched and coloured by Mr. Theodore Lane.

Miss Stockdale has in the press, *Instructive Poems for Young Cottagers*.

The author of "Padurang Hari" has another work of the same kind in preparation, entitled *The Zenana*.

The Busy-bodies, a novel, in 3 vols. by the authors of "The Odd Volume," will appear in January. They will also speedily publish *Another Odd Volume*.

The Epicurean, a tale, by Thomas Brown the Younger, will be published in a few days.

Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, is engaged upon a Life of his intimate friend, the late Mr. Nollekins, the sculptor.

The Life and Reign of Richard III. is preparing for the press by the author of "The Life of Henry VIII."

Mr. Burnet, the author of "Hints on Composition and Light and Shade in Painting," has in the press, a work *On the General Management of Colour in a Picture*, which will appear early next spring.

A translation of *The Natchez*, an Indian tale, by M. de Chateaubriand, in 3 vols. is in preparation. The French original will appear at the same time.

Mr. Cooper, the American author of several popular novels, has in the press, *The Prairie*, a tale, in 3 vols.

Dr. Baron is preparing a *Life of Dr. Edward Jenner*, from his papers and correspondence, the whole of which have been placed in the author's hands by the executors, in consequence of his uninterrupted and confidential intercourse and friendship with that distinguished individual during the last fifteen years of his life.

The Autobiography of Mr. Thomas Dibdin, the dramatist, in 2 vols. 8vo. may be shortly expected.

The author of "Granby" will speedily give to the public, *A Tale of Fashionable Life*, in 3 vols.

Nearly ready for publication, *Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mr. Robert Spence, late Bookseller of York*; with

some information respecting the introduction of Methodism into York and the neighbourhood, by Richard Burdekin.

MR. GURNEY'S NEW STEAM-ENGINE AND BOILER.

THE new boiler constructed by Mr. Gurney, which we some time ago announced as in a state of great forwardness, is now found, after having undergone the strictest proof and trial, to be in a perfect state.

This new boiler professes to be, 1st. *absolutely safe:* in proof of this, it is said to have been repeatedly broken purposely, when in full action, without the slightest mischievous effects. 2dly. It weighs but one-twentieth part of what a common boiler weighs of the same degree of power. 3dly. It requires but one-tenth of the room occupied by a common boiler of the same power. 4thly. It saves one-sixth of the fuel in a stationary engine, and one-half at sea. 5thly. It costs little more than one-half the expense of manufacture and keeping in repair.

It will be recollected that we some time ago noticed Mr. Gurney's improvements with a view to locomotive purposes, and mentioned a carriage which he had constructed for travelling on ordinary roads. We had sanguine hopes of seeing, ere this, that carriage itself in motion, and contributing to the public service and convenience; but we understand that the subject was necessarily laid aside on account of the Government having caused the whole of the inventor's attention to be directed to the new boiler itself, with a view to maritime purposes. The Lords of the Admiralty, attended by their intelligent Secretary, and also the Commissioners of the Navy-Board, have repeatedly visited the factory in the Regent's Park, where Mr. Gurney's experiments were prosecuted, and have watched the results with the greatest interest; and they are fully satisfied of the advantages of the new machinery, and have determined on adopting it in the navy.

It may be necessary to mention, in explanation of the vast advantages gained in weight and size in the new engine, that the boiler is peculiarly constructed of tubes, so as to take advantage of some important laws of heat; the inventor having, after a long and laborious course of experiments, overcome altogether the hitherto insurmountable obstacles to that mode of generating steam. Those obstacles are asserted to have been chiefly *chemical;* and if so, the studies and habits of Mr. Gurney peculiarly fitted him for the task of successfully attacking them. The fact, also, of the safety and principle of the boiler being unaffected by any degree of pressure which can be given to steam, has permitted the use of a new engine in connection with it, which is exceedingly simple, light, and powerful, when compared with the present ponderous and complex machinery necessarily connected with the common boiler. The engine and boiler have been in constant and successful action for upwards of twelve months, and are open to the inspection of all persons interested in the subject.

Poetry.

LINES

Written under the Portrait of Mrs. Unwin.

By the Rev. J. MITFORD.

(From an annual Provincial Publication for the year 1825.)

YES! thou art all that I had thought to see,
Long years before the pictured form of thee
Rose in its pensive beauty to enshrine
With magic tints each graceful look of thine.

Woman! with more than woman's tenderness
I gaze upon thy portrait, and I bless
The hand that could these faithful features blend,
And give to me poor Cowper's earliest friend.

Alas! when genius fell a prey to grief,
Thy gentle hand administer'd relief;
For thou couldst sooth him with a smile as sweet
As lights the eyes of angels when they meet;
And thou couldst make the gathering storm of ill
Break, and in soft and sunny drops distil.

O thou most gentle! most affectionate!
With pensive look how meekly hast thou sate
Watching from day to day, from year to year,
The ceaseless conflict of remorse and fear!
Thou couldst not still the tossing gulf within,
Nor calm the pangs of self-imputed sin;
But thou couldst shed one melancholy ray
Along the surface of his long decay,
Check with meek look, with gentle force controul,
And light the soft recesses of the soul.

Young Spring in vain awoke her tenderest green,
Her warbled melodies, her varied scene;
The calm of solitude to him was vain,
The brooklet's murmur, and the woodland strain;
In helpless sorrow, or in fruitless tears,
He mused along the dark descent of years.

When deeper frowns foretold his closing day,
When all but woman's love had fled away,
'Twas thine in sorrow to be faithful still,
Chase every doubt, and lighten every ill;
To sooth with silence, or with converse cheer,
Prolong each joy, and banish every fear;
Each sorrow smooth, desponding darkness scare:
Ah! only weak to struggle 'gainst despair!

Peace to thy gentle shade! thy features seem
The pensive twilight of a poet's dream:
So soft, so mild their blended tints, that play
Like summer clouds that wander west away;
Those beauteous eyes of mild intelligence,
That mingled look of softness and of sense;
Affection, too, as warm as wedded love,
And serious faith, descending from above;
All, all are there, in long affliction tried,
The friend of him who had no friend beside.
Unheard by him, from other lips would flow
The words of pity, or the sighs of woe:
Thy form he watch'd at every opening door,
Thy footsteps counted on the echoing floor.
He knew no music of the lips but thine;
No other eyes with mild effulgence shine.
Thee he beheld when all beside was gloom,
Traced thee with following eye from room to room;
Thy morning step each Sabbath-day descried,
And wept the hope to none but him denied.
Each broken slumber, and each feverish dream,
Sad faithful mirrors of the day would seem.
Thy wasted form, thy care-worn eye he knew,
And woke, and wept to find the vision true;
Then, when his long, his loved companion died,
Walk'd gently to thy tomb and slept beside.

LINES

Written by a Lady at the Age of Eighteen, on liberating in the Spring a beautiful Butterfly, which had lived in her Room all the preceding Winter.

Go, happy insect! flit thy way,
And frolic all the livelong day,
Where'er thy fancy please!
Thy tender form no blasts need fear,
Soon will the Summer's smiles appear;
Then fly and take thine ease.

The damask rose-bud soon will blush;
Already hear yon warbling thrush
Tune his soft notes to love!
Then, happy creature! haste away,
The Spring invites, no longer stay,
But haste its joys to prove.

Go! on the lily's bosom play,
Who soon shall welcome in the May,
Soon charm the gazer's sight;
Till then the violet-beds frequent,
Where odours of ecstatic scent
Will yield you pure delight.

Oft may I meet you in the grove,
And see you wanton, see you rove,
Blest liberty enjoy!
Oh! could I wanton, rove, like thee,
On silken wing, from bud to tree,
My bliss would never cloy!

Hear from yon wood, sad Philomel,
Her lovelorn anguish mildly tell,
Soft trills her tender woe!
The bee her labour has begun,
She sips the produce of the sun—
Then haste, my fly, to go!

When Winter comes, seek out my cell,
Again with grief and me to dwell,
And mourn our long-lost bliss:
But should my soul ere then be fled—
This form be mingled with the *dead*—
Take thou a parting kiss!

L. M.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

ADVERTISEMENTS *for* FEBRUARY 1, 1827.

[To be continued Monthly.]

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THIS Essence, from a judicious combination of the odours of the Rose, Jessamine, and other Flowers, derives a most delightful fragrance, and will be found a pleasing Perfume for the Handkerchief, and an elegant Appendage to the Drawing room and the Toilet. Ps. 3s. 6d, 5s, 8s., and 15s.

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FOR cleaning, preserving, and beautifying Human Hair. This elegant Extract cleanses and imparts to the Hair the delicious fragrance of the Rose, and gives it a beautiful gloss; will restore it to its natural colour, if turned grey by using spirituous or other injurious preparations, and, if constantly used, will preserve it to an extreme old age. Price 3s., 5s., and 10s.

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Printed for Thomas and George Underwood, 32, Fleet-street.

"Books of this kind too often abound with quackery, of which, however, although some passages might have been omitted without detriment to the volume, we are happy in being able to acquit Mr Koecker."—*The Lancet, Sept.* 9, 1826.

"The volume is one indeed from which those interested in this branch of the art will derive much information, and shews Mr. Koecker to be a man of good medical education, as well as of considerable research."—*The London Medical and Physical Journal, October* 1826

"The volume of Mr. Koecker, though directed principally to the Teeth, proves the great advantage of studying a single branch of medical science, after having acquired a knowledge of the general principles of the whole; and if not without faults, which we may point out, is certainly a better work, and more generally instructive, than any other we are acquainted with."—*The London Medical Repository, October* 1, 1826.

"We have reason to know that Mr. Koecker is a very excellent practical dentist; and that the zeal and ability with which he manages every operation he undertakes are truly praiseworthy."—*Dr Johnson's Medico-Chirurgical Review, January* 1827.

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Of Beauty by mental endowment, the race,
And life, when by care deeply shrouded in gloom,
With blandishment sweet tranquillize and relume,
A HAPPY NEW YEAR, and in joyfulness pass'd,
May each prove with pleasure replete as the last!
So wish in sincerity ROWLAND & SON,
While trusting that, as the *New Year* has begun
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Propitiously, years yet unborn to the end!

KALYDOR, beyond e'en the dreams of romance,
To radiance that will the complexion advance,
And MACASSAR OIL, that of attributes high,
Luxuriant and fine glossy tresses supply,
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The GENUINE KALYDOR and MACASSAR OWN;
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Acceptable offering to make at the shrine
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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We acknowledge the receipt of a packet from our fair Correspondent at Chapel-Allerton.

Our respected Correspondent at Nairn, from whom two contributions have reached us during the past month, is assured that the manuscript, abou. which she s articularly inquires, arrived in due course, and is safe in our possession.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 1, 1827. No. L.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

ROEHAMPTON-PRIORY, SURREY, THE SEAT OF COLTHURST SWINTON HOLLAND, ESQ.

This desirable place is built on a pleasing eminence, about half a mile from the high-road leading from Putney to Richmond, and, with the surrounding plantations, has a very imposing appearance. The house is approached by a private road which leads to Roehampton, and after passing through a neat lodge, a winding path, screened by an invisible fence, leads to the principal entrance on the northern side. The elegance and simplicity of the building cannot fail to excite the attention of every visitor. It is a chaste specimen of the modern Gothic, and very much resembles the Priory at Hampstead, excepting that the latter is more ornamented.

The accompanying view represents the northern front of the building. Over the principal doorway is a niche containing the effigy of a bishop or saint in a devotional attitude, which is a fine piece of workmanship. The hall is fitted up in the Gothic style; but the principal apartments, viz. the drawing and dining-rooms, are quite plain, but very handsomely furnished in the modern style. Adjoining the drawing-room there is a small library, containing a valuable selection of books, but not any pictures deserving of notice. The domestic offices are all on the ground-floor, and very spacious; but the stables and gardens are at some distance from the house.

The plantations in the park, which is rather small, consisting only of about forty acres, are extremely beautiful, and arranged with much taste; and the pleasure-ground, or shrubbery, which is formed round the house, is kept in the most perfect order, and embellished with the most choice and delightful shrubs: indeed, every attention has been devoted to render this one of the most pleasing residences in the environs of the metropolis.

TRELISSICK, CORNWALL,

THE SEAT OF THOMAS DANIELL, ESQ.

DURING the last twenty years, many elegant residences have been erected in this county, especially in the neighbourhood of Penzance; and it is but just to remark, that none surpasses that which forms a subject of embellishment for the present Number of the *Repository*.

The peculiar nature of the situation of this mansion, which is built on the west bank of the Fal, is such as to excite universal admiration. It is an elegant structure, recently rebuilt and enlarged from designs by Robinson, one of the most eminent architects of the present age; and the chasteness of the style, as well as the superiority of the workmanship, entitles that gentleman to every distinction. It is true, that expense does not appear to have been any consideration, and it is a satisfaction that the wishes of the proprietor have been so completely accomplished.

The interior is fitted up in the most superb style, and the furniture is extremely elegant, especially that of the drawing-room, which contains every species of valuable decoration. Among them are some fine specimens of carved alabaster, a small group of figures from Italy; and a very valuable pier-glass on the chimney-piece is so arranged as to reflect a fine view of Falmouth Harbour and Pendennis Castle. In the dining-parlour are several works of art, among which are portraits of Dr. Napleton, canon of Hereford cathedral, by Devis, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniell, by Mrs. Carpenter: there is also a curious portrait, by Opie, of the late R. A. Daniell, Esq. in which a miner is introduced presenting him with specimens of mineralogy. Here is a very valuable library, which is also fitted up in a very elegant manner, with a rich Italian gold mantel fire-place, the natural polish of which surpasses any varnish.

Trelissick is distant about five miles from Truro, on the left of the road leading to Falmouth, and is situated in a small inclosed park. The plantations and shrubberies round the mansion are extremely beautiful, especially the latter, which abound with many varieties of choice shrubs.

Owing to the hilly nature of this part of the county, the views in the vicinity of this estate are extremely beautiful and romantic, especially those which are enlivened by the meanderings of the river Fal, including the view of Tregothnan, the seat of the Earl of Falmouth, King Harry's Ferry, &c.

As the proprietor of this beautiful estate is extremely partial to the chase, he keeps a fine pack of hounds, and there is much sport in this part of the county.

For the descriptive particulars of both our views this month, as well as the designs, we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale, author of *Excursions through Cornwall*.

THE BANDIT.

(Concluded from p. 15.)

NIGHT had spread her sable wings over the land, the sea broke furiously against the rocky shore, and its wild roar sounded fearfully amidst the dead silence. A tall figure stalked through the gloom, and approached the burial-place: a man wrapped in a dark mantle, his face blanched with sorrow, strove to open the iron door. It was Federico. He had gained intelligence of Bettina's illness, visited the castle in different disguises, and contrived to obtain minute information concerning her. Every hope of recovery filled his heart with joy, every threatening danger with mortal anxiety. The news of her death burst all at once upon him, and despair took possession of his soul. From the chapel on the rock he saw the funeral procession: he threw himself upon the ground; a furious tempest raged in his bosom, and he howled aloud for distraction. A sudden thought darted across his mind, and his resolution was instantaneously fixed. He determined to remove the dear remains of his beloved to his own abode, to assign them a resting-place near his couch, and daily to bedew the sacred spot with his tears. The lock could not long resist his efforts, and he entered the lofty vault containing the splendid monuments of the Castelmare family. Bettina's coffin was placed near the entrance; he raised the lid, and beheld the form of his adored, lovely even in death; her beauteous eyes closed for ever in that slumber which no frightful dream can disturb or interrupt. With tears he threw himself upon her; he imprinted a long kiss on her pallid lips. He fancied that he perceived the sound of a slight respiration; he applied his hand to her heart, and felt faint throbs. O what rapture, what ecstasy filled his breast! He carried her without loss of time into the open air, placed her upon his horse, which he slowly led by the bridle, and thus conveyed her to the ruins of Anxur, where he laid her upon his bed, and summoned some females to attend her. It was not till several hours afterwards that she so far recovered as to be able to distinguish the objects about her. She was alarmed on finding herself in a strange place, and inquired where she was, and how she she had come thither. Federico, who had till then kept out of sight, now advanced; she immediately recognised him, and from this circumstance well knew where she was, though she could not imagine what had happened to her. Federico ordered all present to withdraw; he then threw himself on his knees beside her couch, seized her hand, and pressed it, in a transport of joy, to his lips and to his heart. He related to her how he had stolen her out of the tomb, and thus rescued her from death. "Now," he exclaimed, "thou art mine! wholly mine, and none shall again wrest thee from me! To thy parents and husband thou art dead; for they have consigned thee to the grave, and cannot have any further right to thee. I have given thee back to life, and thy existence is now my work!"

"O Federico!" replied Bettina, in a faint voice, "how cruel art thou to recall me to life, which can have no value for me, if it is to be purchased

at the expense of my honour! Thou knowest that I am a wife, and that duty even yet enjoins me to preserve that fidelity which I vowed at the altar."

Federico gazed on her with an expression of the keenest sorrow; he begged her to be composed, and promised to treat her as his sister, and never to solicit of her aught that could offend her delicacy. Her presence alone sufficed to make him happy; and the society of his beloved transformed the dreary scene around him into a paradise.

Several weeks elapsed before Bettina's complete recovery. The first time she quitted her wild abode, she was not a little astonished at all that met her eye. Her habitation was the ruins of a palace, the rich interior decorations of which in gold and marble still attested the magnificence that had once reigned there. A lofty portico conducted to a terrace, from which she beheld the sea spread out at an immense depth below her. Gigantic masses of rock surrounded her, and extended their ramifications far into the water. It was morning: the rays of the sun gilded the tips of the mountains, and the sea looked like a burning mirror. Ah! how deeply did her heart at that moment deplore, that, cut off from her husband and parents, she was in the power of one who was a robber, living among savage men, among women who were attached by habit to these outcasts, and who strove by all the means in their power to prevail on her to follow their example, and, as she was lost for ever to her family, to become the wife of the captain! They had moreover a confederate in Bettina's own bosom; her love for Federico was not yet extinguished; but her sense of duty gained the ascendency. She felt that she was bound by indissoluble ties to her husband; he was the father of the being to whom she was likely soon to give birth, and nature and duty imperatively commanded her return to him. But still it was painful to abandon Federico—him who had rescued her from death, who was attached to her with such ardent passion, and who nevertheless treated her so generously, so delicately. Duty and virtue attracted her on the one hand, and love and gratitude on the other. Her presence in the ruins operated beneficially for the whole surrounding country; for Federico very rarely quitted Bettina: her remonstrances, her entreaties, weaned him more and more from the criminal course which he was pursuing; and had it been in his power, he would instantly have forsworn the horrid confederacy. But how was he to escape? the number of the banditti was too great, their power was too extensive. They would have overtaken Bettina and him, and sacrificed both to their vengeance: they began already to murmur, that, entangled in the toils of love, he forgot their main object, and frequently prevented them from the execution of the most promising projects.

Federico perceived that Bettina was a prey to grief. Painful as it was to him to part from her, he nevertheless promised to restore her to her family; but he wished first to ascertain how matters stood, and whether her return to Castelmare would be conducive to her happiness. Upon pretext of making inquiries concerning a favourable opportunity for an excursion, he left the ruins and repaired to Castelmare.

Bettina's coffin yet stood unopened on the same spot where he had found it, and no one had the least suspicion that it was empty. Two others had since been placed by its side: the marchese and his wife, heart-broken for the loss of their beloved daughter, had not long survived, and their remains were deposited, according to their desire, beside those of their darling. The Count of Castelmare had taken a voyage to Spain to dispel his grief. He had declared his nephew heir to his estates, and left to him the management of them during his absence. Such were the tidings brought by Federico: they were not calculated to raise the spirits of Bettina, and with tears of anguish she deplored the loss of her dear parents. She was aware, too, that under these circumstances it would not be prudent in her to come forward as one risen from the grave. The young count, who already imagined himself in possession of the large property of his uncle, would feel no particular pleasure at her resurrection; and without a protector, as her husband was abroad and her parents were dead, she might run some risk in putting herself into his power. She would have been importuned, also, to discover the access to the ruins which had so long been sought in vain, and before she would have betrayed her friend Federico, she would have sacrificed her life.

Federico comforted her, and promised to conduct her to her husband soon after her confinement. Though his heart burned with the most ardent passion for her, he nevertheless kept his promise, nor did he ever utter a wish that could offend the rigid virtue of Bettina. When in the radiance of the evening sun he sat by her and saw her delicate cheeks tinged by its rays, he felt inexpressibly happy; no sensual desire then stirred within his bosom, and he fancied himself by the side of a supernatural being.

In due time Bettina was delivered of a fine boy. Federico pressed the babe to his breast with the same fervour as if it had been his own. The mother wept in secret over her son, who entered the world under circumstances so extraordinary.

The infant was too delicate to be able to bear a voyage to Spain in the winter season; Bettina was therefore obliged to make up her mind to remain in the ruins till the spring. Federico took care that during the inclement season neither herself nor her infant should lack any comfort or convenience; and she gratefully acknowledged his attention to gratify her every wish. Bettina felt but one want: she was devout, and had not for a long time visited any place of worship. She well knew indeed that wherever a pure heart sends up its orisons to Heaven there is a temple of the Deity. But man is too much habituated to sensible things, to be able to dispense with all external incitements: hence the impression which pictures of the religious class produce upon the mind. She was also grieved that her child was not yet christened; there was no priest in the ruins, and thus this sacrament could not be administered.

Federico once conducted her through several passages in which she had never been before. As she advanced, she was met by a soft light issuing from a vaulted apartment. What was her astonishment to find there an imitation of the chapel on the rock, and a good copy of the admirable Crucifixion on the little altar,

illuminated by a lamp. She cast a look of gratitude on her companion, and tears of emotion glistened in her eyes. Federico withdrew, to leave her undisturbed to her feelings and her devotions.

Bettina went up to the altar and laid her infant upon it by way of oblation to the Redeemer. "O be gracious," she thus prayed, "to this helpless child, who, born in these ruins, amidst a band of robbers, has not yet recived that sacrament which should incorporate him with the Christian church! Grant that the act which I am about to perform before thine image may have the effect of binding him in that great covenant, till circumstances shall enable me to have the ceremony performed by consecrated hands!" With these words she uncovered the head of the child, and poured over it the pure element from a basin filled with water. She named the boy Lorenzo, in memory of her father, and again held him up in fervent prayer towards the image of our Saviour: she then imprinted a tender kiss on the forehead of the little Christian, and felt her heart considerably eased and lightened.

Weeks and months elapsed: little Lorenzo gained strength under the fostering care of his mother; he already began to smile, with his large dark eyes, as expressively as if he understood her. The winter passed away; the air became softer; grass and spring-flowers shot up between the stones; the merry lark warbled its strains in the azure concave of heaven. The robbers grew impatient; they bitterly reproached their captain for having so long prevented them, upon frivolous pretexts, from sallying forth, and urged him to lead them out again to deeds of daring. They had learned that a wealthy count, with his retinue, was expected along that road, and they hoped to make a rich booty. Federico was forced to do what he now abhorred; he issued his orders, and directed his people to form, at nightfall, an ambush near the high-road. Bettina sank on her knees before him, and implored mercy for the unfortunate persons whom his comrades had devoted to death. She conjured him to tear himself from the wretched, and to return to honour and virtue. That, alas! was impossible; but it was in his power to spare human lives, and this he promised to do.

Night came on; the robbers set out, and, headed by the captain, went forth to meet the travellers. They posted themselves near the road which winds along the coast. The moon was just obscured by clouds when the count's carriage, surrounded by a considerable number of armed attendants, drew up. His retinue were prepared for an attack, and an obstinate conflict ensued, in which several were killed and wounded on both sides. At length the superior force of the banditti proved victorious. The count was dragged from his carriage, and would infallibly have been put to death, had not Federico interfered and saved him. He had recognised the traveller, who was no other than the husband of his Bettina returning home from Spain. Federico gave the count his own horse, which he led respectfully by the bridle. In this manner they returned to the ruins, where he conducted the prisoner into his apartment, and consigned to him his own bed. He then went in quest of Bettina, whom he found in the chapel, where, alarmed

of her husband's safety, she was spending the night in prayer and tears. She flew to meet him with a cry of joy; but he did not inform her that her husband was 'so near,' intending to give her a surprise the next morning.

Bettina was accustomed to go every morning with her infant in her arms to the chapel to pray, and this time she repaired thither as usual. She knelt before the altar, and implored the protection of Providence for herself and her child, and forgiveness for the unhappy robber. She then prayed aloud for the welfare of her husband, and besought Heaven to restore her to his arms. Hearing the sound of footsteps behind her, she looked round and beheld Federico, and at his side, a man of dignified appearance, in whom she instantly recognised her husband. She shrieked with surprise and fell swooning on the floor. Castelmare was struck dumb with astonishment when he perceived his wife, whom he believed to be dead. Federico raised Bettina from the floor, and placed her in the arms of the count. "Be not afraid," he exclaimed, "to clasp your faithful wife to your bosom: it is not her spirit as you may imagine, but herself, that you embrace. I carried her off out of the tomb, desirous of possessing her dear remains; and thus was she recalled from apparent death to life. I considered her then as mine and demanded her love; but with virtuous warmth she repulsed me, and even brought me back by her example to the path of rectitude. Pure and immaculate I restore her to you, together with the child to whom she has since given birth. With her I also surrender to you all the happiness of my life; for her presence soon expels those frightful ideas into a paradise, and her angelic spirit imparted peace and consolation when my horrid state had well nigh driven me to despair."

With transport the count pressed his new-found wife and the sweet pledge of their love to his heart, and thanked in the warmest terms the man who had saved her life. They then consulted what was further to be done, and in what manner Federico could proceed to liberate his prisoner, together with Bettina and the little Lorenzo. Though the chief of the banditti, yet Federico could not act as he pleased: according to the laws which they had adopted, and to which every member of the band was obliged to swear obedience, the prisoners were common property, and could not be released even upon payment of a ransom without the general consent. Federico hoped to persuade the robbers to set the count and his wife and child at liberty by the offer of a large sum which would gratify their rapacity. He therefore convened the principal of them in the great hall, where they always met when they had any important matter to discuss.

The remains of a small temple were dedicated to this purpose: it was a lofty edifice, of noble architecture, surrounded by a colonnade. The light which entered at the arched windows fell upon the walls decorated with gold and marble, while the painted glass diffused "a dim religious light" through this rotunda, which presented a strange contrast of proud magnificence and deplorable ruin. The robbers entered—robust, Herculean figures, with dark animated eyes, glistening beneath bushy brows, loosely flowing hair, and neglected beards. They were at least

fifty in number, and among them therewas one,besides Federico,whose physiognomy seemed to denote that he was worthy of a better lot. He was the only person whom Federico deemed deserving of his friendship; for a rash and oft-repented step had brought him too among these wretches. This man had gained almost as powerful an influence over the band as the captain himself, and in the present case every thing depended on his decision. The two friends had previously come to an understanding, and they succeeded, after some opposition, in persuading their comrades to accept the large ransom offered them by the count. It was not without difficulty, however, that they were induced to consent to the release of Bettina, whom they regarded as the particular property of their leader—they insisted that she must consider herself as his wife, and never think of leaving him. Nothing but Federico's assurance that he himself wished to get rid of her, and a promise that the ransom should be doubled, reconciled them at last to the proposal for her liberation.

The count then wrote to his nephew, directing him to pay the sum specified to the bearer of his letter He charged him not to detain the messenger, or to commit the least hostility against the robbers, as his own life and the safety of his wife and infant might otherwise be endangered. The young count, astonished and not exactly overjoyed at Bettina's resurrection, had yet honour enough to collect as speedily as possible the requisite sum for the ransom of his captive relations. The money was duly brought, and the very same night the prisoners were conducted out of the ruins, to which, and particularly her favourite chapel, Bettina bade adieu not without tears. She once more conjured Federico to quit the horrid band: he promised that he would, pressed her hand to his lips, tore himself forcibly away, and hurried to the wildest part of the ruins to give vent to his sorrows.

The prisoners, being blindfolded, were placed on horses, which were led by the bridle. At the high-road the bandages were removed from their eyes, and they were permitted to depart. Being well acquainted with the country, they soon arrived at Castelmare, not far from which they were met by the young count and the whole household, who escorted them to the castle, where every thing had been prepared for their reception.

The reappearance of Bettina excited the greatest astonishment in the whole country. Her long abode in the ruins with Federico, whose former acquaintance with her was well known, furnished slander with occasion for many an ambiguous inuendo. The count, though convinced of the innocence of his wife, was nevertheless stung by the malicious remarks of the neighbouring gentry: heartily tired of them, he resolved to quit the country for ever. He gave up part of his possessions to his nephew, sold the rest, and returned with Bettina and his infant son to Spain, where he purchased an estate, and lived very happily in the small circle of his family. Bettina was not sorry to leave Castelmare, a place which was continually renewing so many painful recollections.

Years had rolled away since their removal to Spain; Lorenzo had grown up to be a remarkably handsome,

high-spirited youth, his father's pride and his mother's joy. A tour which he was once making with several juvenile companions brought him into the vicinity of Montserrat. To be so near this remarkable mountain and not ascend it would have been inexcusable: the company resolved therefore to climb to its very summit. The young people set out in high glee on this arduous expedition. At the hermitage of St. Bernard they stopped to rest themselves and to enjoy the magnificent prospect. Lorenzo conversed with the inhabitant of this hermitage, a good-natured talkative old man, who took pains to direct his attention to the most remarkable objects embraced by the extensive view. The youth expressed his surprise that he could pass the winter at such an elevation, where even at that season the air was so cold and inclement.—"Oh!" said the old man, "this is not worth speaking of: but look up yonder, on that peak which is half enveloped in clouds has for some years dwelt a recluse, who devotes himself to prayer and the most rigid penance."—"And may any one visit him?" asked Lorenzo.—"If you are not afraid of a fatiguing ascent of more than two hours, you will be sure of a hearty welcome from Fra Benedetto; for hospitality is one of the most sacred duties of our order." Lorenzo informed his companions of his intention to ascend to the rock in question: they were too weary to join him; it was therefore agreed that they should wait for him where they were, and he set out alone. He had great difficulties to surmount, but at length, when the sun was just setting, he reached his journey's end.

He found the hermit on a mossy seat in front of his little cell. As soon as he saw the stranger, he went to meet him, and saluted him kindly. He was of lofty stature and majestic presence: his features indicated the former conflict of vehement passions; but time and self-controul had thrown over them a veil of tranquillity, through which past storms were still visible, like distant masses of rock half enveloped in fog, in the back-ground of some delightful landscape. He beheld the youth with astonishment; a flush mantled his cheek and his dark eye flashed more vividly as it scrutinized the features of Lorenzo. He bade him welcome and offered him a seat by his side. The youth gazed with delight on the magnificent spectacle presented by the setting sun gilding the surrounding peaks. At his feet he beheld a gray sea of undulating rocks, between which peered forth the cells of the hermits, with their little flowery gardens, producing an interesting contrast of the sublime and beautiful. To the east the eye ranged over a wide extent of charming country, which was lost at the horizon in the roseate tinge of evening. Benedetto brought forth fruits and pure water, and Lorenzo refreshed himself with the frugal fare. The distance was too great and the road too dangerous to think of returning in the dark; and Benedetto invited his visitor to pass the night with him on a couch of moss. As his companions designed to sleep at the hermitage of St. Bernard, and did not expect him back before the next day, he accepted without hesitation the kind offer of the recluse.

Benedetto inquired concerning the family of his guest; and on learning

that Count Castelmare was his father, he clasped him in his arms and pressed him affectionately to his bosom. It was Federico, who in this solitude hoped to expiate by rigid penance the sins into which he had formerly been hurried by inordinate passions.

When Lorenzo, fatigued with his journey, retired to rest, Benedetto sat down and wrote for a considerable time by the light of a lamp. Next morning he gave his visitor a letter for his mother. He accompanied him a good distance, and then took leave of him with a tender embrace. Lorenzo's companions were waiting for him; they finished their tour to their infinite satisfaction; and soon afterwards he returned to the country-seat of his parents, where he delivered Benedetto's letter to his mother. She received it not without emotion, for she guessed the writer. Having opened it with trembling hands, she read what follows:

"In the evening of a turbulent and painful life it is delightful to look down from the abode of peace on the storms of the world. If I can do this—if my bosom, relieved from the oppressive weight of guilt, can again inhale the pure breath of heaven—to whom am I indebted for this? To thee, my tutelar angel; to thee, who by precept and example didst draw me forth from the sink of crime; whose virtue supported and conducted me into that path, upon which I am now cheerfully proceeding towards eternity. Bettina, I have kept my promise: I have torn myself from the hell-hounds; at the hazard of my life, I have worked my way through almost insuperable obstacles. I was frequently on the point of succumbing; but the thought of thee and of virtue, whose emblem thou wast to me, gave me fortitude to endure the worst.

"I have chosen the land in which thou dwellest for my residence, the topmost peak of Montserrat for my place of abode. When from this lofty pinnacle I survey the country, it is a soothing consolation that I can see, though indistinctly, the spot inhabited by thee, my yet dearly beloved friend. I have seen thy son; thy features are pictured in his face. The sight of the dear youth revived the recollection of the days that are past, when an infant he was borne in thy arms, and the roseate light of the evening sun played upon thy cheeks as it now does here upon his.

"Farewell! Here we shall not see each other again; but yonder, in some of those higher spheres which at this moment glisten above my head, compared with the joys of which this mortal life is nothing, there I shall meet thee again in the society of all who are near and dear to us. Meanwhile, farewell!"

Bettina was profoundly moved by the perusal of these lines. She thanked God that he had given Federico the grace to return to virtue, and shewed his letter to her husband, who also sincerely rejoiced in his conversion.

Lorenzo's parents, anxious for his welfare, related to him the history of Federico, and warned him against the danger of giving way to the vehemence of the passions. The ardent youth listened attentively to the counsels of the authors of his existence, and vowed never to deviate from honour and integrity. He paid two more visits to the hermit of Montserrat, from whom he received instruction and good advice. The

third time that he repaired to his cell, he was shewn in the little garden a moss-covered hillock, beneath which he reposed. As he sat silent and solitary on the mossy seat, which he had once shared with Benedetto, the tears that he shed on account of his departed friend glistened in the rays of the setting sun.

A COUNTRY BEAU.

The other evening, being at a party at Captain J.'s—by the way, Captain J. is the great man of Longbrook—who, having won his honours at sea and his fortune by a rich wife, is content to pass the evening of his days in such society as the place affords. To be invited to Captain J.'s parties is a test of being *somebody;* to be left out of such gaieties is considered a test that at Longbrook you are *nobody*. How often have I wished myself amongst the happy *inconsequents! N'importe*, there is something to be learned every where by those "who walk through the world with their eyes open."

On the evening in question I amused myself by sitting *perdu* and looking out for a character well known amongst us, and so constant an attendant at the Longbrook routs, that we expect him as certainly as we anticipate snap-dragons at Christmas. On the present occasion there were so many candidates for the smiles of the belles, that it was some minutes before I caught sight of Dr. W. commonly called "the beau." There was a half-pay lieutenant, a very Augustus in all but deeds, covered, if not with glory, at least with scarlet; here was a Lothario, whose follies and vices have been imbibed by transplanting, although, to be sure, he is indigenous to our soil; presently a tall athletic figure appeared, which might have been called manly but for a pair of long lean booby legs, with a face which I should have said was handsome, but that he deformed it with a perpetual simper, intending perhaps to hide an expression naturally coarse. He is our squire; and, notwithstanding his wish to be on the best terms with the ladies (as well as himself), is still more devoted to his "dirty acres" and his dirtier gold.

Round and round I looked—where could Doctor W. be? Doctor W. certainly is not of such high degree as to write M.D. after his name, but he belongs to that class of useful or necessary practitioners who are familiar with "remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses." At last I hit upon him—a short square figure, dressed in that half style of fashion which is the true signal of country gentility, his hair closely cropped (but a light covering being required for the scanty quantity of brains beneath it), none of the redundant whiskers so lately cherished amongst the *west-enders*, no superabundance of beard, not even the ghost of a mustachio; no, his is a sleek, smooth head and face, which is "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" wherein our Dicky Gossip delights to dress his customers.

"Will you please to have your hair cut short like Dr. W.'s, sir? he wears *his so very neat!*" is Dicky's constant inquiry to each gentleman who puts himself under his hands;

nay, he is such an admirer of Dr. W. that he altered a model wig, which he received from Ross's, to the exact shape of the head of his *beau-idéal.* "My agent," said Dicky, "has put a trick upon me; this cannot be fashion, for it is not Dr. W.'s fashion." Indeed the neatness of his head, and the exquisite set and whiteness of his shirt-collar, not to mention the delicate plaitings of his frill and the foldings of his neckcloth, have long been the subjects of admiration at every tea-table in Longbrook, especially when an old maid has formed one of the party.

A man of medicine, he has had great opportunities of making his way to the favour of the ladies; for let us talk of "throwing physic to the dogs" as we may, when sickness comes, the doctor follows as naturally as shadow follows substance; and Dr. W. will tell you that he has made the most of his immunities, for he relates, that out of the great number of the fair sex whom he has attended and cured, he has left half of them suffering under a worse disorder—even the heart-ache; and declares, with great satisfaction and *sang-froid,* that Mrs. P. offered him her daughter and so many thousands to boot: that an antiquated maiden, Miss Q. married a man she hated after three days' acquaintance, because Dr. W. cruel man! could not make up his mind to take her for "better or worse;" he will tell you how Miss S. annoyed him with indications of a tender concern for him, and how ill Miss G. has looked ever since the day he intimated to her that he was an "engaged man:" for at length he avows that he has summoned resolution to understand the language of the bright eyes of Amelia J. (the daughter of the son of Neptune already mentioned); and having been lately called in to place a blister on her *right* side, he took the hint and relieved the palpitation on her *left,* by confessing his wish to live with her in "sickness and health:" he was "too good," as the song runs, "to let her die."

At the moment I first discovered him this evening he was sitting by the side of his *intended* (to speak in country phrase), and it required not a very discerning eye to observe that Amelia J. or at any rate her fortune, which is independent, is more an object of Dr. W.'s wishes and ambition than he is willing to allow, or in the plenitude of his folly to believe himself. Yes, he was seated by her, paying her such attentions as every woman of sense knows how to appreciate: if her fan dropped, he was on his short legs in an instant to recover and present it with what address he might; he watched her coffee-cup as eagerly as a hungry spaniel watches for a morsel from his master's hand, and, before she could well dispatch its contents, it was seized and carried in state to the tea-tray. If Amelia spoke, Dr. W. displayed his white teeth as far as his ample mouth allowed, and, as the departing cups vanished, he collected himself for the grand field of his exploits—the green-covered card-table. "What do we play?—loo?—your deal—let me deal for you—I shall not play, therefore let me play your cards—I have given you a good heart, however—the queen of hearts fell to my lot—I did not like to part with her (the prettiest card in the pack), but you know I had nothing else good in my hand." Thus did he continue to keep the game alive,

and if nobody laughed at his intended wit, he would laugh himself, which grew louder and more loud as Amelia, sitting by with the quiet dignity of a young lady whose fortune is made, appeared to be pleased with and to understand his allusions. A few weeks ago, before his fate was fixed, he would deal for every belle at the table, would tell them all their fortunes when the game was concluded, and knowing well how to allot bride-cake to each and wedding-rings to all before the year was out, had been considered a most indispensable appendage to the ladies of Longbrook. Now his civilities were directed alone and particularly to Amelia; he wished evidently to shut out all hope from the hearts of the fair sufferers around him, looking about now and then to see how they bore it; for he believed that, before this knock-down blow, they had been living on "hope deferred." However, the forsaken ones did manage to keep up their spirits by quizzing Dr. W.'s pointed conduct, by hinting "they thought the queen of diamonds, not of hearts, was his favourite card," by speculating on the happiness of Mrs. W. *that is to be*, and conjecturing whom they shall get to supply the doctor's place; for, say they, "he was handy enough to cloak and shawl one after the balls, if there happened to be nobody better in the way; though, to be sure, he had an odd way of recommending his draughts and his conserves on such occasions for colds and fevers which one never caught." Indeed I could not help observing that the doctor was sailing "i' the north of the ladies' opinion;" that the squire's attempts at politeness were more acceptable than formerly; that the affected roughness of our Augustus was better tolerated than usual; that it was currently whispered that our Lothario "is become quite a reformed man;" and moreover that numerous other aspirants for fame, who had been cast into shadow during the doctor's reign, were now emerging into the full light of favour and consideration. "Othello's occupation's gone!"

Dr. W. is shortly to be married, and is therefore, according to the Longbrook dictionary, *done for*. Such another beau Longbrook may never see! Nash was nothing to him—a perfect unique—so I took my pencil and sketched him *con amore*.

Longbrook Lodge.

SCRAPS FROM THE TABLETS OF AN OLD CHEVALIER DE ST. LOUIS.

No. I.

Alas for poor Paris! Formerly it was the abode of gaiety, frolic, perhaps licentiousness, but at least hypocrisy and avarice were rarely found among its inhabitants. We laughed or we cried as nature and inclination prompted. Is it so to-day? Quite the contrary. We have become, as we say, an enlightened, reasoning, and, in some degree, a commercial people. Commercial! yes, truly we have gained some notion of trade, for Old Harry himself could not overreach the majority of us in a bargain. We have acquired too the art, not only of diverting ourselves at the lowest possible rate, but even of grieving at prices unknown to our ances-

tors. In my young days it was reckoned *mauvais ton* for the disconsolate widow to appear in the least occupied with her mourning paraphernalia; it was ordered by her nearest relatives, who, in their directions to the tradespeople of the family, considered only what was appropriate to their kinswoman's rank in life, and never even asked what the things would cost.

If the widow grieved, as was sometimes the case, it was less for the loss of her lord, than for the mourning and seclusion to which she was to be doomed during a certain time. She contrived to drop a few hints to the *marchande des modes* in regard to the form or choice of her ornaments; but that was all, not a syllable about their price. No woman from the *duchesse* to the *dame de comptoir* would have disgraced herself by having it supposed that she was capable of thinking of money at such a moment.

We are wiser nowadays: our disconsolate widows do not disdain to haggle with their tradespeople, and to declare openly, that they will buy their sables wherever they can make the best bargain. It was probably from this excess of economy, that the ingenious idea arose of establishing in the *rue de la Paix* a mourning warehouse, where our inconsolables may robe themselves according to their fancy a *prix fixé;* and it is most likely for the same reason that we see in the environs of all the churchyards, economical purveyors of tomb-stones, with or without inscriptions, and of sarcophagi for all fortunes.

But though we are so much more economical than our ancestors, yet our ostentation in some degree balances our avarice. Formerly we grieved, or at least we pretended to grieve, at home and alone; but now since fashion has turned our principal burial-ground into a flower-garden, it is become the mode to visit it in groups, for the purpose of enjoying in public the luxury of woe, and of watering the flowers, which we hire the cheapest gardener we can find to cultivate round the tombs of our friends. By the faith of man! my soul sickens when I think what our fathers would feel could they look from their graves at the farce of sentiment so often acted over their mouldering remains.

This mockery of sorrow, which the mode renders indispensable, has, however, great inconveniences, particularly to the ladies. The distance is often very great, and every body knows that a Paris *belle* never walks but in the fashionable promenades. There is to be sure the resource of a hackney-coach; but our frugal *belles* and *beaux* think it very hard to disburse half-a-crown (to say nothing of the odd sous which they must for very shame give to the coachman) for a drive of at most two or three leagues, when they can travel twenty in a diligence for the same money. What is to be done then? Why nothing can be done; for fashion imperiously prescribes to the Parisians to visit the tombs of their friends; and when, even in my own days, was there found a Parisian daring enough to set fashion at defiance?

Thus then we have gone on grieving outwardly for our friends, and internally for the money it costs us to display our sensibility; happily for us the moment is arrived when we can shew it at a much cheaper rate.

A public-spirited company comes to our assistance, the carriages are built, in a few days they will begin to run, and we shall have stage-coaches to *Père la Chaise*, the very appearance of which, as my informant assures me, will be enough to dissolve youthful widows and sentimental heirs into tears.

These funereal cars will set out three or four times a day from the different quarters of Paris. Most of the *arrondissemens* will have *bureaux;* that of the Chaussée d'Antin will have three, for as it is the most fashionable, it will contain of course the greatest number of mourners. The Fauxbourg St. Germain, though more extensive, will have only one, because a great number of its inhabitants are emigrants, whose circumstances are so reduced that they cannot afford to grieve stylishly, even in the cheapest manner. Besides, there are also in that quarter a good many old-fashioned people, who never cry in public. One will be sufficient also for the City; people are so busy there that they have not much time to grieve. As for the Palais Royal it is considered quite unnecessary to have an office there, because a great proportion of its inhabitants are the well-plucked pigeons of the gaming-houses and the lame ducks of the Change, who are too seriously miserable to play at being sorry; while, on the other hand, the successful gamblers, either in the funds or at cards, are too frantically glad to dress their faces in the solemnity necessary for the occasion. Some few afflicted fashionables no doubt will be found, but they can easily take their places at one of the offices of the Chaussée d'Antin, as the distance is not very great.

The fare will be only eight sous; it was originally intended to fix it at ten, but the proprietors hoped by putting it at so low a rate, that they would tempt people to grieve who would not otherwise have thought of it. They have taken care in offering the public a good bargain to make one for themselves with their coachmen, who will have no other wages than the *sous pour boire*, which they may receive from the generosity of the passengers. It seems that at first the coachmen objected to this mode of payment, till one of them, more acute than the rest, persuaded his brethren that at all events they might count upon the generosity of young widows and wealthy heirs. I heard too, but I suppose it is mere scandal, of his having hinted, that in case of the worst, they could mend their bargain a little by occasionally putting the horses on short allowance.

And this is the spirit of the age! these are my countrymen! My countrymen I renounce them; they are Frenchmen in name; but the qualities which were once synonymous with that name are no longer to be found in their degenerate breasts.

IGNATIUS DENNER.

(Continued from p. 26.)

Through the generous donation of the stranger, Andrew's domestic affairs assumed quite a different aspect. As soon as Georgina was able to accompany him, they went to Fulda, and, besides actual necessa-

ries, purchased many articles of furniture which they had long wanted, and which gave their dwelling a look of comfort to which they had previously been strangers. Moreover, since the visit of Denner, his former enemies, the poachers, seemed to have vanished from the district, and he performed the duties of his office without molestation. Even his success in shooting returned, so that, as formerly, he seldom missed his aim. Denner revisited them in autumn, and staid three days with them. In spite of their protestations and resistance, he forced rich presents on them; he assured them it was now his fixed determination to place them in prosperity, and thereby render his periodical visits more agreeable to himself.

Georgina no longer restrained her wish to set off her charms by more expensive dress. She informed Andrew that the stranger had made her a present of a beautifully wrought gold comb, like those with which the maidens in her native country were used to confine their long tresses in a knot on the top of the head. Andrew looked displeased, but in an instant Georgina flew out of the room, and quickly returned dressed exactly as he had first seen her at Naples. The superb golden comb glittered in her beautiful black hair, in which she had with native and tasteful simplicity wreathed white roses; and Andrew was forced to allow that the stranger had at least chosen the gift which was most acceptable to his sweet wife. He could not help saying this aloud; and Georgina, who received the stranger as their guardian angel, who had raised them from the deepest poverty to comfort and happiness, could not avoid expressing her astonishment at Andrew's unaccountable aversion to, and dread of him, and inquiring why some secret weight seemed always to hang on his mind. "Dear wife of my heart!" would Andrew reply, "that secret voice which always told me I ought not to have accepted the gifts of the stranger, still reproaches me; it always seems to me, I scarcely know why, as if this wealth was not rightly gotten; and I cannot therefore enjoy it. And what have I gained? True, I can now feast more heartily, and indulge myself with a glass of wine; but, believe me, my dearest Georgina, when formerly I had luck in the sale of wood, and my gains had made me richer than usual even by a few groschen, a cup of common wine was sweeter to me than this rich beverage which the stranger leaves for us. I cannot feel friendly towards this merchant, if he be such—nay, often in his presence I feel an indescribable something of awe and dislike. Have you never observed, Georgina, that he seldom if ever looks one in the face? and yet, sometimes, his small black eyes flash such strange meaning, and at our simple talk his lip curls so—what shall I call it?—devilishly, that the blood runs cold through my veins. God grant that my suspicions may prove erroneous! —but it often seems to me as if some terrible evil was impending, which waits but his voice to destroy us when he has secured us in his nets."

Georgina tried to dispel these dark forebodings of her husband, by assuring him that in her own country, and particularly during her residence at the hotel, she had known many persons of far more revolting exterior whose hearts were good

and generous. Andrew appeared satisfied, but inwardly resolved to be upon his guard.

The stranger repeated his visit when their boy, a lovely child and his mother's image, had attained the age of nine months. It was Georgina's birthday; she had dressed the boy in his best clothes, and herself in her favourite Neapolitan dress; a better meal than usual smoked on the board, and the stranger added a bottle of rich wine from his portmanteau. Whilst seated round the table, at the height of enjoyment, watching the child, whose sensible eyes wandered from one to the other, the stranger began: "Your child certainly promises fair as far as one can yet judge, and it is a pity you are not in circumstances to give him a good education. I would make a proposal to you, but I know you will reject it, although you must allow my only object is your good and its welfare. You know I am rich and childless; I feel an unaccountable love for your boy; give him to me. I will take him to Strasburg, where an honourable lady of my acquaintance shall take charge of his education, and he will grow up a comfort to you and to me. You will get rid of a heavy burden in the support of your child: but you must make up your minds speedily, as I am under the necessity of continuing my journey to Strasburg this very day. I can carry the boy in my arms to the next village, where I will hire a carriage for the rest of the way."

At these words Georgina hastily snatched the child, who was lying on her knee, and clasped it to her bosom, whilst tears gushed from her eyes.

"See, dear sir," exclaimed Andrew, "how my wife replies to your proposal! and her answer is mine. Your intention may be kind and good; but how can you think of depriving us of the dearest possession we have on earth? How can you call that a burden which would be the only joy of our lives, were we even in that poverty from which your generosity has rescued us? Ah, sir! you say yourself you have neither wife nor child; you cannot therefore know the happiness which Heaven bestows in the gift of children: no love can be so pure, on this side of heaven, as that which parents feel when gazing on their new-born babe as it lies still and helpless on its mother's breast, yet promising them the sweetest return for their cares. No, dear sir: however great the benefits you have bestowed upon us, they are far from being the price of our child; for what other treasure on earth can equal that, or what wealth recompense us for its loss? Do not think us therefore ungrateful if we decidedly and finally decline your offer. If you were yourself a father, no apology would be necessary."

"Well, well!" replied the stranger, frowning: "I thought to confer a benefit on you, by bestowing riches on your son; if it is not pleasing to you, let the subject be no further mentioned."

Georgina kissed and fondled her child as if it had been saved from some terrible danger and restored to her. Denner endeavoured to appear free and cheerful as formerly; but it was but too perceptible how deeply the refusal of his host to intrust him with their child had angered him. Instead, however, of departing as he

had said he was compelled to do the same evening, he stayed with them three days longer, during which he was not so much with Georgina as he had been wont, but accompanied Andrew to the chase, and at such times inquired much about the Count von Bach, of whom Andrew always loved to talk.

The next time Denner repeated his visit, he appeared to think no more of his plan for adopting the boy. He was in his way as friendly as before, and again made Georgina some valuable presents, and insisted on her wearing the jewels left in their care whenever she pleased, which, in fact, she sometimes secretly did. He often tried to play with and win the child to him; but the latter cried at his approach, and could not be persuaded to endure his caresses, as though he had been aware of the intended separation from his parents.

The stranger had now continued his visits at regular periods for above two years, and time and habit had conquered Andrew's dread and dislike of him, so that he at length enjoyed his prosperity with a quiet mind. In the autumn of the third year, after the usual time for Denner's visit had long passed, a loud knocking was heard one stormy night at Andrew's door, and his name was uttered by several loud, rough voices. He sprang from his bed in terror, but on opening the window and inquiring who disturbed his rest at that hour of the night, threatening at the same time to let loose his dogs to drive away such unseasonable guests, one of them replied, desiring him to let them in, for they were friends; and Andrew recognised Denner's voice. Taking a light in his hand, he opened the door, and Denner entered alone. Andrew told him that he had fancied he heard several voices call him by name; but Denner only laughed, and said the howling of the wind must have deceived him.

As they entered the room, Andrew was not a little astonished when, seeing Denner more clearly by the light of his lamp, he observed a total change in his appearance. Instead of the coarse grey cloak and dress, he wore a crimson frock, with a broad belt round his waist, in which were stuck a dagger and four pistols, and in his hand he carried a sword. Even his countenance seemed altered; large bushy black eyebrows, mustachios and a beard of the same colour, now darkened his formerly pale face. "Andrew," said Denner, as his eyes flashed with their strange brilliancy, "Andrew, when nearly three years ago I saved your wife from death, you wished that God would afford you an opportunity of repaying my service, even with your blood. Your wish is at length accomplished, and the moment has arrived when your faith may be proved, your gratitude be shewn. Dress yourself, take your rifle, and follow me; ere we have gone many paces, you shall know the rest."

Andrew knew not what to think of Denner's speech: however, having considered a moment, he replied that he was willing to undertake anything for his service, provided it was not contrary to religion or justice. "Make yourself quite easy on that head," cried Denner, laughing and tapping him familiarly on the shoulder. Then observing Georgina, who had awaked, and, apprehensive for the safety of her husband, had followed him down stairs, he took her by the arm, and

gently motioning her to retire, said, "Let your husband come with me: in a few hours he will return in safety, and probably bring you something that will please you. Have I ever shewn a disposition to injure you? on the contrary, have I not always heaped benefits on you? Truly, you are strange mistrustful people!"

Andrew still hesitated to follow, when Denner, turning to him, said, while anger flashed from his eyes, "I trust you will not fail in your promise: now is the time to prove your words by your deeds."

Andrew then delayed no longer, but as he stepped across the threshold after Denner, he once again assured him he was ready to risk his life for him in a good cause, but would not do the least act that was against the dictates of his conscience. Denner made no reply, but hastened forward.

They proceeded through the forest till they reached a spot more open and level than the rest. Denner then whistled three times, till the surrounding rocks echoed with the tones: lights instantly appeared flitting in various directions; a rushing sound of footsteps was heard, and a numerous band of dark, fierce-looking men gathered in a circle round Denner. One of them, pointing to Andrew, asked, "Is that our new comrade, captain?"—"Yes," replied Denner; "I have roused him from his bed to make his first essay: let us now proceed to our work."

These words awakened Andrew as from a dream; cold damps stood on his brow: but he manned himself, and boldly exclaimed, "Ha! shameless deceiver! you proclaimed yourself a merchant; but I now perceive you drive a dreadful and wicked trade, and are but an accursed robber! Never will I be your comrade and share in your villanies, to which, like Satan's self, you would artfully seduce me. Let me go, thou wicked one; and quit this district, with thy band, immediately, or I will denounce you to the magistrates, who will reward your misdeeds: for I know but too well, now, that you are no other than Black Ignatius, whose bloody acts and cruelties are famed through all the land. Let me go—I will never more see your face!"

Denner laughed aloud: "What, you cowardly fool," he replied, "do you threaten me? Do you think to escape my power, and refuse to obey my orders? Have you not long been our comrade in reality? have you not for three years partaken of our wealth? does not your wife adorn herself with our plunder? and now you stand among us and refuse to work for what you do not scruple to enjoy! But hearken to me: unless you come along with us, and prepare to act heartily and boldly in union with us, you shall be flung, bound hand and foot, into one of yonder caves; whilst your house shall be given to the flames, and your wife and child murdered—though I shall reluctantly proceed to these measures—as a punishment for your obstinacy. Choose quickly, for we must be gone."

Andrew now perceived that the least hesitation on his part would cost his beloved Georgina and her boy their lives. Cursing therefore his infernal betrayer in the bottom of his heart, he resolved to feign to comply, but firmly to keep clear of robbery and murder, and to lose no opportunity which his knowledge of the motions of the band might afford him to give information of their re-

treats, and to effect their destruction. With this secret resolution, he told Denner, that notwithstanding his inward reluctance, gratitude for the preservation of his wife would induce him to risk something for his sake, and he would therefore accompany him in his expedition, only begging that as a novice he might have as little active share in the deed as possible. Denner praised his resolution, adding that he by no means required his formal entrance into the band; on the contrary, he must remain in his present station, in which he would be much more useful.

The enterprise on which they were bound was no less than the attacking and plundering the house of a rich farmer, which stood at some distance from the village, on the skirts of the forest. They knew that the farmer not only possessed plate and jewels, but had just received a large sum of money from the sale of his corn, which was still in his possession, and promised a rich booty to the robbers. The lanterns were darkened, and the band proceeded in silence till they reached the dwelling, round which some of them were stationed on the watch, while the rest, climbing over the walls, forced open the gates from the inside. Among the former was Andrew. He soon heard the doors crash, and the robbers enter the house; he heard their shouts, and the cries and screams of their victims. A shot was fired; the farmer, a brave man, and rendered desperate, was defending himself. Again the doors opened, and the robbers appeared carrying out boxes and other booty. Suddenly the alarm-bell sounded in the village; lights gleamed, and men were seen hastening down towards the house of the farmer. One of his servants had escaped and alarmed the village: shots were fired, the robbers formed in a body, and those of the peasants who approached the walls paid for their temerity. Their torches blazed, and Andrew, who was posted on a small rising ground, could distinctly view the whole scene. With terror he perceived among the peasants several persons in the livery of his master, the Count von Bach. What should he do? To join them was impossible; nothing but instant flight could save him: but as if stupified, he remained rooted to the spot, gazing on the fray, which every minute grew more bloody. The count's men had entered through a small unguarded back door and come to close quarters with the robbers, who, at length forced to give way, retreated slowly through the great gate, towards the spot where Andrew stood. He saw Denner in the thickest of the press, fighting with the fury of despair. A young man richly dressed led on the vassals of the count: Denner marked him for his victim, but in the act of leveling his rifle a shot struck him, and he fell, uttering a loud cry. The robbers, dismayed, gave ground more and more, and the count's men already rushed on to seize their prisoner, when, impressed by some resistless impulse, Andrew sprang forward, and catching him in his arms, dashed through all opposition and bore him off in safety. Without being pursued, he gained the forest; scattered shots marked the dispersion of the banditti, and in a few moments all was silent. Those of the robbers who survived the conflict sought the recesses of the wood, whither the pursuers did not think it adviseable to follow them.

"Lay me down now, Andrew," cried Denner: "I am only wounded

in the foot, and though it has lamed me, I do not think it is dangerous." Andrew obeyed, and Denner took from his pocket a small bottle, from which streamed a faint light, by which Andrew was enabled to examine the wound. Denner had conjectured rightly; a bullet had pierced the foot, which bled freely. Andrew bound it up with his handkerchief, and Denner blowing his whistle, was answered from some distance: in that direction he begged Andrew to carry him. In a few minutes lights became visible, and they reached the spot where the banditti had assembled previously to their enterprise, and where the remnant of the band had again sought refuge. Loud and joyful shouts hailed the appearance of Denner, who proclaimed Andrew as his deliverer.

More than half of the robbers had fallen, or had been left desperately wounded in the power of their assailants. Those, however, who had been appointed to carry off the booty had succeeded in securing several chests of value, as well as a considerable sum of money; so that although the enterprise had failed, the plunder was immense. Having issued the necessary orders, Denner, whose wound had been properly dressed, and who seemed scarcely any longer to feel it, turned to Andrew: "I saved the life of your wife," said he; "you have this night rescued me from chains, and consequently from an inevitable and cruel death: we are even. You may now return to your home. To-morrow, or the next day at farthest, we shall leave this country; I shall never more give you cause for apprehension. A pious simpleton like you is of little use to us. It is but fair, however, that you should have your share of this night's plunder, and also a reward for saving my life: here, take this purse—it is well stored—and do not forget me: a year will not pass by before we shall meet again."

"God forbid," boldly replied Andrew, "that I should touch a penny of the fruit of your accursed deeds! Compelled to participate in them by your fearful threats, I shall never cease to repent this night's work. Sinful was it to save thee from well-merited punishment; but may the Almighty forgive me for the act! It seemed as though my Georgina implored me to rush to thy rescue, and impelled me almost unconsciously to snatch thee from thy peril at the risk of my life and honour; yea, even to set at hazard the welfare of my wife and child. For, say, what would have become of me had I been taken? What would have become of my wife and boy had I been found slain among your accursed band? But be assured, that if you quit not this country immediately, and I hear but of one robbery or murder being committed in this district, I will instantly hasten to Fulda and proclaim your crimes to the magistrates."

Exasperated at these threats, the robbers surrounded Andrew, and would have chastised him on the spot for his rashness, but Denner interposed: "Let the silly fool threaten; what avails his folly?—Andrew," continued he, "you know your life is in my power, as well as the lives of your wife and child. You, however, and they shall remain unmolested, if you will give me your promise to remain quietly at home, and carefully conceal your knowledge of this night's transactions. Let me advise you more particularly to this line of con-

duct, as my vengeance can hereafter fearfully punish your treachery; nor will the officers of justice lightly overlook your participation in our late exploit, or the fact of your having long been supported by our wealth. On my part, I promise that we will leave this country as soon as possible, and commit no further acts of violence whilst we stay in it."

After Andrew had been compelled to acquiesce in this arrangement, and solemnly sworn to secrecy, he was conducted by two of the robbers through paths to the high-road; and day had already dawned ere he reached his home, and folded in his arms his terrified and anxious wife. He only informed her that Denner had proved a villain, and he had consequently broken off all connection with him. Never more should he cross his threshold. "But the box of jewels?" asked Georgina. A heavy weight seemed to fall on Andrew at these words. Of the jewels left in his charge he had never once thought; and it appeared unaccountable to him that they had not been mentioned by Denner. What was to be done with them? Should he take them to Fulda and give them up to the magistrates? How could he account for their possession without, at least, exposing himself to the most imminent danger, or breaking his oath to Denner? He at last resolved carefully to keep them till an opportunity should offer of restoring them to Denner; or, what would be more welcome, of giving them up to the magistracy without violating his promise.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXIV.

Present, the VICAR, *Mrs. Miss, and Miss* ROSINA PRIMROSE, *Mr.* APATHY, *Counsellor* EITHERSIDE, *Mr.* MATHEWS, *Mr.* MONTAGUE, *and* REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

THE first meeting of the *Literary Coterie* in the year 1827 was distinguished by the absence of Captain Primrose and Basil Firedrake, who have both proceeded to Portugal to take a part, if necessary, in the struggle between the adherents of the king and those misguided men who have invaded their country with foreign arms in their hands and foreign money in their purses, and brought upon their "father-land" that worst of all evils—a civil war. It is not unlikely but some interesting details may be derived from our absent friends relative to the occurrences in that country; and if they are of a nature to interest the readers of these papers, they shall be laid before them.

In the mean time, by these presents, we enjoin all and every the readers of the *Repository*, that, on every festive occasion, "Sir William Clinton and his gallant little band" form a standing toast; and that, in their cups, the names of Horace Primrose and Basil Firedrake be not forgotten. On the 10th of January, in the hospitable study of Dr. Primrose, when the "wassail bowl" went gaily round, to welcome the opening year, due honour was done to these toasts by both ladies and gentlemen.

As *literary discussion* forms the great end and object of these meetings, no other subject is long suffered to supersede that for which we are especially assembled; therefore,

after the stirring events of the last month had been briefly adverted to, the usual budget was opened by Reginald's observing,

My old friend, Captain Sherer, has published another volume, which I ought to have read sooner. His *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany* are picturesque sketches of "men and manners" in that country. There are passages in this book on which the memory will love to dwell—incidents in which the heart will feel deep interest.

The Vicar. I think this gentleman generally writes too much for effect; he aims at a certain prettiness of language, to attain which he often sacrifices vigour and purity: were he to be less ambitious, he would, to me, be more pleasing.

Reginald. I think you will find few of those defects in this volume, which contains some truly graphic touches; for instance, Hougoumont:

Hougoumont is still a ruin, and many of the trees that were in front of it have been cut down. The aspect of the spot therefore is somewhat altered. The terrace remains, as do two damp and ruined alcoves, which have never, since that day, been used as such pleasant places are meant to be. The orchard is still green and fruitful; a yard, with some repaired outhouses, is occupied by the servants of the farm; and a poor woman, with two children, having smiling eyes and red cheeks, came out to receive the customary gift. I could well image to myself the hot assault and obstinate defence of this post; and I thought upon the scene it must have presented that evening—the thirsty wounded, and those dreadful roll-calls, where the serjeants pause at many names in succession, and the manly and prompt "Here!" in familiar tones, is listened for, and waited for in vain—to be heard never again.

Again—he is at Vienna:

The palace of Schoenbrunn is a handsome, cheerful residence; its halls, staircases, and apartments, spacious and noble. The gardens are very beautiful and well laid out. There is a fine ornamental building in them called the Gloriette. The spot in the garden that most interested us was, a small plot of inclosed ground, which is tilled and looked after by young Napoleon, who generally resides with his governor in this palace. I naturally looked in the garden of a boy for flowers and plants, but his fancy has been for the growing of potatoes. His amusement, the gardener told me, was to try if he could not so train the tops of the plant as to dispose them into some beauty; and that when he dug his crop, he carried his potatoes, as a present of his own rearing, for the table of the emperor, his grandfather, who is represented as being very fond of him. All persons about the palace spoke of the youth with evident attachment. I visited his apartments; they were plainly furnished, and his escritoire bore marks of its belonging to a young task-writing student. Almost all the time I was at Vienna, young Napoleon was staying in the neighbourhood of Presburg with the emperor, and I sadly feared that I should have no opportunity of seeing him. He came in, however, to the palace in the city for two or three days; and at the celebration of the funeral ceremonies for the late King of Bavaria, in a pew, in the gallery, that had a glass window looking down into the chapel in which the ceremony was performed, sat the youthful prince. He leaned from the opened window during the service: his complexion is very fair, his forehead good, the lower part of his face short and rounded; his nose not very prominent, but well shaped. The colour of his eyes I could not distinguish, and, except for moments, saw him only in profile; but he impresses you as a very good-looking, gentleman-like boy, with an appearance and manner somewhat beyond his age.

His hands were clasped together; and he seemed to take that interest in the scene, which is alike natural and becoming in a youth of fifteen.

I would select extracts of more interest, did my recollection enable me to refer to them on the moment.

Counsellor Eitherside. Captain Sherer is one of my favourites. He is a light, gay, frisky fellow, who writes as if his very heart was in the subject of which he treats; he is not one of your sombre lachrymose gentlemen, who think we have nothing to do in this world but to weep. For my part, I deem it a very praiseworthy pursuit to exhibit the bright side of human conduct; to view every human action as the result of good motives; and to leave the dismals, and all belonging to them, many a long march in the rear. Now there's *The Story of a Wanderer* will suit you sober staid gentry ten times better than the light and airy etchings, the pen-and-ink sketches of Captain Sherer.

Reginald. The author of *The Story of a Wanderer* is a man of talent; and though I should suppose the work is written in imitation of those popular productions, "Forty Years in the World" and "The Story of a Life," it has not the less merit for that; it contains many passages of deep interest, some of great power, and is an agreeable addition to our stock of light reading.

Counsellor Eitherside. It is rather an anomalous title, *The Story of a Wanderer:* the book consists of the stories of others rather than of his own; but, though sombre and staid, I admit it is not without merit.

Reginald. We know little of the country or of the people to which the events narrated in the volume relate. With the private life of the Poles, the Tartars, and the Cossacks, we are almost wholly unacquainted; as also with their personal character. The Wanderer brings us into contact with them at every step; his own intercourse with them originated in joining, many years ago, a battalion of Russian troops who were proceeding to Tiflis, the colonel of which was his most intimate friend. He seized the opportunity thus afforded him of travelling safely through Grusia—a country long famous for its inhospitality to strangers.

The Grusians, he tells us, though a conquered people, are in constant habits of hostility with their conquerors; and, to the extent of their power and of the opportunities afforded them, carry on a predatory kind of warfare, which is highly dangerous and annoying in a country so abounding in mountain and forest. The roads also are scarcely practicable, being little more than a rarely trodden track through wild ravines, by the side of falling torrents, which, rolling along masses of rock and timber, not unfrequently overwhelm the traveller in their course. Sheltered by rocks or lurking in woods, the barbarous inhabitants level an unerring aim, and with little danger to themselves pursue their predatory habits; whilst the traveller, whether merchant or soldier, solitary or in company, alike falls before them; or, if he escapes death, inevitably suffers worse than death—slavery.

Emboldened by the great advantage which a perfect knowledge of the passes and mountain-paths gives them over strangers, who must trust to guides, not unfrequently ignorant or treacherous, they sometimes assemble in greater force, and venture to attack, when entangled in some narrow defile, even the considerable bodies of infantry occasionally sent to relieve the few garrisons scattered over the country.

Miss Primrose. If you please, I had rather stay at home, and not go to Grusia.

Reginald. Why, traversing these defiles, expecting to see a robber in every bush, or to receive a bullet from behind the cliff, that appears formed only to afford protection to the mountain-bandit, is not quite so pleasant, it must be allowed, as travelling upon our excellent roads, and enjoying all the luxuries of a good chaise; perhaps pleasant companions, and the consciousness of perfect safety.

Counsellor Eitherside. The Wanderer did not proceed to Tiflis; he fell ill, and returned, with a party of Cossacks who had acted as guides to the battalion, to their village. The old leader, who turned out to be a refugee Pole, an adherent of the unfortunate Stanislaus, was friendly and kind to him, and tells his story, which is not devoid of interest; but I prefer the narrative of the Monk of Petcherski, a Russian tale, over which I lingered with a mournful feeling of sympathy. But, as I told you, the book is too melancholy to please me entirely. The narratives are rather calculated to excite tears than smiles; and I love to

"Laugh when I can, be happy while I may."

Reginald. Occasionally the Wanderer throws in brief sketches of the people by whom he is surrounded, that act as a relief to the general mournful tenor of his story; which, I must own, like Miss Landon's poetry, is somewhat of a melancholy cast. He thus describes the Cossacks of the Black Sea:

In their usages and modes of life, the Cossacks of the Black Sea are very similar to the other Cossack tribes—soldiers in the field, peasants at home. They are so far independent as to be free from tribute to any greater power, and to be governed by their own laws and customs; but so far dependent as to be obliged to perform military service, according to their own mode of discipline, when called upon. They are all irregular cavalry; and, on those occasions, they are armed, clothed, and mounted at their individual expense. Each man serves originally in the ranks, and they are promoted to command according to merit. The rank which they hold when on service makes but little change in their mode of life when at home. When they return to their villages they lay aside their arms and military dress, resuming their peasant garb and rustic occupations. To cultivate a small portion of land, to dig their little gardens, to hunt, or to fish, constitute their chief employments.

He also describes the Zaporogian Cossacks, who were, in fact, little better than freebooters, and were a most singular people. They resided on the Dnieper; some of them in the neighbourhood of the falls; and inhabited a *setchka*, or fortified camp, and were derived from the Malo-Russian Cossacks, or Cossacks of the Ukraine; who having been in the habit of appointing young unmarried men to guard their frontiers from the incursions of their warlike neighbours, their daring spirits soon came to prefer the lawless licentiousness of the soldier to the peaceful pursuits of the husbandman, and could ill brook the idea of being called upon to lay aside their arms, and quit their acquired habits for the dull monotony of domestic life. They asserted, and succeeded in maintaining, their own independence, and assumed the name of Zaporogians. They soon formed plans of ambition,

to accomplish which their numbers were inadequate, and they opened their camp, in imitation of ancient Rome, as an asylum for all who sought its protection; and in a short time it became the resort of the unhappy and unfortunate, of the worthless and abandoned, of the exiled and the outlawed, from every part of Europe. Occasionally a "great and noble spirit" might be found, seeking there a refuge from the injustice of the world, or sternly combating with its oppression; and not unfrequently some exiled leader of political intrigues here hid his disappointment, or sought the *setchka* as a convenient focus for new cabals. This society was governed by laws of their own enacting; and punishment followed immediately on their violation. A Hetman was elected yearly, who had the sole execution of these laws intrusted to him, and the supreme command whenever any military enterprise was undertaken. They plundered for subsistence; and as they never admitted women into their camp, when their numbers did not increase quick enough for their purposes, they stole the children of their hostile neighbours, and incorporated them with their own body. These outrages at length brought upon them the vengeance of Russia, and they were subdued and dispersed, and have ceased to exist as a people.

Counsellor Eitherside. I remember the particulars you mention; they are related in the narrative of Dubroffski, the Pole I spoke of, who sought a refuge amongst the Zaporogians. Whether the story of Dubroffski is real or fictitious, I should suppose the account of this tribe of Cossacks to be really and *bonâ fide* a description of a people who did once exist in the way stated by the author.

Reginald. O there can be no doubt of it. Such details would never be given in the manner in which they are, if they were the mere creations of the writer's imagination. His description of the country through which he travelled has all the appearance of verisimilitude.

Mr. Montague. I shall read your Wanderer; and if rendered melancholy by his mournful mood, I shall recover my spirits by dipping into the *Memoirs of* honest *O'Keefe*, whose *Recollections* are as well calculated for dispelling the blue devils as any laughter-creating medley I ever encountered.

Reginald. Poor O'Keefe! Many a hearty laugh I have had at his whimsical farces, certainly the most whimsical that ever were written; and many as whimsical anecdotes are recorded in his *Memoirs*. They are told, too, with such perfect unostentation and simplicity—so much in the Kelly style—that the book must please.

Mr. Apathy. The country life in Ireland must have been worth contemplating, in O'Keefe's youthful days, by those who like to see Nature in all dresses. In his time he says,

> There was not one waggon all over Ireland; carts above four feet long were also unknown; and the only carriage for goods, &c. was a one-horse car. There were no gipsies, poor-rates (by the bye, there are none now), nor pawnbrokers. The word village was not known, but every group of cabins had a piper and a schoolmaster, and before every cabin-door, in fine weather, there was a Norah or a Kathleen with her spinning-wheel. The great pride of a countryman on a

Sunday was, to be clothed, like the grave-digger in Hamlet, with a number of waistcoats; and a large square silk handkerchief of Irish manufacture, pinned on the top of her head, with the corners hanging down upon her shoulders, constituted the great finery of an Irishwoman. The countryman's boots were pieces of an old felt hat tied about his ancles. The milkmaid always sung her melodious Irish tunes while milking; and so fond were the cows of music, that if she did not sing to them, they kicked her pail over. The potatoes were dug, and the turf cut, and brought home by the different families mutually for each other; they lent, in turn, themselves, their horse, and their car, so that the want of money was not felt; the great object was the halfpenny on a Sunday evening for the piper, who was the orchestra for their jig. The peasant was his own architect: building his mud tenement, and clapping its straw hat upon it himself, and this was the only slate, tile, or thatch. Cricket was not known; the game was football and hurling; the latter played by striking the ball with a wooden bat, the ball as large as a man's head, but so soft it could not hurt, being leather stuffed with straw. "My lord's" or "the squire's" was called the big house; and each had its privileged fool or satirist, its piper, and its running footman.

The latter I have often seen skimming or flying across the road; one of them I particularly remember. His dress a white jacket, blue silk sash round his waist, light black velvet cap, with a silver tassel on the crown, round his neck a frill with a ribbon, and in his hand a staff about seven feet high, with a silver top. He looked so agile, and seemed all air, like a Mercury; he never minded roads, but took the short cuts, and by the help of his pole, absolutely seemed to fly over hedge, ditch, or small river. His use was to carry a message, letter, or dispatch, or, on a journey, to run before and and prepare the inn or baiting-place for his family or master, who came the regular road in coach and two, or coach and four, or coach and six: his qualifications were fidelity, strength, and agility.

Mr. Mathews. I can recollect the time when running footmen were in use in England; I have seen active fellows running at a tremendous rate as *avant-couriers* to their master's carriage: though I think their speed was not equal to the Wantlings and Jacksons of our days, who indeed seem to rival the feathered Mercury.

The Vicar. There is as much good-humoured garrulity in the second volume of Mr. Cradock's *Recollections*, just published.

Reginald. Yes: but they are not so entertaining as O'Keefe's: who, like Reynolds, having half-killed us with laughing at his eccentric dramatic pieces, now has a design to murder us outright by the olio of pleasantries contained in his *Memoirs*. I hope the honest veteran will live long to enjoy the profits of his work, which I understand to be liberal: thanks to Mr. Colburn.

Mr. Mathews. He has, besides, an annuity from the king; and I sincerely hope, that he, who has contributed so largely to the pleasures and amusements of others, will not be stinted of enjoyments, nor deprived of the faculty of partaking of them, in his old age.

Mr. Apathy. I think you are praising O'Keefe's book too highly. It is a strange unconnected jumble, from which no adequate idea of his life and pursuits can be obtained. Many of the anecdotes are of the most puerile description; and they are inserted apparently as they arose in his mind, without the slightest attention to order or regularity. I am

surprised at the favourable view in which you regard the work.

Reginald. Pooh! you cynic, can't you laugh at such a whimsical production as O'Keefe's without stopping to consider whether it is exactly the sort of thing which a Scott or a Byron would have written? I admit it is a complete *olla podrida:* what then? If it tends to chase away melancholy, and to excite mirth in the reader, whilst it contributes to the comforts of an octogenarian, who shall say it has been written in vain?

The Vicar. The death of Mr. Cradock has taken place since he published the second volume of his *Memoirs.* He was a venerable member of the literary circles, and one of the last survivors, I believe, of those choice spirits of the last age, who were the precursors of those of the present—almost the only—if not the only—remaining link between the Johnsons and the Burkes of the 18th, and the Scotts, the Southeys, and the Wordsworths of the 19th. We have lost William Gifford, too; a man who is a proof of what, in this country, genius and talent will do for their possessors.

Mr. Montague. Gifford was one of my prime favourites. He has been reproached for using too strong language in his *Baviad* and *Mæviad,* and with resorting too much to personalities: this from the eulogists and patrons of the *Fudge Family,* the *Twopenny-Post-Bag,* and the personalities and slanders of the Whig papers, is capital.

Mr. Mathews. For one thing Mr. Gifford deserves well of his country, and has earned his tomb in Westminster Abbey—that resting-place of departed genius: I mean the establishment of the *Quarterly Review;* a work which has done much to restore the opinions and sentiments of the age to a healthy tone. I trust its present editor will not suffer it to degenerate from the high rank to which Gifford elevated it as the leading periodical of the country.

Mr. Montague. Never fear: you will find the *Quarterly* maintain its state, I doubt not.

Reginald. Allan Cunningham has, at length, published his so long-announced romance of *Paul Jones.* It is a wild and wayward tale; the production of a clever, but eccentric writer, who has not disciplined his genius to submit to the ordinary rules and regulations of fictitious writing. The characters of every real personage introduced, as well as the nature of the facts recorded, are misrepresented or falsified; a liberty which the writer of an historical novel or romance ought not to take. The most improbable and even impossible events are gravely told; and though, of course, we do not expect truth in fiction, yet the verisimilitude of the story should be preserved, in order not to remind us at every page of its being a fiction we are perusing. Yet, with all its faults, there is much to praise: some of the descriptions are given with the enthusiasm and in the elevated language of a poet—of one who can call up at will "thoughts that breathe," and clothe them in "words that burn;" and there is a vein of imagination, wild and untutored though it be, running throughout; together with a just feeling of the beauties that shine through Nature's works, which tend strongly to make us forget the improbabilities and inconsistencies of the narrative—the want of keeping in the characters. I recollect a passage, to which

I can readily turn, that will give a favourable specimen of the romance:

From Colvend to Kirkcudbright the coast of the Firth of Solway is winding and varied; stretching along, in one place, a flat and muddy margin, strewn with stones and drift-grass; in another, ascending into sharp and lofty cliffs, the abode of the wild fowl that live by the water. Here it is bedded with beautiful shells and polished pebbles; there it is fringed with woodlands, which dip their boughs in the sea when the tides rise high. As you coast along you come to the mouths of rivers and rivulets, each with its little bay and its safe anchorage; while between them lie interspersed rocky and precipitous promontories, over which, when the storm is up, the salt spray and foam are driven in hasty gusts, uniting, on the whole, much that is soft and beautiful with that which is savage and barren.

To the banks of a distant stream, Paul Jones, when he left the castle of Dalveen, directed his steps, and descending towards the sea along with the current, reached the Solway before the morning star began to shine. In the middle of the little woody bay, or rather basin, which received the scanty waters of the streams, an armed sloop lay at anchor, and he heard the din of license and carousal on board—the hasty oath—the hearty laugh—and the boisterous song, chorussed by a score of rough voices, which made the bay re-echo. He stood a little space looking and pondering on the scene before him—he then retraced his steps a short way—passed the stream—found his way through a thick wood, which lined all the western bank—and reached without interruption a rocky mount, which, feathered with stunted trees to the summit, displayed over the wood the remains of an ancient tower, which one of the lords of Galloway had built and garrisoned for the protection of his favourite vale of Orr.

Paul stood at the foot of the mount, and eyed with a sharp and anxious look a narrow path which ascended from the side of the sea towards Lord Roland's tower. It seemed untouched by recent feet, and he began to ascend slowly and cautiously—feeling his pistols as he went—touching the hilt of his cutlass—and throwing back his cloak to give room for the free use of his hands. When he came within sight of the ruin, he observed a faint light glimmering upon the boughs from an arrow-hole, and he heard a low and melancholy sound: he listened—he heard no words—but he knew it to be the voice of one in earnest prayer; he folded his arms in his cloak—walked up to a low-lintelled door, and stopped, apparently uncertain what he should do. In a few minutes the voice ceased—a brighter light gleamed from the ruin—and the sound of a footstep was heard within. Paul took off his hat and entered.

The figure which presented itself as he advanced was one which would have startled a firm heart and a stout hand. A man, tall, bony, and grey, covered from neck to heel in a loose mantle of coarse wool, his feet bare, and his head uncovered; while from a broad belt, which fastened his mantle round his loins, a large broad-sword hung: he raised his eyes, and fixing them on Paul, seemed unresolved whether he should be welcomed with the weapon or the open hand of friendship.

"Is it you, Paul, my child?" said the inhabitant of Lord Roland's tower, after a pause. "Why did you not speak as you advanced? I might have drawn my sword and slain you in my wrath. Come hither, my child—I have lately learned to number you with the dead—some summers have passed since I saw you, and you are shot up from a boy to a man. Come hither!" And Paul came close to his side, while the old man gazed wistfully upon him—took both his hands in his—let them drop suddenly—passed his

hands over his cheeks—bared back the hair from his brow, and said, "Ay, it is John Paul, and no other; I could know his face among ten thousand."

The Vicar. There is the spirit of a poet in that extract.

Reginald. The same spirit breathes throughout the book; and there are some passages written almost in a strain of inspiration. The following verses are beautiful; they occur in the third volume, and are ascribed to an Indian chief of North America:

WULIK'S SONG.

The spotted panther had a feast,
Spread on the dawn of light;
I gorged the gory vulture
Before yon sun was bright.
Sharp smote the chieftain's sword, and fierce
Fought all his martial peers:
Yet we won my loved, my fair one,
Me and my shining spears.

Come mount this steed, a gallanter
Wore never rein nor girth;
He clears the desert like a thing
That never touches earth:
O'er ten men's strength he boldly bursts,
Nor brand nor ball he fears;
His neigh is like the trumpet's tongue,
Among my shining spears.

Another steed, fleet as the wind,
Waits for us on the sand;
Round thee my gallant kinsmen
Shall ride with bow and brand.
O! brighter than the morning star
The brow of morning wears,
Come light us through the wilderness,
Me and my shining spears!

O God is great! how lion-like
I rush'd and rent my prey!
O God is great! for ten men's strength
My sword has quell'd to-day.
Though guns were flashing far and wide,
A charmed life he bears
Who wars for so much loveliness,
Me and my shining spears!

Miss R. Primrose. Those verses have all Allan Cunningham's chivalrous spirit: they are exquisite.

Mr. Montague. The character of Lord Thomas Dalween is a most curious one: the writer has made him the hero, though Paul Jones gives the name to the romance; and has endeavoured to combine in him every quality which can render him irresistible, and to shew his power over time and space by annihilating both when it is requisite to exhibit him in a new and striking situation. Thus, he is first a leader in Europe—then a chief among the republicans in America; a Turkish grand vizier and favourite of the Empress Catherine; an active member of the French Convention, and the fine gentleman, whose powers of person and of persuasion are so great, that no female heart can resist him when he seeks to throw his enchantments o'er them. There are some other characters no less singular: that of Catherine, Empress of Russia, pleased me the most; but I cannot say honestly, that, take it for all in all, *Paul Jones* will much enhance the writer's reputation.

Mr. Mathews. Have you been pleased with Mr. Boaden's *Life of Mrs. Siddons?*

Mr. Montague. Yes. It is a fit companion for the Life of Kemble; and two of the greatest geniuses this country ever produced deserve to be immortalized to the latest period.

Mr. Mathews. The two works form a very good history of the drama in this country from the days of Garrick. The *Life of Mrs. Siddons* is particularly rich in theatrical anecdote and biography; the reminiscences of bygone authors and actors are amusing, and possess no slight degree of interest. There are some scraps, too, relative to the drama, which are curious and merit preservation; such is the following copy of an old play-bill:

At the old theatre in East Grinstead, on Saturday, May —, 1758, will be represented (by particular desire) and for

the benefit of Mrs. P.) the deep and affecting tragedy of *Theodosius, or the Force of Love*; with magnificent scenes, dresses, &c.

Varanes by Mr. P. who will strive, as far as possible, to support the character of this fiery Persian prince, in which he was so much admired and applauded at Hastings, Arundel, Petworth, Midhurst, Lewes, &c.

Theodosius by a Young Gentleman from the University of Oxford, who never appeared on any stage.

Athenais by Mrs. P. Though her present condition will not permit her to wait on gentlemen and ladies out of the town with tickets, she hopes, as on former occasions, for their liberality and support.

Nothing in Italy can exceed the altar in the first scene of the play. Nevertheless, should any of the nobility or gentry wish to see it ornamented with flowers, the bearer will bring away as many as they choose to favour him with.

As the coronation of *Athenais*, to be introduced in the fifth act, contains a number of persons, more than sufficient to fill all the dressing-rooms, &c. it is hoped no gentlemen and ladies will be offended at being refused admission behind the scenes.

N.B. The great yard-dog, that made a noise on Thursday night, during the last act of *King Richard the Third*, will be sent to a neighbour's over the way; and on account of the prodigious demand for places, part of the *stable* will be laid into the boxes on one side, and the *granary* open for the same purpose on the other. *Vivat Rex!*

Reginald. The *naïveté* of that observation about the "great yard-dog" is irresistible. Depend upon it, the fellow who wrote that bill was no pampered rogue, with fat on his ribs three fingers in depth, but a mercurial, lean, half-starved creature, like Shakspeare's Apothecary—the mere anatomy of a man. The laying the stable and the granary into boxes, too: mercy on me! what a splendid theatre must this have been in which Mr. and Mrs. P. and the young gentleman from Oxford were to fascinate the drama-loving public of East Grinstead with their tragic talents!

The Vicar. The first rude outline of the drama was exhibited on a cart; and the strollers of the last century were content if they could "strut and fret their hour" in a barn. Poor fellows! many a privation have these most desolate of all mortals to submit to.

Reginald. Aye, and many a shift were they put to, to supply the deficiences in their wardrobes and properties. Lee Lewis relates some whimsical anecdotes, and so does Tate Wilkinson, in his most eccentric production, *The Wandering Patentee*, and also in his *Memoirs*.

Mr. Apathy. But not to forget Mr. Boaden. I think his book, like poor O'Keefe's, wants method: he gossips strangely; and once set his pen agoing on any subject, and he knows not where to stop.

Reginald. There is something too much about Voltaire, King Charles the First's children, and William Pitt—a long extract from one of his speeches being given in the first volume; but, after all, the work is about as amusing a piece of biography as any I am acquainted with. Mr. Boaden has the garrulity of old age, certainly; but he is very entertaining, and has furnished a quantity of materials which will serve any one who comes after him to work up into a History of the Stage.

The Vicar. He is an enthusiast in regard to Mrs. Siddons.

Mrs. Primrose. And she well deserves all his enthusiasm. I saw her

in Lady Macbeth; she excited in me terror and alarm: I saw her in Belvidera and Isabella, and she rent my bosom with pity and regret: she was capable of awakening all the passions of the human heart; and as an actress, has been rarely equalled—never can be surpassed.

Mr. Mathews. Abernethy, at one of his late lectures, told an amusing story connected with Mrs. Siddons, which has found its way into the papers. He was illustrating the muscles of the scalp, and observed to his auditors,

It happened in the early part of my time to become the fashion to put half a pound of grease, and another half-pound of flour, on a man's head—what they called *hair-dressing;* it was the fashion to bind this round with a piece of tape or ribbon, and make a tail of it; and it was the mode to wear those tails very thick and rather short. Now, a gentleman who possessed great power in the motion of this fronto-occipitalis, and who, indeed, had extreme power in that muscle, used to go to the boxes of the theatre, when Mrs. Siddons first appeared; and I don't believe there ever will be such an actress again as she was, nor do I believe there ever was her equal before her. However, when people were affected beyond all description, and when they were all drowned in tears at the performance, this chap wagged his tail enormously, and all the people burst out into a roar of laughter. In vain did they cry, "Turn him out, turn him out!" in vain did they cry, "Throw him over!" When he had produced this effect on the audience, then he kept his tail quiet; but, again, no sooner was their attention engaged, than wag went his tail, and re-echoed again were the bursts of laughter.

Miss Primrose. I should have wished this man and his tail any where but at my elbow, had he annoyed me in this way.

Reginald. Yes; it must have been one of the miseries of play-going, and sufficient to justify an antipathy to pigtails in every lover of the drama for ever after.

Mr. Apathy. Which of you have read my friend Galt's *Last of the Lairds?*

The Vicar. I received a copy from Blackwood's on the day of publication, and was delighted with it. Mr. Galt shines in the delineation of Scottish manners, particularly of those of the olden time. In the "Annals of the Parish," and in "The Provost," he has presented us with the portraits of a minister of the Gospel and of a civic officer of the "days of other years," characters of the bygone time, of whom the Scotch people have heard their fathers talk, but whom they have had no opportunity themselves of becoming acquainted with. In the present work he has given us the history of an auld laird, a being of singular habits and feelings and prejudices. The laird, stimulated by the success of the autobiography of Micah Balwhidder and Provost Pawkie, imbibes the idea of writing his own life, to enable him to pay off some of the "heritable bonds" which incumber the estate of Auldbiggins. The author encounters him in the midst of his cogitations, draws him into discourse on his intended plan, and obtains from him some account of his early days: the following passage of his schoolboy-life is excellent:

I was hated by the master; he had a pleasure and satisfaction in gripping me by the coat-neck and shaking me wi' a gurl, because I had no instinct for learning. It's my opinion, had I been a justice of the peace at that time, I would hae prosecuted him to the utmost rigour of

the law. Do you know, that once in his tantrums he flew on me like a mad dog, and nippit my twa lugs 'till he left the stedt o' his fingers as plainly upon them as the mark o' Peter's finger and thumb can be seen on the haddock's back. There was na a day I did na get a pawmy but ane, and on it I got twa, the whilk was ca'd in derision a double morning."

"He appears to have been, indeed, a most irascible dominie; but all was no doubt made up to you when the blessed hours of play and sunshine came round. Buoyant and bounding with your school-fellows"———

"Haud your hand! nane o' your parleyvooing, ye loon that ye are!" exclaimed the laird, half slily, half earnestly; "for the laddies at our school were na like other laddies—the thought o' the usage they gied me gars me grind my teeth to this day. The master infectit them wi' his hatred against me, and they never divault wi' their torments. Sure am I, if there be a deevil that's call'd Legion, that deevil was the hundred and thirteen laddies at Dominie Skelp's school—for though mony in number, they were but one in nature. Now just think o' what they did: they ance liftit me o'er the minister's dyke, and gart me steal his apples!"

"But you were rewarded with a share of the spoil?"

"Ay, yes—I was rewartit—that's nae lee—but how? tell me that. They made me gie them my hatfu', and when they got it, they a' set up a shout and a cry o' a thief in the yard, which brought out Gilbert the minister's man like a raging bear. He was a contemptuous wretch!"

"What did he do to you?"

"Do! he laughed me to scorn wi' a gaffan, and said he thought I had na spunk for sic a spree. And then, out came Mrs. Glebanteinds, the minister's wife, knocking her nieves at me as if I were an unrighteous malefactor, 'till I was sae terrify't, that I terrify't them wi' my cries o' dread. It has been said, indeed, I ne'er got the better o' that fright; and I hae some cause to think no without reason, for I grue wi' the thought o' an apple to this day, like Adam and Eve, when they had begotten their sons and daughters."

Reginald. Galt draws Scottish life better than any man living, Sir Walter Scott excepted; nor is he successful only when he reverts to old customs and old characters. Dr. Lounlans is the picture of a worthy minister of that church which has produced a Chalmers, a Moncrieff, and a Thompson: his opening sketch of this reverend gentleman is well sustained throughout the subsequent pages.

The Vicar. Amongst the personages who figure in his pages, Mr. Rupees, an Indian nabob; Mrs. Soorocks, a maiden old lady; Misses Shoosie and Girzie Minnygraff, the two maiden sisters of Barrenbraes, and Mr. Tansie, a benevolent visionary, are touched with the pen of a master.

Reginald. Yes; but "Jock, the laird's man," is, next to the laird himself, my favourite: he is something akin to Andrew Fariservice, only with more honesty and more sincerity.

Mr. Apathy. I am glad this novel is likely to sustain the former fame of the author: though now in a distant land, the praise of his countrymen will still be dear to him. The applause of his friends will serve to sooth and cheer him in his absence from that country on which he has conferred so much distinction.

Miss Primrose. What do you think of *The Golden Violet*, Reginald?

Reginald. I have been delighted

with it. But see, your father's butler summons us away to partake of more solid refreshment in the refectory: so let's away, and discuss the merits of *The Golden Violet*, at our next meeting.

This was readily assented to; and, with light hearts and gay faces, we assembled round our host's hospitable board; and here the laugh and joke went merrily round, till we parted, with a promise of meeting again on the first Wednesday of the next month.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
Jan. 14, 1827.

FEBRUARY.

AND this is February! blustering, turbulent, disagreeable February! I wish it were possible to blot it out of the calendar. Our associations with February are never disappointed; other months sometimes cheat our expectations. March scruples not occasionally to borrow largely of June; and June, in its turn, repays the compliment: April is not invariably prolific in vernal airs and laughing skies; nor is May always the same blushing beauty that poets address as their sultana. But February is no changeling; he comes always as we expect him, in his old dress, and with his rough uncouth outside. Always punctual to his time, he arrives just when we look for him, and takes his leave whenever he has paid his usual visit; and right glad are his friends (to use a common term of civility) when he has fairly packed up and *marched* off.

Talk not to me of the joys of winter; its pleasures are but artificial—created tastes, substituted only for those enjoyments which man is naturally formed to relish; and besides, the exclusive enjoyments which winter arrogantly appropriates to itself may be tasted more truly at any other season. Who supposes that music can be enjoyed only in a crowded room blazing with gas? Hie to Germany, and walk into a Saxon village of a summer's evening, or to Venice, and open but your casement, and the experience of one evening will make you wise. Can dancing be relished only on chalked floors, beneath wax-lights, and during the midnight hours? Go to the south of France in the vintage-time. Surely the overarched trees are as fair a roof as the ball-room's painted ceiling? Surely the lattice-work of foliage through which comes the gentle air, lifting the ringlets from the cheek that it may kiss it, is better than fans and ventilators? And is not the light of the declining sun as warm and as beautiful as the blaze of the chandelier? and the rustic seat, clasping the venerable tree, as choice a spot for whispering a love-tale, as the niche in a ball-room? And if perchance the sun should go down, and gentle twilight steal upon the scene, until the "broad moon,"

> "In mockery of vulgar light,
> Throws her soft veil upon the things of night,"

—what then? May not the pipe play on? Is not the lamp of night pendant above, and a moon-chequered carpet beneath?

But I have all the students and blue-stockings in the kingdom against me. "Give us winter," say they; "give us a book, a blazing fire, pen,

ink, paper, and lights." I confess I have no opinion of the author or the student who tells me, that genius is fruitful only in the four corners of a room. Let the student and his midnight-lamp make fellowship together; for my part, I "have lived with nature all my days," and never found my genius at all crippled by the prospect of a sunny landscape from my open window, or by the fragrance of jessamine and mignonette; or even by the note of the merle. I shrewdly suspect that those bookish persons who talk about the fitness of winter for study, wish to impress others with a belief that their talk is the result of their experience. I trust this may be true; and I would advise these good people to create around them an artificial winter, and study all the year through. Some excellent critics in the feeding department are of opinion, that a good dinner is wonderfully more attractive by candle-light; and these gentlemen occasionally, in the summer-season, try the experiment with success, never failing to find a prodigious increase in their relish for roast-pig and old port: and, upon the same principle, what is to hinder the literary lady or gentleman who hails the presence of winter from shutting out the light of day, and sitting down to study by the assistance of wax or oil? If the heat of a fire be inconvenient, nothing could be easier than to have a board painted so as to represent a blazing fire, which would possess manifest advantages over a real fire, as the papers of the literati would never be soiled by soot, nor would their labours ever be interrupted by the necessity of using the poker.

But all this is a digression: no matter, however, if the digression be a good one. I have been generalizing upon the uncomfortableness of winter, and *episodizing* upon the moon, and music, and dancing, and blue-stockings, and roast-pig, and fifty other things quite irrelevant to February. But let me try to make amends.

The season of gaiety approaches: the shops will soon be full of attraction. Let me accompany you, then, that I may give you my opinion as to the choice of colours. What astonishing variety! Here are *greys*, from the dusky tint of the unhewn marble to the delicate hue of the bonnet beneath whose ample front the fair Quakeress looks so captivating; *blues*, from the tint of the "violet's deep-blue eyes," or of the "sapphires's blaze," to the soft heaven of an August day, or the tender veins that stray over the delicate skin of a fair girl; *green*, from the deep ocean-tint, or the emerald's hue, to the bright green of the springing grass, or the paleness of the olive-leaf; *red*, through all its diversity of shades, from the damask-rose to her paler sister, or from the ruby lip of beauty to the tint on her cheek. Perhaps you do not know the secret of choosing colours well? Study nature; go into the flower-garden, and mark the combinations of colours which Nature has made: she can never err, and you cannot err in following her counsel. This is the secret of good taste in the assortment and mingling of colours. But some time must yet elapse before you can follow my counsel: keep it in mind, however, and if I see you profit by it, perhaps these papers may become the vehicle of more important advice.

VENICE.

Extracted from a Letter from an Artist in Italy.

Who shall describe Venice so as to give to any one who has not seen it an idea of its romantic beauty? It cannot be compared to any thing, for nothing existing, in the smallest degree, resembles it. Where in the world, except at this point of the Adriatic, can be found a city built in the sea? palaces, temples, and edifices of every varied character rising out of the water, and reflecting all their beauties back into the element from which they spring?—a city in which horses are useless, and a carriage a vain thing; where there is hardly earth enough to plant a tree, and where the only vegetation is an occasional vine or flower, trained from a vase in a balcony, and kept more for ornament than use*?

Existence in such a place assumes so new a character, every thing is so unlike our ordinary habits, that it is difficult to persuade ourselves it is not a fairy creation, to which we have been transported by the wand of some mighty enchanter; and this illusion derives strength from the objects that first attract the attention. The church of St. Mark has much of Moorish and Eastern grandeur; its intricate assemblage of sculpture, painting, and gilded ornament comes with a dazzling splendour on the eye, and produces an effect on the imagination that is kept up by the figures seen moving around it—not monks, nor priests; not people in monastic habits only, as they are found in other parts of Italy—but Turks and Grecks, and other inhabitants of the East, in the various and picturesque costumes of their different tribes and nations.

The Venetians have been considered a people devoted to pleasure; and there is really something so voluptuous in the life one leads in such a place, that it is difficult to resist the fascination. To a stranger especially, and to one who relishes the beauties of art, the few days one passes there are indeed days of enchantment.

Your gondola lies at your door; the gondolier is your guide, your servant, your local historian, and gossiping companion: once seated, you are conveyed to the object of your wishes without exerting a muscle or disturbing a fold of your dress; and in this way you are carried to churches, palaces, and public buildings, filled with the richest stores of the richest age of art. Sated with these beauties, you return to the gondola; and while it pursues its noiseless course, you reflect, in the most perfect tranquillity, on what you have seen, and have the best possible opportunity of turning it to profit.

To me this is a most important thing; I am persuaded I derive more improvement from the pictures of Venice than from those of any other

* The French made an alteration here, as they did every where else, and these alterations were always improvements: they stole some ground from the sea, on which they made a public garden, and they covered over a canal to make one broad street to lead to it. But the Venetians are so little habituated to the sight of trees that they seldom visit it.

city, merely from seeing them without fatigue, noise, or embarrassment of any kind.

The gondola is your only carriage. If you go out to dinner, the gondola takes you to the door, and you ascend the staircase from the water's edge. The only sounds that come upon the ear through the evening are the splashing of oars under the window and the voices of the gondoliers calling to each other as they pass, in notes never harsh nor inharmonious, though not accompanied by all the music that has been attributed to them by writers of romances. If you would go to the post-office, to the banker's, to a bookseller's, or, in short, any where else, you get into the gondola, and are landed, if not at the very door, at least at so short a distance from the place, that the walk is nothing, and the man quits his boat to be your guide. The canals in fact are the streets; all the best houses present their fronts to the water, and the back opens into a narrow lane, through which it is sometimes troublesome to pass. I was once stopped for half an hour by the passing of a religious procession; whichever way I turned, the water presented itself, and the procession occupied the only pass that led to a bridge. To go through the whole city on foot (a thing which is possible) would take so much time, and require so good a guide, that no stranger ever attempts it; it requires no small tact to know where the bridges lie, and how to direct your course so as not to lose your labour. I wandered about in this way once for some hours, and was at last obliged to take a boat, hopeless of ever getting back to the inn in any other way.

Venice is the place to study painting; but the mind of the student ought to be well trained before he be allowed to indulge in the voluptuous assemblage that is there presented to his observation. If it were possible for a painter to live two lives, the studies to prepare him for the first should be at Rome, and for the second at Venice. Notwithstanding the robberies which have been committed, and the changes that this unfortunate city has undergone, there still remains within its palaces an abundance of such works as are to be found no where else in the world. Of Georgioni I knew little before going to Venice, and of Tintoretto nothing: yet these are two of the greatest names art has to boast. There is a picture of the first of these in the Manfreni palace that seems to carry painting as far as it can go; I think it quite perfection: and there is another by Tintoretto, at his academy, called *the Miracle of the Slave*, that is in itself a miracle; it seems almost beyond human power.

But I fear I shall tire you with talking of pictures; and yet I can tell of little else, for I considered my excursion so entirely an affair of study, that I hardly allowed myself to think of any other matters; nor, indeed, could I admit any thing else to occupy that time of which I had so little. One interesting establishment, however, I visited: it is a convent of monks from Armenia, established on the water, about an hour's row from the city. Here we found a school of interesting youths, and a society of intelligent men; that is, if we may judge from the one who was kind enough to accompany us through the institution. He talked English with a purity rarely met with in a foreigner.

Lord Byron had been his scholar and his tutor; and he could tell of many other distinguished Englishmen as his companions and friends. Here was a printing-press established, at which books in all languages were printed with a correctness and beauty equal to that of any town in Europe. To see types set up in English words, on a little bank in the midst of the Adriatic Sea, far away from other habitations, was to me a matter of no small interest. It brought back all my feelings to my country and my home.

I ought not to conclude this letter without saying, what it goes against me to write, that the glory of Venice is passed away. The splendid palaces are crumbling into the canals from which they have arisen; the shops are abandoned; the beautiful Piazza, once the place of assembly for all nations of the world, is now comparatively a desert; ships no longer crowd its port; and strangers come more from curiosity than for mercantile speculations: melancholy is stamped on every countenance. *Da male al peggio*—"from bad to worse, is their constant theme."—"For other places there may be hope, for Venice none!"

OBSTINATE DEFENCE AGAINST AMERICAN INDIANS.

The following story of a desperate and successful defence of a log-house against a party of American Indians, extracted from Flint's *Account of the Valley of the Mississippi*, just published in the United States, partakes a little of the marvellous; but it is well told:

The name of the hero in question (whom the author knew) was Baptiste Roy, a Frenchman, who solicited, but in vain, a compensation for his bravery from Congress. It occurred at *Chie sans Dessein*, on the Missouri. A numerous band of northern savages, amounting to four hundred, beset the garrison house, into which he, his wife, and another man, had retreated. They were hunters by profession, and had powder, lead, and four rifles in the house. They immediately began to fire upon the Indians. The wife melted and moulded the lead, and assisted in loading, occasionally taking her shot with the other two. Every Indian that approached the house was sure to fall. The wife relates, that the guns would soon become too much heated to hold in the hand. Water was necessary to cool them. It was, I think, on the second day of the siege, that Roy's assistant was killed. He became impatient to look on the scene of execution, and see what they had done. He put his eye to the port-hole, and a well-aimed shot destroyed him. The Indians perceived that their shot had taken effect, and gave a yell of exultation. They were encouraged by the momentary slackening of the fire to approach the house, and fire it over the heads of Roy and his wife. He deliberately mounted the roof, knocked off the burning boards, and escaped untouched from the shower of balls. What must have been the nights of this husband and wife? After four days of unavailing siege, the Indians gave a yell, exclaimed that the house was a "grand medicine," meaning that it was charmed and impregnable, and went away. They left behind forty bodies to attest the markmanship and steadiness of the besieged, and a peck of balls, collected from the logs of the house.

Memoir of the Duke of York.

By the Author of "Waverley."

In the person of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, we may justly say, in the language of Scripture, "there has fallen this day in our Israel a Prince and a Great Man." He has, from an early period of his manhood, performed a most important part in public life. In the early wars of the French Revolution, he commanded the British forces on the Continent; and although we claim not for his memory the admiration due to the rare and high gifts which in our latter times must combine to form a military genius of the first order, yet it has never been disputed, that in the field his royal highness displayed intelligence, military skill, and his family attribute, the most unalterable courage. He had also the universal testimony of the army for his efforts to lessen the distresses of the privates, during the horrors of an unsuccessful campaign, in which he acquired, and kept to his death, the epithet of the Soldier's Friend.

But it is not on account of these early services that we now, as boldly as our poor voice may, venture to bring forward the late Duke of York's claims to the perpetual gratitude of his country. It is as the reformer and regenerator of the British army, which he brought from a state nearly allied to general contempt, to such a pitch of excellence, that we may, without much hesitation, claim for them an equality with, if not a superiority over, any troops in Europe. The Duke of York had the firmness to look into and examine the causes, which, ever since the American war, though arising out of circumstances existing long before, had gone as far to destroy the character of the British army, as the natural good materials of which it is composed would permit. The heart must have been bold that did not despair at the sight of such an Augean stable.

In the first place, our system of purchasing commissions—itself an evil in a military point of view, and yet indispensable to the freedom of the country—had been stretched so far as to open the way to every sort of abuse. No science was required, no service, no previous experience whatsoever; the boy, let loose from school the last week, might in the course of a month be a field-officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were, against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle; and when he came from college, the fortunate youth was at least a lieutenant of some standing, by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances bestowed upon *young ladies*, when pensions could not be had. We know ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of captain in —— dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who at that period actually did duty; for, as we have said, no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers. If they desired to improve themselves in the elemental parts of their profession, there was no means open either of direction or of instruction.

But as a zeal for knowledge rarely exists where its attainment brings no credit or advantage, the gay young men who adopted the military profession were easily led into the fashion of thinking that it was pedantry to be master even of the routine of the exercise which they were obliged to perform. An intelligent serjeant whispered from time to time the word of command, which his captain would have been ashamed to have known without prompting; and thus the duty of the field-day was huddled over, rather than performed. It was natural, under such circumstances, that the pleasures of the mess, or of the card or billiard-table, should occupy too much of the leisure of those who had so few duties to perform, and that extravagance, with all its disreputable consequences, should be the characteristic of many; while others, despairing of promotion, which could only be acquired by money or influence, sunk into mere machines, performing without hope or heart a task which they had learned by rote.

To this state of things, by a succession of well-considered and effectual regulations, the Duke of York put a stop with a firm yet gentle hand. Terms of service were fixed for every rank, and neither influence nor money was permitted to force any individual forward, until he had served the necessary time in the present grade which he held. No rank short of that of the Duke of York—no courage and determination inferior to that of his Royal Highness, could have accomplished a change so important to the service, but which yet was so unfavourable to the wealthy and to the powerful, whose children and *protégés* had formerly found a brief way to promotion. Thus a protection was afforded to those officers who could only hope to rise by merit and length of service, while at the same time the young aspirant was compelled to discharge the duties of a subaltern before attaining the higher commissions.

In other respects, the influence of the Commander-in-Chief was found to have the same gradual and meliorating influence. The vicissitudes of real service, and the emergencies to which individuals are exposed, began to render ignorance unfashionable, as it was speedily found, that mere valour, however fiery, was unable, on such occasions, for the extrication of those engaged in them; and that they who knew their duty and discharged it, were not only most secure of victory and safety in action, but most distinguished at head-quarters, and most certain of promotion. Thus a taste for studying mathematics, and calculations applicable to war, was gradually introduced into the army, and carried by some officers to a great length; while a perfect acquaintance with the routine of the field-day was positively demanded from every officer in the service as an indispensable qualification.

His Royal Highness also introduced a species of moral discipline among the officers of our army, which has had the highest consequences on their character. Persons of the old school of Captain Plume and Captain Brazen, men who swore hard, drank deep, bilked tradesmen, and plucked pigeons, were no longer allowed to arrogate a character which they could only support by deep oaths and ready swords. If a tradesman, whose bill was unpaid by an officer, thought proper to apply to the Horse-Guards, the debtor received a letter from head-quarters, requiring to know if

ther existed any objections to the account; and failing his rendering a satisfactory answer, he was put on stoppages until the creditor's demand was satisfied. Repeated applications of this kind might endanger the officer's commission, which was then sold for the payment of his creditors. Other moral delinquencies were at the same time adverted to; and without maintaining an inquisitorial strictness over the officers, or taking too close inspection of the mere gaieties and follies of youth, a complaint of any kind, implying a departure from the character of a gentleman and a man of honour, was instantly inquired into by the commander-in-chief, and the delinquent censured or punished as the case seemed to require. The army was thus like a family under protection of an indulgent father, who, willing to promote merit, checks with a timely frown the temptations to licence and extravagance.

The private soldiers equally engaged the attention of his Royal Highness. In the course of his superintendence of the army, a military dress, the most absurd in Europe, was altered for one easy and comfortable for the men, and suitable to the hardships they are exposed to in actual service. The severe and vexatious rules exacted about the tying of hair, and other trifling punctilios (which had been found sometimes to goad troops into mutiny), were abolished, and strict cleanliness was substituted for a Hottentot head-dress of tallow and flour. The pay of the soldier was augmented, while care was at the same time taken that it should, as far as possible, be expended in bettering his food and extending his comforts. The slightest complaint on the part of a private sentinel was as regularly inquired into, as if it had been preferred by a general officer. Lastly, the use of the cane (a brutal practice, which our officers borrowed from the Germans,) was entirely prohibited; and regular corporal punishments by the sentence of a court-martial have been gradually diminished.

If, therefore, we find in the modern British officer more information, a more regular course of study, a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his profession, and a greater love for its exertions—if we find the private sentinel discharge his duty with a mind unembittered by petty vexations and regimental exactions, conscious of immunity from capricious violence, and knowing where to appeal if he sustains injury—if we find in all ranks of the army a love of their profession, and a capacity of matching themselves with the finest troops which Europe ever produced—to the memory of his Royal Highness the Duke of York we owe this change from the state of the forces thirty years since.

The means of improving the tactics of the British army did not escape his Royal Highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment after his own fashion; and if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement, and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts of it on the same principle. This was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction and counte-

nance of his Royal Highness. This one circumstance, of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are after all but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army; and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute any combined movements at all.

We can but notice the Duke of York's establishment near Chelsea for the orphans of soldiers, the cleanliness and discipline of which are a model for such institutions; and the Royal Military School, or College, at Sandhurst, where every species of scientific instruction is afforded to those officers whom it is desirable to qualify for the service of the staff. The excellent officers who have been formed at this institution are the best pledge of what is due to its founder. Again we repeat, that if the British soldier meets his foreign adversary, not only with equal courage, but with equal readiness and facility of manœuvre—if the British officer brings against his scientific antagonist, not only his own good heart and hand, but an improved and enlightened knowledge of his profession, to the memory of the Duke of York the army and the country owe them.

The character of his Royal Highness was admirably adapted to the task of this extended reformation in a branch of the public service on which the safety of England absolutely depended for the time. Without possessing any brilliancy, his judgment, in itself clear and steady, was inflexibly guided by honour and principle. No solicitations could make him promise what it would have been inconsistent with these principles to grant; nor could any circumstances induce him to break or elude the promise which he had once given. At the same time, his feelings, humane and kindly, were, on all possible occasions, accessible to the claims of compassion; and there occurred but rare instances of a wife widowed, or a family rendered orphans, by the death of a meritorious officer, without something being done to render their calamities more tolerable.

As a statesman, the Duke of York, from his earliest appearance in public life, was guided by the opinions of Mr. Pitt. But two circumstances are worthy of remark: First, that his Royal Highness never permitted the consideration of politics to influence him in his department of commander-in-chief, but gave alike to Whig as to Tory the preferment their service or their talents deserved. Secondly, in attaching himself to the party whose object it is supposed to be to strengthen the Crown, his Royal Highness would have been the last man to invade, in the slightest degree, the rights of the people. The following anecdote may be relied upon: At the table of the commander-in-chief, not many years since, a young officer entered into a dispute with Lieutenant-Colonel —— upon the point to which military obedience ought to be carried. "If the commander-in-chief," said the young officer, like a second Seid, "should command me to do a thing which I knew to be civilly illegal, I should not scruple to obey him, and consider myself relieved from all responsibility by the commands of my military superior."—"So would not I," re-

turned the gallant and intelligent officer who maintained the opposite side of the question. "I should rather prefer the risk of being shot for disobedience by my commanding officer, than hanged for transgressing the laws and violating the liberties of the country."—"You have answered like yourself," said his Royal Highness, whose attention had been attracted by the vivacity of the debate; "and the officer would deserve both to be shot and hanged that should act otherwise. I trust all British officers would be as unwilling to execute an illegal command, as I trust the commander-in-chief would be incapable of issuing one."

The religion of the Duke of York was sincere, and he was particularly attached to the doctrines and constitution of the Church of England. In this his Royal Highness strongly resembled his father; and, like his father, he entertained a conscientious sense of the obligations of the coronation oath, which prevented him from acquiescing in the further relaxation of the laws against Catholics. We pronounce no opinion on the justice of his Royal Highness's sentiments on this important point; but we must presume them to have been sincerely entertained, since they were expressed at the hazard of drawing down upon his Royal Highness an odium equally strong and resentful.

In his person and countenance, the Duke of York was large, stout, and manly; he spoke rather with some of the indistinctness of utterance peculiar to his late father, than with the precision of enunciation which distinguishes the King, his royal brother. Indeed, his Royal Highness resembled his late Majesty perhaps the most of any of George III.'s descendants. His family affections were strong; and the public cannot have forgotten the pious tenderness with which he discharged the duty of watching the last days of his royal father, darkened as they were by corporeal blindness and mental incapacity. No pleasure, no business, was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitted attention. The same ties of affection united his Royal Highness to other members of his family, and particularly to its present Royal Head. Those who witnessed the coronation of his present Majesty will long remember, as the most interesting part of that august ceremony, the cordiality with which his Royal Highness the Duke of York performed his act of homage, and the tears of affection which were mutually shed between the royal brethren. The King's nearest brother in blood was also his nearest in affection; and the subject who stood next to the throne was the individual who would most willingly have laid down his life for its support.

In social intercourse the Duke of York was kind, courteous, and condescending; general attributes, we believe, of the blood royal of England, and well befitting the princes of a free country. It may be remembered, that when, in "days of youthful pride," his Royal Highness had wounded the feelings of a young nobleman, he never thought of sheltering himself behind his rank, but manfully gave reparation by receiving the (well nigh fatal) fire of the offended party, though he declined to return it.

We would here gladly conclude

the subject, but to complete a portrait, the shades as well as the lights must be inserted; and in their foibles, as well as their good qualities, Princes are the property of history. Occupied perpetually with official duty, which, to the last period of his life, he discharged with the utmost punctuality, the Duke of York was peculiarly negligent of his own affairs; and the embarrassments which arose in consequence, were considerably increased by an imprudent passion for the turf and for deep play. Those unhappy propensities exhausted the funds with which the nation supplied him liberally, and sometimes produced extremities which must have been painful to a man of temper so honourable. The exalted height of his rank, which renders it doubtless more difficult to look into and regulate domestic expenditure, together with the engrossing duties of his Royal Highness's office, may be admitted as alleviations, but not apologies, for their imprudence.

A criminal passion of a different nature proved, at one part of the Duke's life, fraught with consequences likely to affect his character, destroy the confidence of the country in his efforts, and blight the fair harvest of national gratitude for which he had toiled so hard. It was a striking illustration of the sentiment of Shakspeare:

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make whips to scourge us.

The Duke of York, married to Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia, September 29, 1791, lived with her on terms of decency, but not of affection; and the Duke had formed, with a female called Clarke, a connection, justifiable certainly neither by the laws of religion nor morality. Imprudently he suffered this woman to express her wishes to him for the promotion of two or three officers, to whose preferment there could be no other objection than that they were recommended by such a person. It might doubtless have occurred to the Duke, that the solicitations of a woman like this were not likely to be disinterested; and, in fact, she seems to have favoured one or two persons as being her paramours; several for mere prospect of gain, which she had subordinate agents to hunt out for; and one or two from a real sense of good-nature and benevolence. The examination of this woman and her various profligate intimates before the House of Commons occupied that assembly for nearly three months, and that with an intenseness of anxiety seldom equalled. The Duke of York was acquitted from the motion brought against him by a majority of 80; but so strong was the outcry against him without doors, so much was the nation convinced that all Mrs. Clarke said was true, and so little could they be brought to doubt that the Duke of York was a conscious and participant actor in all that person's schemes, that his Royal Highness, seeing his utility obstructed by popular prejudice, tendered to his Majesty the resignation of his office, which was accepted accordingly, March 20, 1809. And thus, as, according to Solomon, a dead fly can pollute the most precious unguent, was the honourable fame, acquired by the services of a lifetime, obscured by the consequences of what the gay world would have termed a venial levity. The warning to those of birth and eminence is of the most serious nature. This step had not been long taken, when the mist in which the question was involved began to disperse. The public accuser in

the House of Commons, Colonel Wardle, was detected in some suspicious dealings with the principal witness, Mrs. Clarke, and it was evidently expectation of gain that had brought this lady to the bar as an evidence. Next occurred, in the calm moments of retrospect, the great improbability that his Royal Highness ever could know on what terms she negociated with those in whose favour she solicited. It may be well supposed she concealed the motive for interesting herself in such as were his own favoured rivals; and what greater probability was there, that she should explain to him her mercenary speculations, or distinguish them from the intercessions which she made on more honourable motives? When the matter of accusation was thus reduced to his Royal Highness's having been, in two or three instances, the dupe of an artful woman, men began to see, that when once the guilt of entertaining a mistress was acknowledged, the disposition to gratify such a person, who must always exercise a natural influence over her paramour, follows as a matter of course. It was then that the public compared the extensive and lengthened train of public services, by which the Duke had distinguished himself in the management of the army, with the trifling foible of his having granted one or two favours, not in themselves improper, at the request of a woman who had such opportunities to press her suit; and, doing to his Royal Highness the justice he well deserved, welcomed him back, in May 1811, to the situation from which he had been driven by calumny and popular prejudice.

In that high command his Royal Highness continued to manage our military affairs. During the last years of the most momentous war that ever was waged, his Royal Highness prepared the most splendid victories our annals boast, by an unceasing attention to the character and talents of the officers and the comforts and health of the men. Trained under a system so admirable, our army seemed to increase in efficacy, power, and even in numbers, in proportion to the increasing occasion which the public had for their services. Nor is it a less praise, that when the men so disciplined returned from scenes of battle, ravaged countries, and stormed cities, they resumed the habits of private life as if they had never left them; and that of all the crimes which the criminal calendar presents (in Scotland at least), there are not above one or two instances in which the perpetrators have been disbanded soldiers. This is a happy change since the reduction of the army, after peace with America in 1783, which was the means of infesting the country with ruffians of every description; and in the prison of Edinburgh alone, there were six or seven disbanded soldiers under sentence of death at the same time.

This superintending care, if not the most gaudy, is amongst the most enduring flowers which will bloom over the Duke of York's tomb. It gave energy to Britain in war, and strength to her in peace. It combined tranquillity with triumph, and morality with the habits of a military life. If our soldiers have been found invincible in battle, and meritorious in peaceful society when restored to its bosom, let no Briton forget that this is owing to the paternal care of him to whose memory we here offer an imperfect tribute.

THE FISHERMAN'S TALE.

Extracted from "Head-Pieces and Tail-Pieces." By a Travelling Artist.

THERE is a village in Scotland called Gourloch, situated on the shore of a fine bay, about three or four miles from the town of Delingburn, and inhabited mostly by fishermen, who let part of their houses in the summer months to people who resort thither for the purpose of bathing.

There is perhaps no other part of Scotland, or of the British Islands, which presents so much richness and variety of scenery. From the summit of a hill of very precipitous ascent, a little way to the east of the village, the view is particularly fine, embracing an extent of country unusual in such situations, where the intervention of mountains commonly shuts in the landscape too abruptly.

When descending one day during my visit to the west country from this commanding spot, I sat down, wearied with the exertion, on a huge isolated rock, near the narrow path by which alone the hill is accessible. On the stone were inscribed in rude characters the words, "Rest and be thankful!" which I felt to be exceedingly appropriate. Presently an elderly man of a grave aspect and a maritime appearance, winding slowly up the hill, came and sat down near me on the rock. I guessed him to be one of the better class of fishermen from the village, who had purchased, with the toil of his youth and his manhood, a little breathing time to look about him in the evening of his days, ere the coming of the night. After the usual salutations, we fell into discourse together, and I found him to be a man who had looked well about him in his pilgrimage, and reasoned upon things and feelings—not living as the brutes that perish.

After a pause in the conversation, he remarked, as I thought, in somewhat a disjointed manner, "Is it not strange, sir, the thoughts that sometimes come into the brain of man—sleeping or waking, like a breath of wind that blows across his bosom, coming he knows not whence, and going he knows not whither—and yet unlike the wind, that ruffles not the skin it touches, they leave behind them an impression and a feeling, and are as things real and authentic, and may become the springs of human action, and mingle in the thread of human destiny?"

"Strange," said I, "indeed! It has been my fortune more than once to be a witness of occurrences, which brought home to me reflections of that nature, with a solemn earnestness I sought to turn aside. But it seems to me that your remark, though of a general nature, must have been made in mental reference to some particular thing, and I would fain crave to know what it is."

"You are right," said he, "I was thinking at the moment of something which has sat, for many days past, like a mill-stone on my mind; and I will tell it to you with pleasure."

So I edged myself closer to him on the stone that I might hear the better, and without more preamble, the Scottish fisherman began his story, as nearly as I remember, in the following words:

"About six months ago a wedding took place in our village, and a more comely and better looked-on couple never came together. Mr. Douglas,

though the son of a poor man, had been an officer in the army, an ensign, I'm thinking; and when his regiment was disbanded he came to live here on his half-pay and whatever little else he might have. Jeanie Stuart, at the time, was staying with an uncle, one of our folk, her parents having been taken away from her, and made up for her board, as far as she could, by going in the summer-season to sew in the families that come out then like clocks from the holes and corners of the great towns, to wash themselves in the caller sea. So gentle she was, and so calm in her deportment, and so fain to look on withal, that even these nobility of the loom and the sugar-hogshead thought it no dishonour to have her among them; and unknowingly, as it were, they treated her just as if she had been of the same human mould with themselves.

"Well, they soon got acquainted, our Jeanie and Mr. Douglas, and the end of it was they were married. They lived in a house there, just beyond the point that you may see forms the opposite angle of the bay, not far from a place called Kempuckstane; and Mr. Douglas just employed himself, like any of the rest of us, in fishing, and daundering about, and mending his nets, and such like. Jeanie was now a happy woman, for she had aye a mind above the commonalty; and I am bold to say, thought her stay long enough among these would-be gentry, where she sat many a wearisome day, and would fain have retired from their foolishness into the strength and greenness of her own soul.

"But now she had a companion and an equal, and indeed a superior; for Mr. Douglas had seen the world, and could while away the time in discoursing of the ferlies he had seen and heard tell of in foreign lands among strange people and unknown tongues. And Jeanie listened and listened, and thought her husband the first of mankind. She clung to him as the honeysuckle clings to the tree; his pleasure was her pleasure, his sorrow was her sorrow, and his bare word was her law. One day, about two weeks ago, she appeared dull and dispirited, and complained of a touch of the head-ache; on which Mr. Douglas advised her to go to bed and rest herself awhile, which she said she would do; and having some business in the village, he went out. On coming back, however, in the forenoon, he found her just in the same spot, leaning her head on her hand; but she told him she was better, and that it was nothing at all. He then began to get his nets ready, saying he was going out with some lads of the village to the deep-sea fishing, and would be back the next day. She looked at him long and strangely, as if wondering at what he was doing, and understanding not any thing that was going on. But finally, when he came to kiss her and bid her good bye, she threw her arms round him, and when he would have gone she held him fast, and her bosom heaved as if her heart would break—but still she said nothing.

"'What can be the matter with you, Jeanie?' said Mr. Douglas.

"'Stay with me to-day!' said she at last; 'depart not this night—just this one night—it is not much to ask—and to-morrow I will not be your hindrance a moment.'

"But Mr. Douglas was vexed at such folly, and she could answer no-

thing better to his questions than that a thought had come into her head, and she could not help it. So he was resolved to go, and he kissed her, and threw his nets on his shoulder and went away. For some minutes after, Jeanie stood just on the same spot, looking at the door where he had gone out, and then began to tremble all over like the leaf of a tree; at length coming to herself with a start, she knelt down on both knees, and throwing back her hair over her forehead, turned her face towards heaven, and prayed with a loud voice to the Almighty, 'that she might still have her husband in her arms that night.' For some moments she remained motionless and silent in the same attitude, till at length a sort of brightness, resembling a calm smile, passed over her countenance, like a gleam of sunshine on the smooth sea, and bending her head low and reverently, she rose up. She then went as usual about her household affairs. and appeared not any thing discomposed, but as tranquil and happy as if nothing had happened.

"Now the weather was fine and calm in the morning, but towards the afternoon it came on to blow; and indeed the air had been so sultry all day, that the old seafarers might easily tell there would be a racket of the elements before long.

"As the wind, however, had been rather contrary, it was supposed that the boats could not have got far enough out to be in the mischief, but would put back when they saw the signs in the sky.

"But in the mean time the wind increased, till, towards night, it blew as hard a gale as we have seen in these parts for a long time: the ships out there, at the tail of the bank, were driven from their moorings, and two of them stranded on their beam-ends, on the other side. Every stick and stitch on the sea made for any port they could find; and as the night came on in darkness and thunder, it was a scene that might cow even the hearts that had been brought up on the water as if it was their proper element, and been familiar with the voice of the tempest from their young days. There was a sad lamenting and murmuring then among the women-folk, especially them that were kith or kin to the lads on the sea; and they went to one another's houses in the midst of the storm and the rain, and put in their pale faces through the darkness as if searching for hope and comfort, and drawing nearer to one another like a flock of frightened sheep, in their fellowship of grief and fear. But there was one who stirred not from her home, and who felt no terror at the shrieking of the night-storm, and sought for no comfort in the countenance of man—and that was the wife of Mr. Douglas. She sometimes, indeed, listened to the howling of the sea, that came by fits on her ear like the voice of the water-kelpie, and, starting, would lay down her work for a moment; but then she remembered the prayer she had prayed to Him who holds the reins of the tempest in his hands, and who says to the roaring waters, 'Be still,' and they are still; and the glorious balm she had felt to sink into her heart at that moment of high and holy communion, even like the dew of heaven on a parched land. So her soul was comforted, and she said to herself, 'God is not a man that he can lie;' and she rested on his assurance as on a rock, and laughed to scorn the trembling of her wo-

man's bosom—for why? The anchor of her hope was in heaven, and what earthly storm was so mighty as to remove it? Then she got up and put the room in order, and placed her husband's shoes to air at the fireside, and stirred up the fuel, and drew in the arm-chair for her weary and storm-beaten mariner. Then would she listen at the door, and look out into the night for his coming; but could hear no sound save the voice of the waters and the footstep of the Tempest as he rushed along the deep. She then went in again, and walked to and fro in the room with a restless step, but an unblanched cheek. At last the neighbours came to her house, knowing that her husband was one of them that had gone out that day, and told her that they were going to walk down to the Clough, even in the mirk hour, to try if they could not hear some news of the boats. So she went with them, and we walked all together along the road, it might be some twenty or thirty of us; but it was remarked that though she came not hurriedly nor in fear, yet she had not even thrown her cloak on her shoulders to defend her from the night-air, but came forth with her head uncovered, and in her usual raiment of white, like a bride to the altar. As we passed along, it must have been a strange sight to see so many pale faces by the red glare of the torches they carried, and to hear so many human wailings filling up the pauses of the storm; but at the head of our melancholy procession there was a calm heart and a firm step, and they were Jeanie's. Sometimes, indeed, she would look back as some cry of womanish foreboding from behind would smite on her ear, and strange thoughts would crowd into her mind; and once she was heard to mutter, if her prayer had but saved her husband, to bind some other innocent victim on the mysterious altar of wrath! and she stopped for a moment, as if in anguish at the wild imagination. But now, as we drew nearer the rocks where the lighthouse is built, sounds were heard distinctly on the shore, and we waved our torches in the air and gave a great shout, which was answered by kent voices; for they were some of our own people, and our journey was at an end. A number of us then went on before, and groped our way among the rocks as well as we could for the darkness: but a woeful tale met our ear; for one of the boats had been shattered to pieces while endeavouring to land there, and when we went down they were just dragging the body of a comrade stiff and stark from the sea. When the women behind heard it, there was a terrible cry of dismay, for no one knew but it might have been her own brother or son; and some who held torches dropped them for fear, trembling to have the terrors of their hearts confirmed. There was one, however, who stood calm and unmoved by the side of the dead body. She spoke some words of holy comfort to the women, and they were silent at her voice. She then stepped lightly forward, and took a torch from the trembling hand that held it, and bent down with it beside the corpse. As the light fell one moment on her own fair face, it shewed no signs of womanish feeling at the sight and touch of mortality; a bright and lovely bloom glowed on her

cheek, and a heavenly lustre burned in her eye; and as she knelt there, her long dark hair floating far on the storm, there was that in her look which drew the gaze even of that terrified group from the object of their doubt and dread. The next moment the light streamed on the face of the dead—the torch dropped from her hand—and she fell on the body of her husband.

"*Her prayer was granted.* She held her husband in her arms that night, and, although no struggles of parting life were heard or seen, she died on his breast."

PLAN OF A MARRIAGE-OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—You will, I believe, agree with me, that there never was a period when patriotism and philanthropy were so general as at present. Formerly, people devoted their time and their thoughts to plans for the furtherance of their own private interest; now, the public good is the darling object of all speculators: witness the thousand and one new schemes of all descriptions which have been set on foot, within the last two or three years, to render the English the richest, most learned, and most polished people on the earth. I flatter myself that it was reserved for your humble servant to render them the happiest also. Yes, Mr. Editor, I may boldly present myself to my dear countrymen and countrywomen as the greatest benefactor they ever had; and in the full confidence that your philanthropy and patriotism will induce you to give all possible assistance to my plan, I hasten to lay it before you.

My intention, sir, is to establish a marriage-office—don't let the name shock your sensitive delicacy, Mr. Editor!—my office will resemble in nothing but the name those establishments which have often been tried in France, and are now so successfully carrying on in Paris. No, sir, far from entrapping folks into the fetters of Hymen, my object will be to provide them with partners every way suitable and unexceptionable; and it is in this respect that I shall deserve the proud title of a public benefactor. My establishment will be formed upon true principles; no deception, no false colours either of body or mind; all fair and aboveboard. My clients shall come together with their eyes open, having a full knowledge of each other's circumstances, good qualities, and faults.

"Humph!" methinks I hear you cry, with a sceptical shake of the head. Read and be convinced, Mr. Editor, that I promise no more than I shall be able to perform.

Here then, sir, is my plan: I propose to employ four assistants; out of these four, two will be devoted, one to the service of the ladies, the other to that of the gentlemen; the remaining two will act for both parties in common. When a customer presents himself or herself, he or she will be received by one of the first-mentioned assistants, whose business it will be, by a series of questions calculated for the purpose, to try the temper of the gentleman or lady.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you will think it impossible to perform this task effectually, without the interrogator so

far losing sight of politeness as to induce the person interrogated to cut the matter short by walking off. Sir, I have foreseen and provided for the difficulty. The agent I have selected to interrogate the gentlemen is a lady who has already buried three husbands, without ever having had a dispute with one of them, and whose present spouse offers to make oath that she is capable of trying the temper of Job himself, without uttering a word that in common parlance could be termed ill-bred. The person whom I intend to intrust with the charge of trying the temper of the ladies is a gentleman verging, as he himself expresses it, on old-bachelorism; in fact, he is just turned of sixty, and has, during the last five-and-thirty years, been noted by all his acquaintance as understanding perfectly the art of saying the most bitter and disagreeable things in the world, without ever trespassing on the rules of good-breeding.

As soon as my assistant has ascertained the exact quantity of patience and good temper which the candidate for matrimony possesses, he or she will be ushered into my audience-chamber, where I shall inform myself fully, but, as you may suppose, in the politest manner, respecting their fortune, family, and age. As for the last particular, I am sorry to say that I cannot trust implicitly to the word of my fair clients. Not that I think it possible they would deceive me. Heaven forbid that I should be capable of a suspicion which their well-known candour in that respect would render unjust and illiberal! But, unfortunately, all men have not the same confidence as myself in a lady's veracity when her age is in question. For that reason, then, and for that only, I shall require from each of my fair clients a certificate of baptism.

During the time that I am conversing with a lady or gentleman, an agent on the right hand, unseen by the party, shall be engaged in sketching his or her portrait, and one on the left, equally unseen, will take down in short-hand our conversation. As soon as the party has retired, I shall read and correct what has been written, and the notice thus corrected will be copied into a register, which, as well as the portraits, will serve fully to display the pretensions of my clients, without having recourse in the first instance to the common but indelicate practice of introducing them to each other.

None of my customers will have any reason to fear insincerity or partiality on my part, as I shall prove to you by the manner in which my notices will be drawn up. Take a sample:

"Miss D. is tall and graceful, but she is much too thin; her hair is long, soft, and glossy, but I do not conceal that its colour is nearer to red than auburn; her eyes are expressive and large; but I must in justice add, that her mouth is large too. She has a pretty hand and well-turned arm, but a splay foot and thick ancle; her eyebrows are finely arched, but her nose is somewhat of a pug. As for her moral qualities, I observe that she is generous, but very ready to run into debt; warm-hearted, but of a fiery temper; no lover of cards, but an incessant chatterer; frugal in her table and in the purchase of her clothes, but then she always has her gowns altered three times and her bonnets twice, that she may be in the very latest fashion."

You may see by my method, that I neglect no point, insignificant as it may appear; because there is nothing, however trifling, that may not have a serious effect upon the happiness of married people. I remember my grandfather and grandmother parted by mutual consent within a twelvemonth after they had married for love, because they could never agree about the proper method of carving a leg of mutton.

I shall observe as strict an impartiality in my descriptions of the gentlemen, as in those of the ladies; so that neither party can hereafter complain of being tricked into matrimony, as is too generally the case at present. Now, Mr. Editor, that I have imparted my plan to you, I ask, in the full confidence that your patriotism and philanthropy are equal to my own, for a little of your assistance to carry it into execution. Suppose you advance a couple of thousands or so, to enable me to take a handsome house at the west end of the town (we can get credit for the furniture you know), and to enable me to engage clerks and artists of high talent. Or if it should not be convenient to you to lay down quite so much, what do you think of our organizing a joint-stock company for the founding of such establishments all over the kingdom. Capital, half a million, to be raised by shares of 50*l.* each. The whole management of the concern to be vested in two directors—you and I, of course. You won't hesitate, I am sure, my dear sir, to advance me a few hundreds to set such a promising plan as this in motion. Famous scheme, isn't it? for the public good—and no bad thing neither for us benefactors of the nation: for we can't fail in a short time to realize more than has ever been made by all the mining speculations put together. Please to send me your answer with all convenient speed; and mind you keep the matter snug, for fear somebody else should get hold of the plan and forestall us. In the hope of hearing from you very soon, and to the purpose, I remain, very faithfully,

Yours,

THOMAS TRICKEM.

P. S. I believe I have forgot to mention that, *en attendant*, as the French say, I will just trouble you to send me five pounds by the bearer. I am a little in arrears with my landlady, who is one of those unreasonable people whom no promise can pacify, and the cursed clamour that she keeps up for her money hinders me from getting on with my prospectus.

[All that we can do for our correspondent is, to give gratuitous publicity to his scheme, which, though joint-stock concerns are just now rather below par, will, we doubt not, receive in this age of speculation all the encouragement that it deserves. —EDITOR.]

MUSICAL REVIEW.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. "*When shall we three meet again*," *composed by W. Horsley, arranged as a Rondo, with an Introductory Prelude*, by F. Ries. Op. 127. No. 2. Price 3s.—(Clementi and Co.)

2. "*L'Octave*," *a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, intended for the Practice of the Octave, from the Works of Bochsa, with Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.)* by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell.)

3. *English Divertimento for the Piano-forte,*

with an Accompaniment for the Flute, composed and arranged by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s. 6d —(Chappell)

4. *The celebrated Glee, "Come, all noble souls," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute,* by T. A. Rawlings. Price 4s —(Chappell.)
5. *"The Fall of Paris," with familiar Variations for the Piano-forte,* by S. F. Rimbault. Price 2s.—(Cocks and Co.)
6. *Musard's 44th and 45th Sets of Quadrilles, being the 1st and 2d from the "Crociato in Egitto," composed, and arranged for the Piano-forte, with an ad lib. Accompaniment for the Flute,* by P. Musard. Pr. 4s. each.—(Boosey and Co.)
7. *Rondeaux à la Masquerade; the Music consisting of popular Airs, selected and arranged for the Piano forte* by Joseph de Pinna. Op. 14. No. 1. price 2s.; No 2 pr. 2s. 6d. —(J. de Pinna.)

NUMEROUS as are the musical publications which demand our notice, we grieve to see that, with the exception of our vocal department, it is not our good fortune to present one piece to which the term of absolute originality can apply. All is adaptation, arrangement, variation in every sort of shape, and from every sort of source, high and middling. The art, we fear, is on its decline, and without the interposition of some master spirit of independence, to rescue it from its impending fate, the prospect before us is gloomy indeed. Whether this state of things is to be attributed to the professors of the art, or the public in general, or to both exerting reciprocal influence, is a question which we have not time nor room to discuss at present, but to which we may probably direct our attention on a future occasion.

1. Although we should have been better pleased if our friend Mr. Ries had favoured us with a composition entirely original, we are happy to have it in our power to recur at all to a name we hold in high respect, and which, in former times, so frequently employed our thoughts and critical functions. Mr. Horsley's air, which forms the basis of the present rondo, is universally and favourably known; and if the superstructure *is* to be reared on prior foundations, we can neither find fault with the choice nor with the quantum of talent displayed by the musical architect, who has succeeded in rearing a compact and neat little edifice, which, in spite of its dimensions, proclaims, in several of its parts and proportions, the hand of the true master.

2. The number of players, even past an age absolutely juvenile, who are deficient in such digital exercises as require the easy grasp of an octave, whether simultaneously taken, or in succession, or occurring in broken chords, &c. is extremely great. This defect sometimes proceeds from the peculiar conformation of the hand; but in general it is to be attributed to neglect on the part of masters, who are rather disposed to connive at the imperfection, than, by insisting on amendment, render the *apparent* proficiency of pupils less satisfactory to their friends.

To such defective performers a complete cure is held out by the meritorious labour of Mr. Klose, entitled very properly, "L'Octave." The remedy provided shews that Mr. K. has probed the sore in all its parts, and knows where the shoe pinches; and he has further evinced his good sense by administering the remedy, not in the direct dry form of exercises, at which many a young miss would be apt to turn up her nose, but in a kind of sonata, consisting of an allegro, an andantino, and a rondo of very pleasing materials, selected from the works of Mr. Bochsa.

3. Mr. Klose's English divertimen-

to is of very light calibre, a sort of hornpipy thing, which, we make no doubt, took no more time in devising than the current march of the pen would require. It has the recommendation of unquestionable executive facility, and of a very effective flute accompaniment, which indeed is often essential.

4. The divertimento of Mr. Rawlings has a good introduction, which is followed by an instrumental adaptation of Dr. Rogers' glee, "Come, all noble souls," a composition of a former age, which, amidst the stiffness of manner adherent to the period, shews traits of sound harmony not to be slighted in our modern times of luxuriant softness. Mr. Rawlings has handled these venerable materials with judgment, and has turned them to as good a purpose as the matter itself and the taste of the adapter could warrant us to expect.

5. "The Fall of Paris" has been "varied" so often that it would be difficult to treat it in a new manner; nor does it appear that this was Mr. R.'s intention in the present instance. He has made five plain and easy variations on the theme, which depart in no way from the routine method generally adopted, but which are perfectly proper, and fit to be given as a lesson to a pupil of very little advancement.

6. Our sentiments on the present rage for quadrillizing operas and every species of music, without exception, have been fully and freely stated on a late occasion. It is a matter perfectly understood now, that whatever music is practised by fair fingers, must be practised by the toes afterwards, *coute qu'il coute*. And the toes, it must be owned, have often the worst of it; for it can be no trifle to foot a "chorus of emirs and knights," or a "chorus of conspirators," as desired by Monsieur Musard's books before us. *A priori*, we should say that some of these tunes are undanceable; but the fact is, that they *are* danced, and danced with delight by the prettiest and most fashionable feet in the kingdom; a clear proof that we prim critics know exceedingly little about the matter; that we ought to confine ourselves to our consecutive fifths and octaves, tonics and dominant; and that if we meddle with toes we are sure to "put our foot in it." In a mere musical point of view—and there we have a right to speak—these quadrilles possess the advantage of a very select and proper harmonic arrangement. They furnish attractive melodic ideas well put together, which, supposing they are not applied to the purpose intended, may serve as short and very pretty pieces for practice.

7. Mr. de Pinna's "Rondeaux à la Masquerade" consist of a variety of popular airs, ingeniously strung together so as to be descriptive, with the help of a certain quantum of imagination, of the characters and humorous proceedings of a masked ball. To prevent mistakes, the meaning of the several pieces is fairly told. Thus we have, "Maskers assembling"—"Harlequin"—"Sportsmen in character" and "Tally-ho"—"Punchinello"—"Columbine"—"Combatants preparing for attack"—"Waltzing," &c. &c. and "Finale and good night." The tunes which depict all this fun are numerous and pleasant; some from our native English store, some from the "Crociato," some from the "Freyschutz," and from various other sources. The arrangement of

this humorous medley being really good and free from difficulties, there can be no doubt but that the collection will prove highly acceptable to the pupil.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. *"Douce Amitié," French Song; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Spanish Guitar,* by C.M. Sola. Pr. 1s. 6d. —(S. Chappell.)
2. *"Sure not confined to life's short compass;" the Music composed* by Richard Sharp. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
3. *"O sing, Zelinda, sing to me," a Canzonet; the Music composed* by W. Kirby Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S Chappell.)
4. *"The winds are high on Helle's wave," Recitative and Aria, composed* by S. Nelson. Pr 2s.—(S. Chappell.)
5. *"A mother's grief;" the Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte,* by F. Lemare. Pr. 2s.—(F. T. Latour.)
6. *Six Songs; viz. "The Violet," "The Morning Lark," "The Redbreast," "The Bee," "Gather your rosebuds," and "The Drum." The Music* by Joseph de Pinna. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(J. de Pinna, St. Michael's Court, Cornhill.)
7. *"I gave my love a budding rose," a Cavatina, composed* by M. W. Balfe. Pr. 2s.—(Boosey and Co.)
8. *Six Italian Ariette, with an easy Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, composed* by Ferd. Carulli. In two Books. Pr. 2s. each.—(Boosey and Co.)
9. *"Questo mio cor dolente," Romanza, composed, with an Accompaniment of the Spanish Guitar,* by P. Verini. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)
10. *Bolero for one or two Voices, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar,* by P. Verini Pr. 1s 6d.—(Boosey & Co.)

1. "Douce Amitié" is an elegant little song, quite in the French lyric style. There is a tasteful delicacy in the melody, and the accompaniment, whether for the guitar or the piano-forte (for both are given), is rich and select. A very interesting modulation occurs in the last line of p. 2, proceeding from G 3; through G, 3 ♭; F, 4 ♭, 6; E ♭, 3; E ♭, 6 ♯; D, 4, 6 ♮; D 7; back to the key (G): but the text, "m'ait *peut* trahir," might as well have been correctly spelled, "m'ait pu trahir." In the line "toi qui m'offrais un si tendre retour," we doubt the propriety of bringing "si" under the accented part of the bar. We should have preferred throwing "si" into the unaccented part of the preceding bar, and beginning the bar with "tendre." The symphony is also very elegant.

2. Mr. Sharp's song bears the stamp of pathetic feeling quite in accordance with the grave tenor of the poetry; and in the conduct of the harmony there is considerable scientific attainment displayed. The transient modulation in the concluding symphony from F; the key, through D ♭; B ♮ 7 ♭; C, 4, 6; C 7; to F again, calls for favourable notice; but a flat has been omitted for the A in the D ♭ chord. The object of the pause on "spirit," p. 2, l. 3, we cannot guess why put a pause in the midst of a sentence? In the fifth bar of the introductory symphony, the parallel motion of the bass and and treble ought also to have been avoided; it would have been perfectly easy to devise a contrary motion in this instance.

3. Mr. Kirby's canzonet is respectable. It presents no peculiar novelty of ideas, nor any melodic or harmonic feature of paramount interest; but it proceeds smoothly and satisfactorily in what it propounds. The vocal leap of a seventh downwards (g, ā, ā) at "O sing," in the first line of p. 3, unaccompanied as it occurs, is likely to create difficulty with many singers, and its effect is not such as to repay the effort.

4. Of Mr. Nelson's Recitative and Aria we could say more than our room permits. It bespeaks good musical tact and taste, and a lauda-

ble degree of careful endeavour to do well. The introductory recitative is perfectly pathetic and altogether in a very select style. The text is well expressed, the accompaniments are devised with classic propriety, and the instrumental episodes are particularly fresh and vivid. The Aria also possesses various claims on our favour, especially its first portion in $\frac{3}{4}$ time; it has a good flow of pleasing cantability, and is well supported by an effective accompaniment of much variety. The concluding strain in $\frac{4}{4}$ time made rather less impression upon us, its progress being somewhat more languid; but this may be matter of taste: the composition, as a whole, is truly meritorious.

5. "A mother's grief" presents an affecting picture of infant ailments leading to dissolution. The long text by the Rev. Mr. Dale was certainly not intended for musical composition; and, if we are to state our opinion candidly, we should say, generally, that poetry of this woeful description had better be left for the closet. What's the good of making a song of it? For ourselves, at least, we do not envy the mental organization that can derive gratification from the performance, *supposing* the party to be not personally concerned in the distressing tale; and in the present case, where the composition is dedicated to a disconsolate parent, what else can be the result than to open wounds which it ought to be our endeavour to heal? Fearfully powerful as are the effects of music, we should dread the consequences which the execution of a song of this description might produce on the susceptibility of many a female frame, under similar circumstances of parental grief. Mr. Lemare, no doubt, meant well, and his offering, for aught we know, may have been well received; but the experiment of such a gift is at best hazardous. As to the music itself, it is meritorious, and we must add, its general character is rather that of tender and feeling expression, than deep and heart-rending pathos; so that the sombre hue of the poetry is perhaps rather subdued by the more even colouring of the composer.

6. The six songs entitled "The Violet," "The Morning Lark," "The Redbreast," "The Bee," "The Rosebud," and "The Drum," are well calculated, and probably intended, for vocalists of tender years. The several texts by Cunningham, Thomson, Langhorne, Dr. Watts, and Scott are of a moral tendency; the melodies, as well as the accompaniments, are perfectly easy of execution; occasionally rather plain, and sometimes in a style which cannot lay claim to absolute novelty of invention: but every thing upon the whole is satisfactory and likely to interest the parties in view. To "The Redbreast" and "The Drum," and particularly to the former, our individual taste would yield the preference.

7. In Mr. Balfe's cavatina we discover some ideas savouring of Rossini's ways, and a general adherence to the Italian vocal style, with which we should be the last to find fault, especially in a composition which has afforded us so much satisfaction. The whole is conceived in a truly classic manner. In p. 1 we have to approve the neat motivo of the song itself, and the Rossinian modulation to the minor mode of the great third of the tonic (F major), &c. The second page presents a fine launch into the extraneous key of D ♭, from which Mr.

B. extricates himself by a modulation of great ease and neatness. The minore in p. 3 is select in style: the typographical error of A instead of B, in the treble of bar 3, l. 3, requires correction. In the coda, pp. 4, 5, Mr. B. assumes an animation and style quite Italian; and he concludes his cavatina, amidst operatic forms and figures, with great vocal effect and climax.

8. Signor Carulli's two books of Arietts have great claims on the favour of the Guitar-amateur. The price, in the first place, is very reasonable; the guitar-accompaniment, although full and effective, is within the capabilities of a very moderate player; and the vocal part, however occasionally set out by adventitious embellishment, presents no passages with which a singer of the least practice may not be presumed to have become more or less familiar. The texts, as may be supposed, are amatory, chiefly portraying innocent sentiments of pastoral love. These are aptly expressed by the melodies, which are soft, tasteful, and invariably interesting, without striking much into conceptions of positive originality; but in the accompaniments we have met with some unusual, but not censurable, progressions. Of this kind is the avoided cadence in "Zeffiretto che tra i fiori," p. 3, bb. 4 and 5; viz. C, 4, 6; C, 7 ♭; A, 3 ♯.

9. 10. No. 9 is an Italian text, to which Signor Verini has devised a simple and easy, but very fascinating, melody, rather in the Spanish vocal style. The guitar part is mere arpeggio, and therefore free from difficulty. "Solu," in p. 2, should be "sola." In the 2d stanza, owing to a want of correspondence with the first, as to the poetry, the inconvenience presents itself of the sense of the text remaining suspended while the air comes to a strong cadence (p. 3, last line). The Bolero, No. 10, for one or two voices, has a Spanish text, and its originality and truly Spanish character render it singularly attractive.

HARP-MUSIC.

1. *"Il faut suivre la mode," petite Bagatelle, Rondo for the Harp on Bishop's Air, "Buy a broom," composed* by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
2. *The admired Airs, "Beautiful are the fields" and "Tremble, ye Genii," from Bishop's Opera of "Aladdin," arranged for the Harp* by the same. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)
3. *Petite Piece for the Harp, introducing three Airs from Bishop's Opera, "Aladdin," composed* by the same. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

The above three pieces are arrangements or adaptations, more or less similar in plan, of much the same calibre, and not greatly differing in point of practicability. We have introductions, digressions, variations, treated in the manner in which publications of this kind are usually arranged by musical writers of repute; and as among the latter Mr. Bochsa's name certainly holds a place, and his tact, cleverness, and rapidity in devising productions of this description are extraordinary, and perhaps without parallel, it is scarcely necessary to state, that, in every one of the cases before us, Mr. B. has performed his task in an able and workmanlike manner. His "Buy a broom," in particular, may be termed a very complete and interesting piece in its kind. There is much ingenuity displayed throughout; the imitation of the cry, "Buy a broom," is really humorous and well brought in; and the allegro upon the theme of the air, with its various digressions, &c. is in good style and keeping.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

OPERA DRESS.

Dress of black crape over lavender satin; the *corsage* made quite plain and moderately high, with a trimming of black Italian crape folded longitudinally *à la Farinet*, and confined in the centre by a loop, with corded *gros de Naples* edges; the waist rather long; *gigot* sleeves, with an antique cuff of crape, with *gros de Naples* rouleaux, extending from the wrist upwards. The skirt has a deep border of crape, with loops of a black satin semicircular form, with corded edges, arranged four in a perpendicular row, and headed by a corded bow: between each row, which is about a quarter of a yard apart, another bow is introduced; beneath is a wadded hem. Black velvet cloak, made very long and full, and lined with Turkish satin; deep circular cape and square collar. Opera hat, *à la Berri*, of black velvet, the crown fitting close to the head, with an embroidered band; the brim, which is large and circular, is placed above, and ornamented on the right side with a cord and tassels. Gold earrings, necklace, and bracelets; white kid gloves, and black kid shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of black *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* cut bias and made with a little fulness, rather high in front, and straight; ornamented with a fluted trimming of black Italian crape, narrow in front, and gradually deepening to the shoulder: the short sleeve is full, and set in a band round the arm; the long sleeve is large, and of crape, with a coronet cuff of *gros de Naples*, fastened by a wrought iron cameo clasp. The skirt is ornamented with an intermixture of *gros de Naples* and crape of a fanciful pattern, headed by a narrow rouleau of satin, which is repeated between the trimming, and the skirt is terminated by a wadded hem. The head-dress consists of a very full wreath of black crape flowers, and a light *crêpe lisse* hat, *à la Marie Stuart*, with long lappets reaching to the waist. Large diamond-shaped black brooch in the front of the bust; German cast-iron necklace, ear rings, and bracelets with ear clasps. Black kid gloves and chamois shoes.

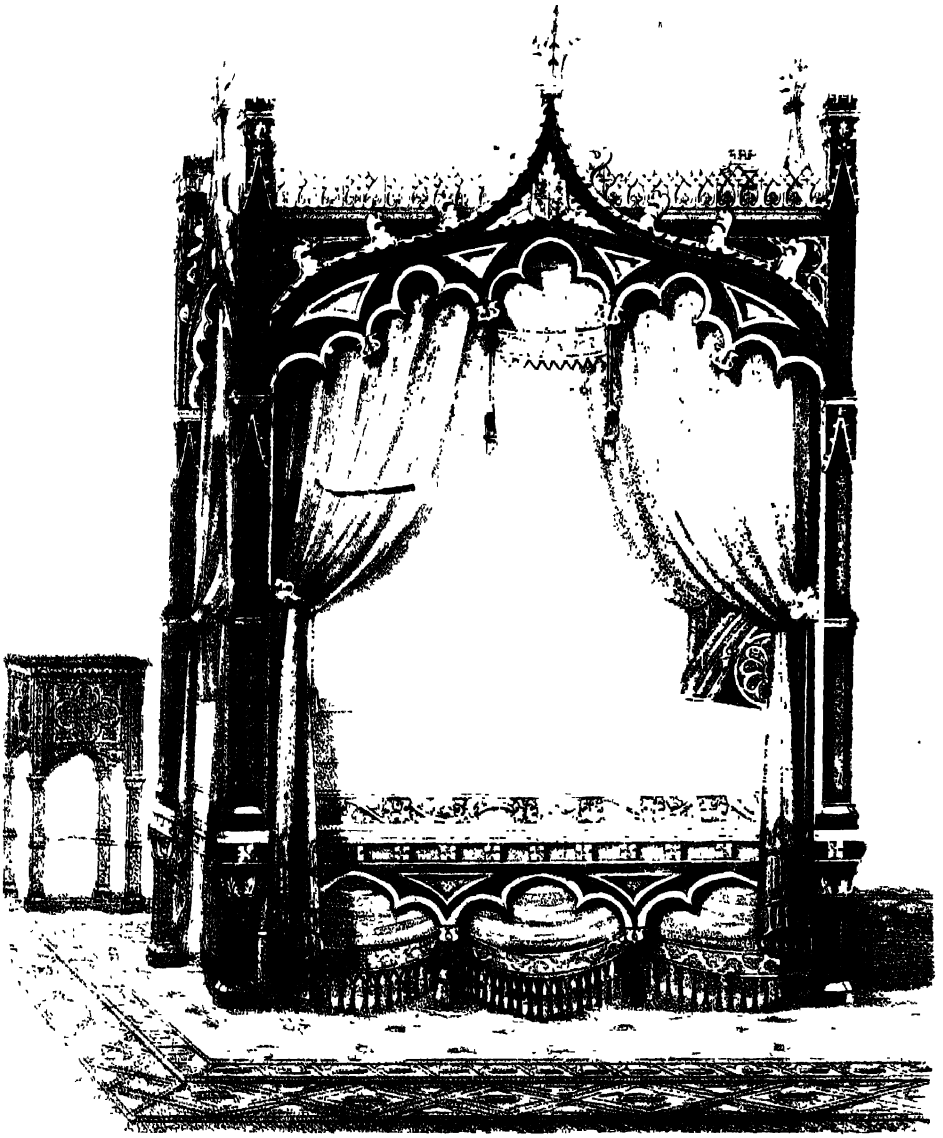
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A GOTHIC BED.

In a former part of this work, a design was given of a bed for a single person; but the present one is intended as a double or state-bed. It has long been a custom with the nobility of this country to be provided with a bed of this description, used only in case of being honoured with a visit from majesty or any other distinguished personage. As this custom is of very great antiquity, and as it existed at a time when Gothic architecture had attained the highest state of perfection, it may be presumed that no style can be more appropriate for decoration. It











has been generally considered that the architecture of the middle ages possesses more playfulness in its outline, and richness in its details, than any other style: it is capable of being divided into two distinct classes, viz. ecclesiastical and domestic; and it is among the latter that we must refer for examples. From the ravages of time, few specimens of this kind earlier than the reign of Henry VII. are now remaining; therefore, in our decorations, we must conform as much as possible to the character of that period. To this effect, the artist has introduced the low four-centred arch so often found in edifices of that time, surmounted by a richly carved finial: the posts at the four angles are of an earlier date, and resemble the carving on the tomb of Crouchback in Westminster Abbey.

The best materials for executing this design would be rose-wood and or-molu, as mahogany is liable to become of too dark a tint. The colour of the draperies is left to the taste of the decorator, but they ought generally to correspond with that of the hangings.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Proposals have been issued for publishing, by subscription, a *New Vitruvius Britannicus;* comprehending plans and elevations, drawn from actual measurement, and accompanied by scenic views, of all the most distinguished Residences in the United Kingdom, remarkable for their architectural features, or celebrated for internal magnificence, classing with buildings of the first consequence. Some historic notices will be added to each. The work will be printed on imperial folio, and got up under the superintendence of P. F. Robinson, architect, author of a work on Rural Architecture, &c. A number will appear every three months.

The first number of a *Naval and Military Magazine*, to be published quarterly, instituted for the purpose of supporting the interests of the army and navy, is in preparation.

Mr. W. Carpenter is preparing for publication, a *Reply* to the Accusations of Piracy and Plagiarism exhibited against the author in the January number of *The Christian Remembrancer*, in a review of "Horne and Carpenter's Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures." This pamphlet will contain some curious information on the art and mystery of book-making, as exemplified in the Rev. T. H. Horne's "Critical Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures."

In a few days will appear, *The Paris Barber*, from the French of M. de Kock, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

George Thompson, Esq. who has been eight years a resident at the Cape, and has just returned to England, is about to publish a *Narrative of his Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa.*

Captain G. M. Jones, R. N. has in the press, in 2 vols. 8vo. *Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, the Coasts of the Sea of Azof and the Black Sea;* with a Review of the Trade in the Black Sea, and of the System of Manning the Navy in different Countries of Europe compared with that of England.

A new work by Mr Bowring, illustrative of the Literature and Poetry of Poland, will very shortly make its appearance.

Mr. Murphy has announced a series of engravings from the *Portraits at Windsor of the beautiful and celebrated Women of the Court and Reign of Charles II.* forming a splendid illustration of the Memoirs of De Grammont, the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, and other works

connected with that gay and interesting period; with biographical and critical notices, which the publisher has been collecting for many years from the most authentic sources.

A series of *Views in the West Indies*, engraved from drawings recently taken in the islands, with letter-press explanations, will speedily be published, with the intention of exhibiting a faithful outline of the existing state of slavery on the plantations in the British Islands, the costume of the Negroes, &c.

A new historical novel, to be entitled *Dame Rebecca Berry, or Court Scenes in the Reign of Charles II.* is in the press.

A work is in preparation, which, if well conducted, promises to be of great use to many classes of readers. It will be entitled *Library of Useful Knowledge*, and will consist of a Series of Elementary Treatises on the various branches of Philosophy, History, and Art, illustrated with neat engravings on wood. Each treatise will form a number, and two numbers will be published monthly, commencing with the middle of February.

In the press, in 2 vols. post 8vo. *Tales of Welsh Society and Scenery*, containing descriptions of the manners and holiday pastimes of the natives of the upland districts of the principality.

Mr. Hood, the humorous author of "Whims and Oddities," is preparing for publication a series of *Tales*.

Mr. Grote, jun. of the banking-house of Grote, Prescott, and Co. has made great progress in a new *History of Greece*, in which the literature, science, and arts of that country are treated of in a much more detailed and prominent manner than in Colonel Mitford's work, which is more of a political nature.

At a late meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Markland presented an account of a MS. containing the expenses of the privy purse of King Henry VIII. from 1529 to 1533, in the possession of Mr. Pickering of Chancery-lane, and containing very curious and interesting particulars illustrative of the manners, customs, amusements, and expenses of the times. It is intended to publish a limited impression of this MS. uniformly with the "Northumberland Household-Book," under the care of that indefatigable antiquary, Mr. Nicholas.

AURISCOPE.

The difficulty of inspecting the *meatus auditorius*, or passage of the ear, from its peculiar winding structure, is well known: hence the uncertainty that often arises in ascertaining the cause of diseases of this organ. In consequence of a greater attention being paid to diseases of the ear than formerly, an ingenious French aurist has lately invented a novel instrument, termed an auriscope, which allows a complete inspection of the parts. It consists of a circular brass plate, with straps that go completely round the head, and at the angle over each ear is affixed a hook and screw, together with a lever, so as to pull the ear backwards and forwards in different directions, and thus lay the *meatus* open to the membrane of the tympanum. But this instrument being complex in its mechanism and painful in its application, has been reduced to greater simplicity and effect by Mr. J. Harrison Curtis, the surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, where, since making these alterations, he has had ample opportunities of appreciating its merits.

CALISTHENIC EXERCISES.

It is an admitted physiological fact, that imperfections in the female form have their origin for the most part in defective or irregular muscular action; and it is equally true that the mechanical contrivances usually resorted to for their removal have entirely failed. A series of muscular exercises, called Calisthenic*, are calculated to cure deformities of the figure, whilst they tend at the same time

* A term derived from two Greek words, signifying *beauty* and *strength*.

to invigorate the system and conduce to elegant deportment; thus combining the valuable qualities of a remedy with an agreeable recreation. They have been introduced, under the patronage of the Duchess of Wellington and Lady Noel Byron, by Miss Marian Mason, in George-street, Hanover-square, and have met with the perfect approbation of Sir Ashley Cooper, Messrs. Brodie, Travers, and other leading members of the profession, who have been present during their performance. These exercises are carefully accommodated to the delicate organization of the female sex and to the peculiar circumstances of the individual. We are assured that, although they have been established only a few months, they have proved very beneficial in several cases of deformity.

Poetry.

TO MY TWIN BOYS

By DAVID LESLIE RICHARDSON.

(From a new edition of "Sonnets and other Poems," in the press.)

GAY morning pilgrims! no dark cloud of care
Shall cross your early path. Your eyes shall meet
A charm in every scene—for all things greet
The dawn of life with hues divinely fair.
How brightly now your rosy features wear
The grace of guiltless joy! your bosoms beat
With no foreboding dreams—your cup is sweet—
The manna of delight is melting there!
Twin buds of life and love! my hope and pride!
Fair priceless jewels of a father's heart!
Stars of my home! nor sin nor sorrow hide
Your beauty yet; your stainless years depart
Like glittering streams that softly murmur by,
And bright-winged birds that pierce the sunny sky!

LINES

Written on the blank leaf of the "Forget Me Not" for 1826.

When smiling beauty walk'd this earth,
The Graces throng'd her bower,
And wove a garland for her brow,
To which each lent a flower.

Young Love presents his myrtle crown,
A rose Affection gave;
Fame brought the laurel, Wealth a gem—
A flower he could not have.

Ambition snatch'd the lofty palm,
And wreath'd it with the rest;
Some twined the lily, some the bud
Which minstrels love the best.

Young Beauty took the offer'd crown,
To dress her tresses gay;
When Friendship forward press'd, and said,
"Let me my tribute pay!"

And, slightly glancing o'er the wreath,
She from her fragrant grot
Selected what is Friendship's gift—
The flower, "Forget me not."

D. L. J.

SONG.

(From "The Harvest Festival, with other Poems." Published at Boston, United States.)

O yes! our forest home is sweet,
Its sylvan bowers I love;
'Tis like some fairy's cool retreat,
Or glen where sprites might rove;
And through the greenwood lattice streams
The starry radiance of the sky,
And on each sleeping wild flower beams
Like Love o'er Beauty's soft-fringed eye.

Then when the fresh breeze blows aside
The misty veil of morn,
And tints, like blushes of a bride,
Her virgin cheek adorn,
We haste where gushing fountains play,
Or where the silver brook glides by,
And laugh the joyous hours away,
In the light of Beauty's sunny eye.

SONG.

By J. M. LACEY.

Give me friendship, give me love,
They are joys that suit my soul;
Still their influence may I prove,
Still may they my mind controul!
For without them life's a void;
In the heart they should be wove;
With them I can ne'er be cloy'd—
Give me friendship, give me love!

Friendship still should share the thought,
When delight has made us gay;
And when 'tis with anguish fraught,
Still should sooth the dreary day.
Poor is man without a friend;
Rich, if one with truth he prove:
O ye powers! who blessings send,
Give me friendship, give me love!

She I love is mild and fair,
Gentle as the Zephyr's sigh;
She can sooth my bosom's care,
She can bid e'en anguish fly.
Sense and virtue grace her mind;
From such goodness can I rove?
Never—while 'tis mine to find
Friendship's joys entwin'd with love.

TO A TEAR.

There is, when day's last shadows fly,
And no observer's near,
A secret rapture in a sigh,
A pleasure in a tear.

There is, when hush'd is every sound,
The world absorb'd in sleep,
While peaceful silence reigns around,
A charm in pensive mood profound,
To sit alone and weep.

I own those briny drops of woe,
Child of the lonely hour;
I fondly love to bid thee flow,
And oft invite thee to bestow
Thy salutary power.

Then come, now bustling day is o'er,
And tranquil hours appear;
Peace to my wounded heart restore,
And let experience taste once more
The pleasures of a tear.

ORINA.

SONG.

It is a pleasure dear to me
To watch at dead of night,
And mark the peaceful slumb'ring sea
Gleam in the pale moonlight.

Oh! it is sweet at midnight hour
To touch the trembling lute,
And wake soft Music's magic pow'r,
When other sounds are mute.

For doubly dear are strains of joy
In Sorrow's melting numbers,
When all is hush'd, and every eye
Seems clos'd in balmy slumbers.

Yet sweeter far at dead of night
Is Music's pow'r to me,
When softly falls the pale moonlight
Upon the slumb'ring sea.

L. W.

ENIGMA*.

The past and the present my influence own,
The indigent peasant, the king on his throne;
I'm the prop of the state, the abettor of treason,
I live in disgrace, and with every reason
The minister feels me a "thorn in his side,"
For to aid his opposers I own is my pride;
Which is strange, since to render my services sure,
I received a small share in a snug sinecure:
But these spots on my honour 'twere folly to mind,
Since I never, one moment, left conscience behind;
And certain it is, that no party can gain
Any help from my favour—I fly from their train.
Thus in business for ever immers'd I am found,
Yet pleasure without me were less than a sound:
I live in a smile and I breathe in a sigh,
I know not the tear that bedims the bright eye;
But where sorrow is weeping, behold there am I.
I've a place in the sun, and inhabit the sea,
Which serene or in storms is a haven for me;
Deep, deep in the forest delighted I rest,
And the clear crystal stream feels my presence a zest.
E'en the rose and its sweets without me were no more,
Yet all-wonderful Nature despises my power.
Indispensable aid to fair Science I lend,
And the student has ever in me found a friend;
My worth in his stanzas the poet well knows,
And no author, unless I assist, can write prose:
Yet again be assured, if for ages you look,
You will never once find I am named in a book!
The companion of Venus, the soul of the Muses,
Yet the wild god of love my assistance refuses;
The soldier's support, yet I share not his glory,
A stranger to truth, quite at home in a story.
With the blessed in Paradise happy I liv'd,
Yet I join'd with the Tempter when Eve he deceived.
Oh! pity me, coupled with sin and with shame,
And denied all access to the Temple of Fame.

* Some of our poetical contributors will perhaps favour us with a solution of this enigma for a future Number.—EDITOR.

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Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review.

Such Authors and Publishers as wish their Works to receive an early notice in the Literary Coterie, *shall have their wishes complied with, on sending a copy, addressed to* Reginald Hildebrand, *to the care of Mr.* Ackermann.

In our next Number we purpose commencing a regular notice of the performances at the King's Theatre and the Théâtre Français in Tottenham-street, which, we have reason to believe, will prove acceptable to our fashionable readers.

We acknowledge the receipt of a packet of Miscellanies from our valued Correspondent at Nairn.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IX. MARCH 1, 1827. NO. LI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

HAM-HOUSE, SURREY, THE SEAT OF THE COUNTESS OF DYSART.

THIS mansion, which is situated in a most delightful spot on the banks of the Thames, about one mile above Richmond Bridge, possesses a strong claim to notice; not only ranking as one of the most perfect specimens of the architecture of the sixteenth century, but containing many valuable works of art and other interesting objects. In the centre of the house, which is chiefly composed of brick, is a large hall, surrounded with an open gallery; and the balustrades of the grand staircase are composed of carved walnut-tree. In the western side is a picture-gallery, ninety-two feet in length, which contains numerous family portraits. Among those most entitled to notice are the following: The Duke of Lauderdale and the Earl of Hamilton, in one piece, by Jansen; the Duke and Duchess, by Sir Peter Lely, and the Duke in the robes of the Garter, by the same master; King Charles the Second; Sir John Maitland, Chancellor of Scotland; Sir Henry Vane; William Murray, the first Earl of Dysart; Sir Lionel Tollemache, first husband to the Duchess of Lauderdale; General Tollemache, who was killed at Brest; the Earl of Lauderdale, and James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, by Vandyke.

This seat is remarkable as the birthplace of that eminent statesman and general, John Duke of Argyle, who was grandson to the Duchess of Lauderdale.

The beautiful groves called Ham-Walks, which environ this seat, cannot fail to excite universal admiration; and in the summer season they afford a welcome retreat from the parching rays of the sun.

ELVILLS, ENGLEFIELD-GREEN,

THE SEAT OF THE HON. W. H. FREEMANTLE, M. P.

THERE are but few mansions in the environs of the metropolis, at least within the distance of twenty miles, that are more deserving of notice for elegance and simplicity than that which forms the subject of the annexed plate. When we consider the peculiar beauties of this part of the country, enriched with remarkably fine plantations of timber, and enlivened by the meanderings of the river Thames, and also the excellence of the roads leading to it, we cannot be surprised that so many elegant habitations should have been constructed here within the last fifty years.

Elvills, which derives its name from the late Sir John Elvill, Bart. at whose expense this seat was built, is very similar in style to the celebrated Strawberry-Hill, being a chaste example of the modern Gothic, and was completed, from the designs of Ledbeater, about the year 1766. The interior is fitted up in the most elegant manner, and contains a remarkably fine portrait of the late Sir John Elvill, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds only a short time before his death. Elvills became the property of the Hon. Mr. Freemantle by marriage with the daughter of the above-named baronet.

MARCH.

* * * * * * * The little birds
Are trimming their plumes on every sunny steep,
And sing of winter overthrown.

THE energy of creation is abroad. The garden, the field, the forest are budding into beauty. The sun visits the earth with his gladdened smile, and earth answers it, and the waters blush beneath it. Let us hie into the country. We are now leaving behind us the din and smoke of town, and the country opens upon us as we advance. How very sweet are those houses with the garden-plats before them! it is all but summer here. The snowdrop is no longer to be seen; the border anemone and the mezereon are almost past; the auricula and the polyanthus are full-blown; the primrose is shewing colour, and the narcissus is bursting. Do you see that valley below? how inviting it is! I hear the note of the blackbird rising from its depth. Already the fields have taken the green garb of summer; the smoke wreathes slowly up from the cottages into the still air; the lark poises himself on her glad wing, and unclouded blue canopies all.

Every season speaks a peculiar language, and is full of a pervading spirit. The spirit of the spring is gladness, and I feel it within me. There is a stirring of hope and a buoyancy of feeling awakened by the contemplation of reviving nature. The heart then beats lighter, and a smile is called even to the countenance of the drooper; and there is a cause why these things should be. The changing season shadows forth the mystery of existence, and is a symbol of man's bright destiny; for when he sees the living principle springing out of seeming corruption, and the energy of vitality active in



the midst of decay, and life rising, as it were, out of death, he perceives more clearly the promise of his own eternity. The mind is gloomy indeed that sympathizes not with the rejoicings of the Spring.

Let us sit down upon this green bank. It is just a year this day since I walked from Namur, along the bank of the river Meuse, to Liège; and I do not believe that there are many walks in Europe more beautiful. Here, lying in a sheltered nook, you suddenly come upon some little village, with its simple church-spire, and trees, houses, and gardens all mingling together; there, some turreted *château* stands perched upon an impending rock, the river, smooth and broad, sweeping round its base; now, the banks rise ragged and precipitous from the stream, covered to the summit with gnarled trees and tangled shrubs; then, the banks recede, presenting a glorious vista of fields and plantations, and clustered cottages and distant towns. Once a dark fortified town, with its giant walls and massy castle, looks grimly down upon the river. At length the prospect opens; the river expands, leaving clusters of little wooded islands, and bearing on its glassy breast numerous barks and boats. The hills fall back in the distance, the country swells into knolls, studded with gardens and orchards and smiling habitations; while far off, rising as from the broad river, the city of Liège stands in pinnacled grandeur.

I remember that in that day's walk spring was farther advanced; for the hedge-rows were green, and here and there the hawthorn-blossoms were unfolding their pure offerings: every where the latest of the spring and the earliest of the summer flowers were laying

"Their fairy gems beside the giant tree."

The tender plaint of the stock-dove mingled with the toll of the cuckoo; and had it not been that the mountain-ash was still bare, and that the voice of Spring was loud in the grove, the mildness of the air and the hue of the sky would have proclaimed it "the leafy month of June."

It matters little, in a day like this, where we walk, for there is beauty every where. The meadows, the heath, the forest, nay, even the highway, are full of it. In the meadow, the daisy, and its gaudier sister in yellow garb, we press at every step, while the odorous cowslip stands upon every knoll. In the wood, little families of primroses lie in sweet company upon each sloping bank, while the bashful violet lurks beneath. Flowerets, of wondrous beauty and of exquisite minuteness, spring up beneath our feet as we walk over the heath; and in the hedge-rows by the highway, sight and smell are alike fed by the blushing charms of the wild rose and the fragrance of the sweetbrier.

I remember another day somewhat similar to this; I was then in Bavaria, and spent all that day with my fishing-rod by a sweet pastoral stream that flowed between a succession of green hills. Oh! it was a sweet and gentle scene! solitary, yet glad; for the hills were spotted with sheep, and on the edge of the flat meadows the cattle were stooping to the clear water, and the shepherds were singing mountain airs, and the flocks were bleating, and the herds lowing, and the cuckoo seemed gifted with a hundred tongues; and then there was the merry mill-clack, and the merry

faces of the miller and his wife, and the children playing before the door.

To carry a fishing-rod does not add much to one's enjoyment; but then it gives one a character, which is something. A wanderer by a stream, without any apparent pretext for wandering, is nobody. The world, which cannot enter into the secret thoughts that fill the heart of a solitary lover of nature, nor conceive the thousand emotions of love and tenderness, and even rapture, that at times come over the soul of him thus mysteriously communing with the external world, looks with something of suspicion upon the man who seems to have no distinct object in view, and fancies that he is bereft either of his character or his reason.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN:

An Italian Tale.

In the town of Reggio, in Italy, there formerly lived a rich old usurer, who had passed sixty odd years of his life without ever being troubled by the vagaries of Cupid, when all at once the little god, as if in revenge for the length of time the old man had defied his power, inspired him with a violent passion for a pretty orphan of good family, but so reduced in circumstances that she lived by needle-work. Believing that gold was all-powerful, he made his proposals with very little ceremony; but Bianca, as virtuous as she was pretty, repulsed him with indignation. He then tried the effect of his darling gold upon an aunt with whom she lived, but without any better success. Aunt and niece were alike inexorable: the former became ten times more vigilant than ever over her young charge; and the latter completely secluded herself, never appearing even at the window. All this severity, however, did not daunt the usurer, who, judging by his own heart, supposed it was merely a feint to enhance the price of her favours. He accordingly employed an old woman to plead his cause with her, and she readily undertook, on the promise of a handsome sum, to render her propitious to his wishes.

The old woman soon found, however, that her task was a hopeless one; but not willing to lose the promised reward, she contrived to amuse Brandini from time to time with hopes, which she very well knew to be vain; by these means she extracted from him a little money now and then, but, impatient at the smallness of her gains, she determined to venture upon a bold stroke, in order to make the old usurer draw his purse-strings.

"Good news!" cried she one day, coming to him with joy in her face; "your pretty Bianca is at last inclined to be more kind: her aunt is gone to visit a sick friend, and will not return to-night; and if she sees you under her windows about eleven o'clock, there is no knowing whether she may not be tempted to let you in."

The delighted usurer made the old woman a handsome present, and did not fail to repair to the appointed spot before the hour agreed on. He walked up and down for some time in vain; so full of the hopes he had conceived, that he did not perceive he was an object of attention to a man wrapped up in a cloak, who watched all his motions. This was a young student who was also an

admirer of Bianca's, but without any better success than our usurer. Till now he had considered his mistress's virtue as the cause of her disdain, but the sight of Brandini put other notions in his head; he had as he believed a rival, and he determined to discover who he was, and to seek revenge.

During some time Brandini waited patiently enough; he then began to cough, hem, and give sundry tokens of his approach: finding these all disregarded, and it being past midnight, he determined to climb up to the balcony, in hopes of having a peep at Bianca, who he began to think had forgotten her promise.

No sooner did he begin to climb than the student, regarding it as a confirmation of all his suspicions, snatched up a stone, and flung it with all his force at Brandini, whom it hit on his forehead, and he fell back upon the pavement, uttering a deep groan: it was his last, for he expired immediately.

The student, who had acted from the impulse of the moment, was equally grieved and alarmed at the consequence of his imprudence; he fled from the spot, but, before he had gone far, he began to reflect on the risk he ran, if the body should be found before the door of a woman of whom he was known to be enamoured. He thought that the best plan he could follow to secure himself from suspicion would be, to remove the corpse to some distance. Accordingly he returned, lifted the body on his shoulders, after first wiping the blood from the forehead, carried it to some distance, and placing it upright against the first door he came to, hastened away. But he strove in vain to quiet the tumult of his mind; and apprehending that, in spite of his precautions, his guilt would be discovered, he took what money he had and quitted the town.

It so chanced that the house against which the student had placed the corpse belonged to an old captain, one of the most captious and quarrelsome inhabitants of the city. He was in the habit of sitting up late; and happening to go to the window just before he retired to bed, he saw by the light of the moon, which was then just risen, a man leaning against his door. "What are you doing there?" cried he in an authoritative tone. The other of course made no answer. The captain repeated his question; and incensed at receiving no reply, he swore a round oath that if the intruder did not instantly quit his door he would give him a good drubbing.

Finding his threat ineffectual, he hastily descended to put it in execution. No sooner had he opened the door than the corpse lost its balance, and fell upon him; conceiving himself about to be attacked, the sturdy old veteran seized the supposed assassin by the throat, threw him down, and began to belabour him with all his might. At last, seeing that the other lay still, and neither struggled nor spoke, he became alarmed, tried to raise the man, and soon perceived that he was dead.

His affright and horror were increased on finding that it was the usurer, to whom he owed a large sum of money. For some moments he gave himself up for lost; but the possibility of concealing his crime presently occurred to him. He took the unfortunate usurer upon his shoulders, crossed two or three streets, and placed him leaning against a co-

lumn, under the gateway of a magnificent mansion belonging to a young nobleman. He then made off as fast as he could, and returned home, hoping that he had secured himself from discovery. He tried to comfort himself for what had happened, by reflecting that it was the man's own fault, and that the crime of murder could not with justice be imputed to him, since he had no intention of committing it; but all his endeavours could not stifle his terror and his remorse, and instead of going to bed, he continued to walk about his chamber.

Soon after the captain had placed the usurer against the column, the nobleman returned home, and seeing Brandini standing between him and his door, ordered him to get out of his way. The other not replying, and continuing motionless, the nobleman seized him by the collar, gave him a violent shake, and, suddenly loosing his hold, the unfortunate usurer fell of course on the ground. The nobleman, perceiving that he did not move, concluded that he was drunk; he first called to him to get up, and then tried to assist him to rise. In stooping for that purpose, he perceived that Brandini was dead, and naturally concluded that it was either the shake or the fall that had killed him.

On examining the corpse he found, with grief and surprise, that it was that of the usurer, with whom he was publicly known to be at enmity, in consequence of some judicial proceedings that Brandini had instituted against him for the recovery of a debt. Believing therefore that his own safety might be compromised if the body was found before his door, he raised it on his shoulders, and carrying it into the street where the captain lived, placed it in a leaning attitude against his very door.

Not long afterwards the veteran, unable to rest, came again to his window. What was his horror and astonishment when he perceived the usurer close to his door! At first he believed it was the ghost of the murdered man; but in a few moments the truth flashed upon his mind, and he determined to take a desperate method of ridding himself of this terrible evidence of his crime.

He went down stairs, brought the corpse into his house, dressed it completely in an Algerine habit, that he had taken in the field of battle when those barbarians made a descent upon Reggio some years before, clapped a turban on its head, placed it upon a horse, to which he took care to tie it with a strong rope, and then leading the horse by the bridle to the gate of the town, he abandoned the steed to its fate; trusting by these means to extricate himself from the terrible dilemma in which he was.

The animal, left thus to its own guidance, followed the high-road for a considerable time; at last it stopped to graze, and at that moment the student, who, unfortunately for himself, was travelling in the same direction, came up. No sooner did he distinguish the dress of the horseman, than he took to flight without daring to look behind him; believing probably that the Moors had made a new descent, and that he was about to be surrounded by them.

But in flying, the poor student reckoned without his host; for he too happened to be mounted, and the quicker he went the faster the pursuer galloped after him; in vain did he put spurs to his steed, with all his

efforts he could keep very little ahead of his formidable adversary.

After proceeding in this way for about three miles, the runaway began to take heart, when he saw that his pursuer was not joined by any others of his terrible nation. He found that in a few moments the Algerine would certainly overtake him, and he thought that he might perhaps daunt him by assuming a show of bravery. Accordingly he faced round with a determined air, and called to his redoubtable adversary to turn another way or take the consequence.

Instead of stopping, the Algerine galloped furiously up, and the student, who waited for him sword in hand, severed at one blow his head from his body; the head in falling dropped from the turban, and discovered to the astonished student the features of his victim.

Horror-struck at this terrible sight, he turned his horse and galloped like a madman; but finding himself still pursued by the headless horseman, he directly conceived that he was the prey of an evil spirit: terror then gave him strength, he flew rather than galloped till he reached a small town, where he was stopped, as well as his formidable pursuer. He was immediately taken before the justice of the peace, to whom he made a voluntary confession of his guilt; but the affair appeared so singular that it was referred to the Duke of Reggio, who, setting on foot a strict inquiry, soon discovered all the circumstances of the affair; and as it was apparent that neither the student nor the other persons concerned in it had been intentionally guilty of murder, they were all pardoned.

IGNATIUS DENNER.

(Continued from p. 84.)

The attack on the dwelling of the farmer spread not a little terror over the whole country; it was the boldest enterprise which had been attempted for many years, and a certain proof that the band, which had hitherto only ventured on petty thefts, or the plundering of a solitary traveller, must have again become formidable in numbers.

To nothing but the mere accidental circumstance that the nephew of Count von Bach, accompanied by a numerous train of his uncle's servants, had taken up his night's lodging in the neighbouring village, and on the first alarm hastened to the assistance of the peasantry who had assembled to resist the robbers, was owing the preservation of the farmer and his family from death, and the greater part of the property from being plundered. Three of the robbers who were left for dead on the spot yet survived their wounds, and their recovery seemed probable. They were carefully secured, and confined in the prison of the village; but when, on the third morning of their captivity, they were ordered up for examination, they were found murdered, without the least clue for discovering their assassins; and with them vanished every hope that by their confession the apprehension of their accomplices might be effected.

Andrew shuddered inwardly when he heard all these circumstances, and learned that many of the peasants, and not a few of the servants of the

count, had fallen in the conflict. Strong patroles of soldiers from Fulda were stationed through the forest, and often called in upon him: every moment he was harassed with fears lest Denner himself, or at least one of his band, should be apprehended, and point him out as an accomplice. For the first time in his life, he experienced the racking tortures of a guilty conscience: yet affection for his wife and child had alone compelled him to yield to the threats of Denner, and follow him in his desperate enterprise.

Every inquiry, however, was in vain, no trace of the robbers could be discovered; and Andrew was soon convinced that Denner had kept his word and left the country with his band. The money which he had received from Denner on that memorable night, as well as Georgina's gold comb, he put away carefully with the jewels in the chest, resolved not to add to his guilt by the enjoyment of such ill-gotten wealth. It was not long before he again fell into his former indigence; but the poorer he grew the more freely he breathed, and many months elapsed without any thing occurring to disturb his tranquillity.

At the end of two years his wife brought him another boy, but with less suffering than formerly, though she often sighed for the luxuries and comforts which Denner's wealth had then obtained for her. One evening they were all seated happily together, the younger boy was in his mother's arms, and the elder gamboling with one of the dogs, which as a special favourite was permitted to be in the house, when the servant entered, saying that a man of suspicious appearance had been loitering about the house for above an hour. Andrew seized his rifle, and was hastening out, when he heard some one call him by his name: he opened the window, and at the first glance recognised the abhorred Ignatius Denner, who was again clothed in his grey merchant's garb, and carried a portmanteau under his arm. "Andrew," cried he, "you must once again afford me lodging in your house: to-morrow I shall pursue my journey."—"What! you shameless villain!" exclaimed Andrew, in a rage, "dare you appear here again?"—"Have I not faithfully kept my promise, on the condition you hold yours, and for ever left this country?"—"Dare not approach, but hasten away, or I'll send a bullet after you to avenge your evil deeds: yet stay, I will give you back your gold and other jewels, with which, Satan-like, you dazzled my poor wife, and then be gone. I give you three days, and after that, if I find any traces of you or your accursed band, I will hasten to Fulda and discover all I know to the government. If you dare attempt to carry into effect your threats against me and my wife, I will trust in God's assistance, and defend myself to the best of my power." He hastened away and returned in a few moments with the box; but Denner had disappeared, and though he explored every bush and thicket around with his faithful dogs, no traces of him could be discovered.

Poor Andrew now saw clearly his danger from the vengeance of Denner, and day and night, therefore, he was on the watch; but nothing occurred to arouse his suspicions, and he flattered himself that Denner had only taken his usual journey through the forest. To put an end, however,

to his fears, and appease his awakened conscience, he resolved no longer to conceal what he knew, but to reveal to the council of Fulda his secret and compulsory connection with Denner, and to deliver up to them the box of jewels. He was aware that he should not escape punishment, but he relied on the innocence of his intentions in becoming accessary to a deed into which he was betrayed and forced by Denner; and also on the intercession of his master, the Count von Bach, who would not refuse his favourable testimony to the character of his old servant. He had repeatedly explored the forest in company with his man, and met with nothing suspicious; he had therefore no urgent danger to apprehend for his wife, and he determined to proceed to Fulda directly, and carry his intentions into effect. Next morning, however, as he was preparing for his journey, a messenger arrived from the count, who commanded his immediate attendance at the castle. Instead of going to Fulda, therefore, he proceeded thither, not without some anxiety as to what this unexpected summons might mean. On his arrival he was conducted to the private apartment of the count. "Rejoice, Andrew!" said his master, with a friendly countenance; "I have news of unexpected good fortune for you. Do you recollect our old cross hostess at Naples, the mistress of your Georgina? she is dead. But on her death-bed her conscience smote her for her unkind treatment of the poor orphan, and as some recompence, she has bequeathed to her two thousand ducats, the bills for which are at Frankfort. The whole will be paid you on application to my banker there; and if you are inclined to proceed thither for that purpose, I will furnish you immediately with the requisite certificate, that the legacy may be had without delay."

Joy rendered Andrew speechless, and the count silently beheld the astonishment of his faithful servant. Andrew resolved to surprise his wife with their good fortune; and accepting the offer of his kind master, a few hours saw him on his way to Frankfort, furnished with the necessary documents.

He informed his wife that the count had dispatched him on a journey on important business, which would detain him for some days. On his arrival at Frankfort, he was referred by the count's banker to a merchant who was charged with the payment of the legacy. Andrew found this man, and received the amount in ready money. Every thought and wish devoted to his Georgina, and desirous of rendering her joyful surprise complete, he purchased a variety of presents for her, and among the rest a gold comb, exactly like that which had been given her by Denner; and as he could not well travel on foot with such a valuable burthen, he bought himself a horse, and, having been absent six days, took his way home with a light heart. He reached the forest and his own dwelling: the door was fastened; he loudly called on the servant and on Georgina, No answer was returned but the howls of his dogs, which were confined in the house. Dreading lest some misfortune had occurred during his absence, he thundered against the door, and shouted "Georgina!

Georgina!" The door was at length opened softly, and in a moment Georgina, with a fearful yet joyful cry, rushed into his arms and fell senseless on his bosom. He bore her pale form into the house, and stared stupidly on the scene of horror which presented itself to his view. The walls and floor of the room were streaked with blood; on the bed lay his younger boy dead, with a gaping wound in his breast. "Where is George?" he had just strength to exclaim, when at his voice the boy flew down stairs and rushed to his father. Broken glasses, bottles, and plates lay scattered confusedly about; the large oak table, which usually stood against the wall, had been dragged into the middle of the room; on it were a bowl, yet clotted with blood, and some small bottles.

The wretched father took his child from the bed, and with the assistance of his wife buried it in the garden. A small oak cross marked the spot; no word, no tear, escaped the unhappy parents. It was already twilight ere they finished their mournful task, and the morning dawned before Georgina was able to recount the horrors that had taken place during her husband's absence.

On the fourth day after his departure, the servant reported that he had again observed strange persons near the house; and in the middle of the following night Georgina was awakened by fearful shouts and a violent knocking at the door, and the man, entering her room pale with terror, announced that the house was surrounded by robbers, against whose numbers resistance would be useless. The dogs barked furiously, but soon became quiet, and a voice called for Andrew. The man took courage, opened a window, and replied that Andrew was not at home. "It signifies little," answered a voice from below, "come down and open the door—we must come in—Andrew will not be long behind." What could the poor creature do? He obeyed, and the banditti rushed in, greeting Georgina as the wife of their bold comrade, to whose courage their captain was indebted for liberty and life. They demanded some refreshment after the desperate enterprise in which they had been engaged, but which had proved completely successful. Trembling and terrified, she complied; and with wine and venison, furnished by one of the robbers who appeared to take charge of that department, a plentiful meal soon smoked on the board. The servant was ordered to spread the table, and fetch glasses and plates. He took advantage of the opportunity and hastened to his mistress in the kitchen, to whom he communicated the appalling information, that, after long preparation, they had that night assaulted the castle of the Count von Bach, and, after a desperate resistance, the count and most of his people had fallen, and the robbers had plundered and burnt the castle. Georgina shrieked, "O God! if my husband should have been in the castle!" Meanwhile the robbers indulged in wild revelry, and drained their wine-cups in copious draughts for their success. Morning had already dawned, when Denner appeared and commanded the plunder to be shared: Georgina heard vast sums of gold counted out among the band. At length the robbers departed; Denner alone remained: he addressed Georgina with a friendly

mon: "You have been needlessly alarmed," said he, "your husband, apparently, has not told you that he has for some time been one of my band. I am vexed that he has not reached home; he must have come by some other route and missed his way. He was with us at the castle of the tyrant von Bach, who for years has unrelentingly persecuted us: but last night we had our revenge—he fell by the sword of your husband. Tell him when he returns, that it will be long before he sees us again, as we must, after such a daring exploit, quit the district. Well, your boys have grown up lovely children—this is a noble little fellow!" With these words, he took the boy from her arms, and caressing it, the child soon began to laugh and play with him, till he gave him back to his mother. He staid till the evening, and talking familiarly, said, "You see that though, to my sorrow, I have neither wife nor child, I love and can please children. Let me amuse myself outside the house with this young one for a few minutes, whilst you are preparing our meal. —He is more than nine weeks old, is he not?" Georgina answered in the affirmative, and, not without some little hesitation, left the boy with Denner, and went to get supper ready, as he had said he was under the necessity of setting out in an hour. Hardly had she reached the kitchen, when she observed him enter the house with the boy in his arms; and in a few minutes a thick smoke, issuing from the room, filled the house. Georgina was seized with terror; she hastened to the door, and found it bolted on the inside: she fancied she heard the stifled cries of her child. The man at that moment entered the house. "Save, O save my child from that monster!" shrieked Georgina. The man snatched up an axe and broke open the door: the room was darkened with a thick smoke. At one bound Georgina was in the middle of the room; her child lay on the table, and blood streamed from its breast; she saw her servant with uplifed axe aim a blow at Denner, who, avoiding it, sprang forward, and grasping him, a fierce struggle took place. She fancied she heard voices at the window, and saw dark forms rush through the smoke: she fell senseless to the ground. When she recovered it was night; all was darkness around, and her benumbed limbs refused support. Day broke, and with horror she surveyed the scene around her. Pieces of Denner's dress were scattered about, the blood-stained axe lay by her side, and her murdered child was stretched on the table. Again her senses forsook her, and the day was far advanced ere they returned. She arose with difficulty; the recollection of her other boy came across her mind, and she called loudly on his name; no answer was returned; she feared he had shared the fate of his brother. Despair gave her strength; she staggered out of the room, gained the court, and cried, "George! George!" A faint voice from the outhouse answered, "Mother, dear mother, are you there? I am so hungry!" She flew to the spot, and found her child, who, trembling at the scene which he had witnessed, had crept from the house and hid himself. In ecstasy she clasped him to her bosom, barred every window, and anxiously awaited the arrival of Andrew, if indeed he still lived. The boy had seen from

his hiding-place several men enter the house, and assist Denner in carrying out a dead body. As she ended her story, the presents and money which Andrew had brought caught her eye. "Alas! and is it true?" cried she, in agony: "you are then"—Andrew did not suffer her to conclude: he related to her the good fortune that had befallen them, and how he had been to Frankfort and received her legacy.

The nephew of the murdered Count von Bach succeeded to the title and property of his uncle, and Andrew resolved immediately to hasten to him, and relate without reserve the whole story of his meeting with Denner, and the crimes of the latter; and to request his permission to leave the service, which had entailed so much misery and suffering on him.

Georgina dared not remain in her house alone; and Andrew, therefore, determined to pack up all his goods in a small cart, and quit for ever a spot which now only renewed the recollection of their sufferings, and in which they could no longer expect to taste happiness or security. The following day was fixed on for their departure, and they had already nearly loaded the cart, when the sound of the trampling of horses was heard approaching nearer and nearer, and Andrew recognised the count's forester, at the head of a party of dragoons from Fulda. "Ha! we have caught the villain in the very act of carrying off his ill-gotten wealth!" exclaimed an officer of justice who accompanied them. Andrew was struck dumb with surprise and terror; his poor wife fell senseless on his arm. They were quickly seized, bound, and placed in the cart, which was ready at the door. Georgina, clasping her child, implored only that they might not be separated. "No!" cried the officer, "at least this child may be saved from perdition!" and tore him forcibly from his mother's arms.

They had already commenced their march, when the old forester, a rough but good man, rode up to the side of the cart and said, "Andrew, Andrew! how has Satan had power to allure you to the commission of such crimes—you who were formerly so honest and faithful to your lord?"—"Ah!" cried poor Andrew, "as the Lord liveth, before whom we stand, as I hope for salvation, I am innocent! You have known me from my boyhood: can you believe me capable of committing such a crime? for I know you think I was an accomplice of those accursed robbers by whom my beloved master has been murdered: but I am not guilty—by my soul, I am not!"

"Well," replied the old forester, "if you are really innocent, you will make it appear, notwithstanding all that is reported of you. Be that as it may, I promise to take care of your little one, and of the property you leave behind; so that when you have proved your innocence, you may find both uninjured." The money was in the possession of the officer.

On the road Andrew questioned Georgina as to what had become of the box of jewels, and she confessed she had returned it to Denner, so that it could not now be given up to the magistracy according to their original intention. When they arrived at Fulda, Andrew was separated from his wife and thrown into a gloomy dungeon. In a few days

he was brought to trial. He was accused of having been a party to the murderous attack and plunder of the castle of the Count von Bach; and the judges exhorted him to confess the truth, as the evidence against him was so clear as to render prevarication useless. Andrew gave a faithful detail of every circumstance that had befallen him from the first moment of his acquaintance with Denner, till that of his apprehension. He professed his repentance for the only crime he had committed in witnessing the attack of the farmer's house, to which, however, he had been compelled through fear for his wife and child; acknowledged having saved the life of Denner, but protested his innocence of the last attempt of the banditti, proved by his having been at the time at Frankfort. The door of the hall was then commanded to be opened, and the hateful form of Denner met his view. When the latter perceived Andrew, his features darkened with a diabolical expression: "Ah, comrade!" he exclaimed, "have you suffered yourself to be caught? Could not the prayers of your lovely wife get you off?" The judges now required Denner to repeat his confession as regarded his knowledge of Andrew; and he affirmed that Andrew the gamekeeper, who now stood before him, had belonged to his band for above five years, and his dwelling had, during that period, proved his safest place of concealment; that Andrew had always received his share of the booty, although he had only twice participated in their exploits: the first time at the attack of the farmer's house, where he had saved him (Denner) from almost inevitable destruction; and, lastly, when they stormed the castle of the Count von Bach, who had fallen by a shot from Andrew's rifle.

Poor Andrew could scarcely controul his rage when he heard these horrible lies produced as evidence against him. "What!" he exclaimed, "thou monstrous villain, darest thou accuse me of the murder of my beloved lord? But yes, thou alone couldst be guilty of such villany: I know you have pursued me with implacable rancour, because I refused to have any connection with you, and threatened you with death if you ever again dared to cross my threshold. For this, during my absence, you and your accursed band entered my house and murdered my lovely babe and my poor servant. But think not to escape the punishment due to your crimes; if I should perish by your acts, a just God will not let them be unavenged." Andrew then repeated his former story, with the most solemn assertions of its truth; but Denner only laughed scornfully, and reproached him with cowardice in attempting to escape from his inevitable fate by useless falsehoods, exhorting him not to profane the holy names he called upon to witness to his perjuries.

The judges knew not what to think of this scene; the appearance and words of Andrew looked like sincerity: yet the calm assertions of Denner staggered their belief in his innocence. Georgina was now brought in, and clung to her husband in speechless agony. She could only relate incoherently what she had observed and heard; and her loud accusation of Denner as the murderer of her child seemed in no way to disturb him. He maintained, as he had before stated, that she was wholly

ignorant of the deeds of her husband, and that no guilt attached to her. Andrew was then taken back to his prison; and some days afterwards his good-natured gaoler informed him, that, as Denner and all the other robbers had persisted in asserting her innocence, Georgina had been set at liberty. The young Count von Bach, a noble and generous youth, who was yet inclined to doubt the guilt of Andrew, had become surety for her appearance, and she was then under the care of the old forester, with her child. Vain, however, had been her entreaties to be permitted to see her husband; this indulgence the magistrates had decidedly denied. These news comforted Andrew not a little; for the wretched situation to which his dear wife had been brought weighed more heavily on his mind than his own imprisonment.

His trial was meanwhile continued at intervals. It was proved, agreeably to Denner's assertion, that, during the last five years, Andrew had become much more easy in his circumstances; and this could have arisen from no other source than a participation in the plunder of the band. Further, Andrew himself had acknowledged his absence from home at the time of the attack on the castle; and his story of the legacy and his journey to Frankfort were suspicious, inasmuch as he was unable to recollect the name of the merchant from whom he had received the money. Neither the banker of the count, nor the person with whom he asserted he had lodged at Frankfort, had the slightest recollection of him. The count's steward, who had drawn out the certificate for Andrew, was dead, and none of the other servants had heard of the legacy, as the count had not spoken of it; and Andrew, desirous of surprising his wife on his return from Frankfort, had kept it a close secret from all his friends. Thus every circumstance alledged by Andrew, to prove his absence in Frankfort on the night of the plundering of the castle, and his having become fairly possessed of the money found on him, appeared doubtful, if not altogether a fabrication. Denner, on the other hand, persisted steadily in his first assertion, which was corroborated by the evidence of all the robbers who had been made prisoners with him. All this, however, was not considered by the judges as so strong a proof of the guilt of Andrew as the declaration of two of the count's vassals, who, by the light of the conflagration, had plainly recognised Andrew during the attack, and saw the count fall by his hand. These proofs were deemed sufficient to establish his guilt; and, viewing him as a hardened villain, they ordered that he should be put to the torture, to punish his obstinacy, and force him to a confession.

(To be continued.)

FARMERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Farmers, did I say? What a mistake! *Agriculturists* is the right word, the other being now quite obsolete, and never used, I believe, except by some petulant squire, who, piqued at the perseverance with which his tenants emulate his style of living, is wont (when for a few weeks in

the autumn he condescends to ruralize) to answer his friends' inquiries of "Who are those ladies we just passed?" with "Those *ladies*, gentlemen, are the daughters of Ralph Thrifty, a farmer; he has the lease of my Hill Farm yonder; and I think their appearance will justify you in reporting me the best landlord in England."

Now I have heard my grandmother, a good garrulous old lady—peace to her ashes!—talk of the agriculturists of *her* time: farm-houses, she said, were then considered "the abominations of desolation;" they were situated in the most remote spots; and melancholy and slow was the progress that any poor wight made who was destined to find his way to their doors. The roads were suffered to fall into a state of decay, and even rottenness; the deep wheel-tracks were, it is true, here and there filled up with huge stones, which, making a diversity of hill and valley, threatened the disjointing of every limb, and almost the destruction of life itself. It was customary for those who travelled these "ways of pleasantness" to make a will (if they had any disposable goods), in case "any thing should happen to them." The interior of these dreary habitations did not disappoint the expectations of the visitor. A large porch, with a seat dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh, as the genius of tobacco and pipes, led to a door ponderous and prison-like, which, when opened, grated on its hinges, as Mrs. Radcliffe would have said, and seemed to augur an "unfriendly" welcome. A large cold brick-paved hall, every chink of heaven visiting it roughly, having free ingress at the great chimney and the greater staircase, not to mention innumerable other apertures, conducted the intruder to another apartment called "the house," the common room of master, mistress, children, and servants; the former distinguished from the latter only by having a seat nearest the fire and highest at table, by talking more and louder, and by a certain look of self-importance, which declared, "This house is mine."

The master added example to precept, led the reapers to the "ripened field," and assisted them in gathering its fruits; indeed he shared in every part of their labour. His sons were bred up to succeed him, to toil in the same field; and he died contented if he could "bequeath to them a good name," with the means of continuing their calling honestly and without reproach. His daughters were matched as well as might be; the more they were skilled in the management of the dairy and poultry-yard, so much the more likely were they to be, what is commonly called, *well married*. These were "the good old times:" the question is, are not these present times better, these days of macadamization, these days when every country carpenter understands building a convenient house as well as Wyattville, and somewhat better than Nash; when these almost uninhabitable mansions are converted into comfortable dwellings, and the roads leading to them rendered passable for stanhopes of the last fashion? And is not a stanhope preferable to a rumbling cart, and a horse of speed and mettle better than Dobbin jogging on at the rate of four miles an hour?

Better or worse, such is the change brought about in the habits of English agriculturists, that if the grandsires of the present generation could

be permitted to revisit this nether world, I do not believe they would own their descendants. Some of the rusticity common to their class clings perhaps to Mr. and Mrs. Clodpole of the present day, and occasions many a ludicrous situation when contrasted with the attempts at refinement made by the younger branches of the same family.

Miss Theodosia Clodpole blushes to hear mamma, in her zeal for the proper use of the verb *to be* (having been instructed by the same Theodosia never to say *we was*), continually mincing out *I were;* and Miss Emilia glances many a reproof at papa while he is boasting of the numbers of his flocks and herds, or deploring the short produce of his acres; whilst his son, his pride, Mr. Alfred Clodpole, cuts him short in the middle of an oft-told tale with "We've heard that before; now I'll tell you something *new:* Sir Charles Spendall told me in the field the other day——" "*Which* field?" interrupts the father.—"I beg your dullness' pardon, sir; I mean when we were hunting—by the bye, Sir Charles admires my mare, and has bid me a hundred guineas for her."—"I dare say he did," replies the father; "easier to bid it than to pay it," with an emphasis intended to indicate, "That's tit for tat."

To minds accustomed to the refinements of the higher walks of life, scenes like these present a species of burlesque closely bordering on the disgusting; but every improvement must have a beginning, and outward appearances are the first to undergo a change; the barbarians of newly discovered tracts are more desirous of obtaining a toy or a string of beads than all the instruction that their benefactors can offer them. From the window at which I am sitting, a truly English picture presents itself: I can number six snug farms, whose white chimneys, sending forth volumes of smoke, indicate that somebody lives within who knows how to be comfortable; and round their fireplaces, if I could look in upon them, no doubt I should see lots of smart lasses and would-be gay blades assembled. The gardens surrounding the houses are laid out with neatness, if not with taste; and all the other out-door arrangements appear to be well appointed.

War, under the effects of which some of us are still smarting, *improved* the condition of the agriculturists, and they have consequently made some advances towards that state of civilization and intelligence which has long been enjoyed by the superior English manufacturers. But at the time at which I am writing, what long faces we see around us! for they are dreading another change of fickle Fortune; dreading that they shall be obliged to make a retrograde movement; dreading that a repeal of the corn laws will bring back "the good old times," as they have been called; dreading a return to a state, which, if my good gossiping grandmother told truth, nearly resembled that of the "rude Carinthian boor." However, being no politician, I must leave them in the hands of British legislators; though, in truth, I should be sorry to see dirt and confusion succeed to order and decency; and I should prefer meeting an *over*-dressed female in a *walkable* country, rather than one of the uncouth milkmaids of the last century; and the appearance of a well-mounted yeoman would yield me more pleasure, than a rencontre with a lout in his gaberdine.

Longbrook Lodge, Feb. 1827.

DEATH OF POPE CLEMENT XIV.

L'Acquetta, the appalling word at which all tremble in Italy, is the diminutive of *acqua*, water. The terrible effects of the poison of the upas-tree are well known; the well-informed reader is equally aware of the properties of the *aqua tophana*, from the history of Weishaupt's *Illuminati*, by whom it was decreed as the potion of those who violated their oaths; Orfila's work is generally read, and most people have some notion of the operation of the juice of the blancanillo-tree, the metallic poisons, and the virulent fluid which Nature has bestowed on several species of reptiles: but all these poisons are nothing compared with one less known, which is made by the inhabitants of Perusa, in Calabria. Its properties consist chiefly in this, that its effect is not manifested by any particular symptom; for it is not till it has brought the body to the brink of dissolution, that the sufferer discovers his situation: its result is a slow but inevitable death, and it affords the fiend by whom it has been employed the sight of the painful agony of his victim.

With this poison, according to a generally received opinion in Italy, the Jesuits dispatched Pope Clement XIV. This pontiff, who suppressed the order of the Jesuits, expected no other than to fall a sacrifice to the revenge of that powerful society; and on this subject he expressed himself to his anxious friends in the following terms: "I foresaw every thing when I signed the bull in question. But in doing this, I have only done what seemed to me to be right and expedient: at the same time that I threw myself into the arms of Providence, I well knew that my life must be sacrificed."

Such, too, was actually his fate, in spite of all precautions; for the utmost vigilance could not long defend his Holiness from his still more vigilant foes. "Brother Francis," he would frequently say to his cook, "give an eye to the pot, otherwise it may fare ill both with you and me." Brother Francis obeyed this injunction most conscientiously, and suffered no person to enter the kitchen; nay, one day when he had left it for a moment and forgotten to lock the door, he immediately acquainted the pope with the circumstance, and the latter ate nothing that day but eggs.

In 1770, a female peasant of Valentano and several other fanatics proclaimed the death of the pope as being near at hand. In 1771 these predictions were revived. In 1773, the year in which the bull for the suppression of the order was issued, several still more precise revelations respecting this event, by a female enthusiast from the march of Ancona, were made public. In her denunciations she threatened the pope, and all those princes who should persecute or suppress the order, with speedy death and other fearful calamities. Several months, nevertheless, elapsed before the health of the pope sustained any shock; but in the early part of 1774, on Wednesday in the Holy Week, when the pope was returning from the Vatican, he said quite unexpectedly to the Prelate Macedonio, in whom he reposed the utmost confidence, at the same time laying his hand on his stomach, "I

am poisoned, Macèdonio; I feel it here."

Nor was his Holiness mistaken: his mouth and throat soon began to swell; this was followed by vomiting, increasing weakness of the whole body, violent pains, and at length stupor; his mouth stood continually open, as though an inward fire was consuming the body. In short, all the symptoms plainly indicated what must have happened, and what was to be expected. The pope sent, without loss of time, for his friend Dr. Bianchi of Rimini: he came, but not till it was too late. The holy father had, immediately on perceiving his situation, had recourse to an antidote which he always carried about him; he had then caused himself to be carried into a room heated almost to the temperature of an oven, in order to expel the poison by artificial transpiration: but all means proved unavailing.

Ganganelli actually expired on the 22d of the following September, consumed by the most terrible of all fevers, the *acquetta* fever. His death was marked by resignation and christian dignity. Not a complaint, not a murmur, escaped his lips. When questioned respecting his will, he briefly replied, "My soul to God, my property to my relations!"

After his decease, the effects of the most virulent of poisons manifested themselves in the most hideous manner. The body fell into black masses, and pestiferous effluvia exhaled from it. The bowels and the heart of the pope were put into an urn for the purpose of being afterwards deposited with the body; but in a few hours the vase shivered of itself into a thousand pieces. Nay, even after the bowels had been removed and the body was carefully washed and embalmed, a fluid tinged with blood was incessantly formed in it, and ran through the bed and upon the floor. This extraordinary dissolution filled all, particularly the faculty, with surprise and horror.

It is, therefore, a property peculiar to the *acquetta*, that its effects continue upon the inanimate body. God preserve all my readers from the *acquetta*—and the writer too, who has gleaned the above particulars from the most authentic sources!

LOVE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The features of the lady who was sitting for her portrait were beautiful, but the expression which she had now given them was not their own; and the artist, conscious that his work would not add much to his celebrity, tapped ever and anon upon his pallet to excite her more lively attention, and while at one time he bade her cast her head this or that way, he could not bring it in accord with its usual habits. If he told her to smile, she simpered like an idiot, or laughed outright like a wanton; and when he corrected her to seriousness, a pout of ill-nature entirely foreign to her disposition clouded her countenance. Yet was she as fully anxious as the painter that her picture should be as beautiful as possible; for she sat to gratify one who would not be very easily satisfied, and whose criticism alone could make it useless, or stamp it with the highest value; and whilst she at one time shook her golden locks over her forehead, and at another parted them with fingers resembling the purest

ivory, she shewed how anxious she was to assist the artist to produce a perfect resemblance. Any painter could have thrown upon his canvas the cold detail of her every-day countenance, for it had nothing in it strongly marked; but when this face was lighted up with expression, the artist now engaged upon it, although the only one on whom a lover might build his hopes, could make no approach to any thing like a correct delineation of the fair original. It is true that he had achieved something like the face of the lovely sitter, which, unfortunately for him, betrayed not those strong markings on which Rembrandt would have delighted to dwell; for, calm in expression and round in form, it admitted not of breadth of shadow or depth of tone. The carnations, it is true, died upon her cheek, but there were a pair of eyes whose light no pencil could imitate, a pair of lips to which indeed vermilion could not compare, but which, like the ivory of her teeth, kept colour and art at an humble distance. Dissatisfied with his copy from nature, he essayed to portray art: and as his pencil worked on this part of the canvas, the most beautiful satin seemed manufactured under his hand. As yet, in his picture, he had condescended to follow the fashion of the times in which he lived: the corkscrew curl scarcely shaded the forehead it was meant to adorn; the falling and fillagreed robbins fell from the mid-arm, whilst the everlasting pear-formed pearl hung from the breast or trembled from the ear: but having condescended to all this, he hung, as was his taste, some unmeaning drapery from the shoulder, whence it was taught to flutter in the breeze; and in the beautiful texture of his satin, he seemed to console himself for the want of identity in the portrait.

He was finishing the most beautiful of hands and arms, to which his pencil did ample justice, and was again about to soar into the regions of romance, by placing in this hand some attribute of a goddess, or at least a Nymph, when the lovely original suggested some more common but natural attitude, and charmed the painter's admiration by her choice of action—namely, the simple one of drawing on her glove; and in this attitude she stands confessed in the noble gallery at Petworth. A little better pleased with himself, as he continued to mellow his tints and glaze the parts which were too violent or out of keeping—for it was the last sitting which he was now upon—his countenance declared his satisfaction, and his noble demeanour, as he rose from his work, shewed at once the bearing of a gentleman and a man of taste. His fine contour of face, fully visible and unshadowed by his large hat and feather, which lay on a chair beside him; the mustachios on his upper lip, of the colour of his hair, which played in unconfined ringlets over his forehead; his collar of the finest lace; his sword suspended from his shoulder by a massy gold chain, left no doubt that it was Vandyke, that prince of painters, who in Rome had acquired the title of the *Pittore cavaliere sco*, and whose Titianic tints surpassed those of his master Rubens. It was he who had endeavoured by all the knowledge of his art to snatch a grace from heaven, to form a picture of the lovely unfortunate who now rose from her seat, and laying fifty pounds upon his table, being ten

more than the usual price of that period, with the most bewitching air possible, and having kissed the fingers of the artist's new wife, the daughter of Lord Gowry, and given to the painter by his sovereign, went to take off her sitting attire in that lady's dressing-room, preparatory to her departure. The calm, the repose of the features which the painter had endeavoured to imitate, covered at this moment a bosom torn with hopeless passion; and the lovely Anne Carr saw so many obstacles to her becoming Countess of Bedford, that she found herself in the fields of what was at one time the Convent-Garden, ere she imagined she was ten paces from the painter's mansion.

She was suddenly joined, or rather met, by a somewhat aged nobleman, whose person still had that elegant form and noble air which had long before charmed his sovereign, who was so fond of a handsome exterior, and was his dearest friend. His hair was light, and his beard of a reddish hue; and there was still about him an effeminacy of bearing attributed to him by his biographers. She received him with that profound obeisance which at this time was expected from a child to a parent, and, scarcely daring to look up to answer his inquiries as to where she had been, and as little able to tell aught but the truth, she confessed that her errand had been to Sir Anthony, without adding to the suspicions of her father, who had long been acquainted with her fatal passion; but who could not help, however, apostrophizing her with, "Alas! unhappy girl! and art thou to be numbered with the many whom ambitious love has ruined? Canst thou still suppose that Bedford's potent earl—not of high ancestry, 'tis true—but who revels in the gifts of Fortune, will allow his son to ally himself to—" he would have said guilt and wretchedness—but, grasping her arm, he muttered, "poverty and crime?"—"Crime, father?" reiterated the afflicted girl.—"Yes, my child," continued Somerset, "the crime of loving where you may be spurned!" and thus he imagined, because he wished, that he had quieted her suspicion. He contrived to hide his face and agitation by playing with an Italian greyhound that fawned upon him; he then placed her arm in his, and having seen her safely housed, essayed to pay a visit to his friend, the Earl of Lennox.

The party to which we are now about to introduce our readers were seated in a room of ample dimensions; but however grand its proportions, or massive its furniture, it yet had but a chilly and comfortless appearance. Its beaufet was set out with costly cups of silver and gold. Servants in splendid liveries attended the repast. The tapestries of the walls and chimney described the amours of Pyramus and Thisbe, and Hero and Leander, with numberless episodes from Ovid, to delight the spectator. It had "carpets for the boards;" and now occupied at the table were two great chairs for the master and mistress of the house, a little chair and a small stool, the latter covered with damask. The only seats besides these consisted of four long cushions and nine stools covered with carpeting: the walls, however, were also decorated by some modern pictures by Vandyke, chiefly portraits of the family; and a great looking-glass, suspended so high and

so slanting from the top, that although you saw reflected in it your whole length as you entered, yet as you approached nearer your head and shoulders vanished, leaving nothing but your legs and the roses of your shoes visible.

On one cushion lay a litter of black spaniel puppies; and on an ancient side-table, a chess-board with its bag of men, the tassels of which afforded high amusement to a young kitten, who pawed and patted them till the whole fell to the ground, bringing with it a cittern, on which some part of the family had been playing, and the hollow sound of which, on its falling, scared the little animal from its frolics.

Whether my lord of Bedford had been foiled at the council-table, or that more obstacles had arisen to his glorious plan of draining the Lincolnshire fens, we cannot decide: it may be that the dinner suited not. 'Tis true, the chamberlain had not purveyed as if the old Earl of Pembroke were to dine there; but as a family dinner for a nobleman at this period, it was not insignificant. A dish of marrow-bones, garnished with cocks' heads, was at the top of the table; at the bottom was a loin of veal, and in the centre smoked a leg of mutton: these were flanked by a dish of fowl and three pullets, garnished with a dozen of larks all in one dish, and a neat's tongue with dishes of anchovies; and these were succeeded by prawns and cheese. His lordship partook of all these dishes, but still his brow remained clouded: his amiable wife, the co-heiress of the Lord Chandos, essayed to sooth his perturbed spirits, and by the time the servants had retired she had indeed brought him to something more like complacency: but still he complained that all went wrong in his ill-conducted house; and although the dinner had waited his leisure, he complained of the extravagantly late hour, and the profligacy of the times when a nobleman could not dine till near two o'clock in the day. Reddening with rage, he presumed, he said, that he was no longer master of his own house, and that his meals must be deferred to unseasonable hours, while his son chose to dally away the time with a wanton. At these words, the blood forsook the cheeks of the heir to his house, who stood behind his father's chair, and had he not clung to it he must have sunk to the ground. A look, however, of mild beseeching from his mother recovered him, but his dark black eyes were suffused in tears: these indeed soothed his angry feeling, and, proudly checking his agitation, he humbly asked leave to retire. The permission was as proudly given, and a silence like that of death for a time reigned throughout the room. Glass after glass, from a flask of Canary, was, not drunk, but poured down his lordship's throat, till at length, having raised his spirits to their proper cue, he shook his long and somewhat grey locks, which flowed about his shoulders, and shoving from him the tall and taper wine-glasses, commenced the following address.

(To be concluded in our next.)

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

THE TRUSS OF STRAW.

No. VIII.

In the village of Bouilly, a few leagues from Troyes, there was formerly a farm-house, which has been long since demolished; but in the place where the farm-yard formerly stood is still to be seen a hole, which it is impossible to fill. The clay round the spot appears black and burnt; and the inhabitants declare, that the sulphureous exhalations which rise from it every night are enough to poison any one who ventures too near it. This hole, as my readers have no doubt already conjectured, was the work of his satanic majesty in one of his moments of ill-humour. Here is the story upon that subject, which has passed from father to son in the village of Bouilly for the last century, or perhaps longer:

St. John's day was the *fête* of a neighbouring village, and every body knows that in France a village *fête* never fails to attract all the lads and lasses for ten miles round at least. Accordingly all the inhabitants of Bouilly proposed to celebrate St. John's day with their neighbours; and to heighten their pleasure, it promised to be one of the finest days of the year. Annette alone, the young and blooming Annette, was obliged to forego the delights of the *fête*. She was the servant of a rich farmer, who was noted for getting more work done by his people than any body else in the parish. He had, besides, a particular aversion to holidays. In spite of his severity, however, Annette petitioned for leave to go to the *fête*. "Well" cried he, "I don't like to refuse, so you may go, but after you have manured the field where I laid down the dung yesterday: let me see that you spread it in a proper manner all over the field, and do it well and carefully; and then if your feet itch for a caper, why you may go, though I think you would be a great deal better at home."

Poor Annette took her fork and went away without reply, though she was very much disappointed; for, in fact, he might as well have refused her at once; since, work as hard as she could, it was impossible for her to have done before night, consequently there was no chance whatever of her going to the *fête*.

She set about the job, however; but she sighed very heavily, and for the first time in her life she worked with ill-will. She had not been above one quarter of an hour at it when she saw a stranger coming towards her; he was well dressed, except his boots, which were large and of an odd fashion. As Annette raised her head to look at him he smiled; but there was something in the sinister glance he cast upon her which made her draw back affrighted.

"Well, my girl," cried he, in a familiar tone, "you are busy enough; you have got a tough job there, I see."

"Ah, sir, that's true!" and Annette gave a heavy sigh.

"But are not you very sorry not to be able to go to the *fête* of St. John? Is there no lad that you would like to dance with?"

"Troth is there, sir: but what can I do? My master says I shall go when I have quite done; so you see

he might as well have refused me at once."

"No, no, not quite so bad as that neither; the thing may be managed. I'll get the job done for you, provided you are willing."

"Willing! ah, that I am, I warrant you; and very thankful I shall be too."

"But then, my pretty Annette, you must do something for me in return."

"That I will with all my heart! that is, any thing in an honest way."

"O don't be afraid, my girl, there is no harm intended; it is only to gratify a foolish fancy of mine. Promise that you will give me the first truss that you tie to-morrow morning on getting out of bed, and your task shall be finished directly."

"Oh! thank you kindly, sir! If that be all, I promise it with all my heart."

Hardly had she uttered the words, when she saw on each of the heaps of dung that were scattered over the field, a black dwarf with a long tail, and a horn in the middle of his forehead. Each of these little gentlemen had a fork in his hand, with which he set to work so quickly, that the dung was spread over the field in the best order before you could look about; and as soon as the job was finished, the stranger and his little workmen vanished.

The astonished Annette could not at first believe her eyes. She had heard of fairies, or good people, as the country-folks called them, who sometimes delighted to render services to people in distress; but then she had never heard that they had tails or horns. Could the stranger then, who spoke so kindly to her, and who was evidently the master of the others, be really that Lucifer whom *Monsieur le Curé* painted in such terrible colours?

The frightened girl stopped a long while reflecting on her adventure; at last she returned home very pensive. Her master, surprised at seeing her so soon, asked, in an angry tone, why she had left her work. She replied that it was finished. The farmer, thinking that she told a fib in order to get away to the *fête*, ran directly to the field, and was struck with astonishment at the state in which he found it. There must be some trick in this, said he to himself; and he came back in great haste to know, as he said, the rights of it.

"Why how the devil have you done it, Annette?" cried he; "you have finished in an hour what a man would hardly have done in half a day! truly the thing is impossible!"

"Why, master, if you must know all, I have had a little help."

"A little help, indeed! and pray who has helped you?"

Annette at first hesitated; but being hard pressed, she told all. "Aha, my girl," cried the farmer, "here's a fine piece of work! Depend upon it the devil never serves folks for nothing; and what use could a truss of straw be of to him? He means to play you a vile trick, I have no doubt. Let us run and see if *Monsieur le Curé* can help us out of the scrape."

"Why, husband," cried his wife, "what a noodle you are! There is no occasion to trouble the *curé*, for the remedy is plain enough. Keep a good heart, my girl," continued she, addressing Annette; "I'll warrant you we shall be too many for the old one, though he thinks he has you fast enough."

"O lord!" cried the frightened girl, "is it possible?"

"Yes, yes: Old Nick is no fool at a bargain; but, cunning as he is, we shall know how to deal with him. He has made you promise him the first truss that you tie on getting up to-morrow morning. Very well; take care then the moment you see daylight to go to the barn, tie directly a truss of straw, and throw it at the angel of darkness. Take great care not to tie your petticoat, your garter, nor, in short, any thing whatever about your person; for then you would be the truss that belongs to him. Go, follow my advice, and make your mind easy; you will be quit for the fright."

My readers will easily believe that poor Annette thought no longer of the *fête*. She passed the evening in prayer, and the night without sleep. She rose at the first glimpse of day, and went to the barn *en chemise*, taking special care not to fasten a single string about her body. As soon as she entered, she began to make a truss of barley-straw, and as she was doing it, she saw him for whom she was preparing it enter: but he had completely changed his appearance; this time he appeared in *propria persona*, with his horns, his goat's beard, long tail, and vulture's claws. The poor girl trembled in every limb at the sight of the renegade. She had hardly strength to tie a small truss of barley-straw, which she flung, with a trembling hand, at the head of the demon; who, seeing his hopes thus frustrated, seized it with a fearful yell, and flew away in the midst of a thunder-storm, carrying with him the roof of the barn, and scattering over the farm-yard the truss of straw, which he tore to pieces with his claws.

My readers will easily believe, that from that day Annette was on her guard with people whom she did not know, however sweet-spoken they might be. The barn was thatched; the field manured by the devils produced a plentiful crop. The straw had fallen from the claws of the devil upon some dung in the farm-yard; and it was found that the ground, where that dung was spread, became barren; while on the spot where the band of the truss had fallen, the hole, of which we have spoken, immediately appeared.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXV.

Present, the VICAR, *Mr.* MONTAGUE, *Mr.* MATHEWS, *Mr.* APATHY, *Counsellor* EITHERSIDE, REGINALD HILDEBRAND, *Mrs. Miss, and Miss* ROSINA PRIMROSE.

* * * * * *

Reginald. WHY do you tease me so much about Miss Landon? Is she the only female writer of pretty verses we have, that you ladies are so eager to get hold of each new volume that issues from her pen?

Mrs. Primrose. Oh, no! there are other ladies whose works breathe a large portion of poetic fire: Miss Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, and the anonymous translator of Klopstock's *Messiah*, for instance; but Miss Landon is the poet of *feeling:* hers is not the language of deep emotion or intense passion; but it is the language of the heart; it is *woman's love;* and it strikes a chord in the breast of every female, which vibrates responsive to the touch.

Miss Primrose. My dear madam, you are quite eloquent in Miss Landon's praise.

Mrs. Primrose. And ought I not to be when Miss Landon has written such lines as the following?

For me in sooth, not mine the lute
On its own powers to rely;
But its chords with all wills to suit,
It were an easier task to try
To bend in one each varying tone
The midnight wind has ever known.
One saith, that tale of battle-brand
Is all too rude for my weak hand;
Another, too much sorrow flings
Its piercing cadence o'er my strings.
So much to win, so much to lose,
No marvel if I fear to choose.
How can I tell of battle-field,
I never listed brand to wield;
Or dark ambition's pathway try,
In truth I never looked so high;
Or stern revenge, or hatred fell,
Of what I know not, can I tell?
I soar not on such lofty wings,
My lute has not so many strings;
Its dower is but an humble dower,
And I who call upon its aid,
My power is but a woman's power,
Of softness and of sadness made.
In all its changes my own heart
Must give its colour, have its part.
If that I know myself what keys
Yield to my hand their sympathies,
I should say, it is those whose tone
Is woman's love and sorrow's own;
Such notes as float upon the gale,
When twilight, tender nurse, and pale,
Brings soothing airs and silver dew,
The panting roses to renew;
Feelings whose truth is all their worth,
Thoughts which have had their pensive birth
When lilies hang their heads and die,
Eve's lesson of mortality.
Such lute, and with such humble wreath
As suits frail string and trembling breath,
Such, gentle reader, woos thee now.
Oh! o'er it bend with yielding brow;
Read thou it when some soften'd mood
Is on thy hour of solitude;
And tender memory, sadden'd thought,
On the world's harsher cares have wrought.
Bethink thee, kindly look and word
Will fall like sunshine o'er each chord;
That, light as is such boon to thee,
'Tis more than summer's noon to me;
That, if such meed my suit hath won,
I shall not mourn my task is done.

The Vicar. Miss Landon is right: if women write from their own feelings, such ought to be the subjects of their Muse. I like as little to read a delineation of violent stormy passion from the pen of a woman, as I like to see the lady herself transformed into a virago or a scold.

Reginald. But there are ladies who have succeeded eminently in a higher walk of poetry than that to which Miss Landon aspires: their minds have been cast in a stronger mould; they have more of man in their composition; and therefore I grant you are uninteresting to us lords of the creation, who would rather see woman like the trembling sensitive plant, shrinking from the touch, or like the humble violet, seeking the shade, and yet, as it were, courting our protection, than resembling the flaunting sunflower or the gaudy tulip, in the pride of strength and beauty, but wanting sweetness and modesty and sensibility, which at once charm and enchain us.

Miss Primrose. And yet you pretend insensibility to Miss Landon's poetry!

Reginald. Certainly not: only you ladies so beset me with questions about *The Golden Violet*, that I was willing to check your ardour a little: that's all.

Miss R. Primrose. And now, what do you think of *The Golden Violet?*

Reginald. That it is a delightful poem; full of rich imagery, and the pure and tender feelings of an unsophisticated heart. It will rank next *The Improvisatrice*, and before *The Troubadour;* being, in fact, very nearly equal to the first as a whole; whilst it contains some passages of a far more splendid description than are to be found in either.

Miss Primrose. The idea of the Provence festival, on which the poem is founded, is a very pretty one.

Reginald. Yes. It is neatly told in Warton's *History of English Poetry;* and Miss Landon has developed it with equal skill. At the bidding of the Countess Clemenza, the bards, poets, and minstrels of almost every known country enter as competitors for the prize, and unite their lays, some of them of more than magic sweetness. The lady found it difficult to award the palm; and so do I. *The Italian Minstrel's Tale,* I think, if there be a preference, ought to have it; but it would be really a difficult point to decide.

Mrs. Primrose. The following descriptive lines, which occur in that tale, are beautiful:

The Count Gonfali held a feast that night,
And coloured lamps sent forth their odorous light
Over gold carvings, and the purple fall
Of tapestry; and around each stately hall
Were statues, pale, and finely shaped and fair,
As if all beauty, save her life, were there;
And, like light clouds floating around each room,
The censers roll'd the volumes of perfume;
And scented waters mingled with the breath
Of flowers, which died, as if they joy'd in death;
And the white vases, white as mountain snow,
Look'd yet more delicate in the rich glow
Of summer blossoms, hanging o'er each side,
Like sunset reddening o'er a silver tide.
There was the tulip, with its rainbow globe;
And, like the broidery on a silken robe
Made for the beauty's festal midnight hours,
The sparkling jessamine shook its silver showers;
Like timid hopes, the lily shrank from sight;
The rose leant, as it languish'd with delight,
Yet, bride-like, drooping in its crimson shame;
And the anemone, whose cheek of flame
Is golden, as it were the flower the sun
In his noon-hour most love'd to look upon.

Reginald. Yes; they are of a description that will be much oftener fallen short of, than equalled—much less excelled. The *Spanish Minstrel's Tale* is also one of peculiar fire and spirit. Its title is

THE YOUNG AVENGER.

The warrior's strength is bow'd by age, the warrior's step is slow,
And the beard upon his breast as white as is the winter snow:
Yet his eye shines bright, as if not yet its last of fame were won;
Six sons stand ready in their arms to do as he has done.

"Now take your way, ye Laras bold, and to the battle ride,
For loud upon the Christian air are vaunts of Moorish pride:
Your six white steeds stand at the gate; go forth, and let me see
Who will return the first, and bring a Moslem head to me."

Forth they went, six gallant knights, all mail'd from head to heel—
Is it not death to him who first their fiery strength shall feel?
They spurr'd their steeds, and on they dash'd, as sweeps the midnight wind;
While their youngest brother stood and wept that he must stay behind.

"Come here, my child," the father said; "and wherefore dost thou weep?
The time will come when from the fray nought shall my favourite keep;
When thou wilt be the first of all amid the hostile spears:"
The boy shook back his raven hair, and laugh'd amid his tears.

The sun went down, but lance nor shield reflected back his light;
The moon rose up, but not a sound broke on the rest of night:
The old man watch'd impatiently, 'till with morn o'er the plain
There came a sound of horses' feet, there came a martial train.

But gleam'd not back the sunbeam glad from plume or helm of gold;
No, it shone upon the crimson vest, the turban's emerald fold:
A Moorish herald, six pale heads, hung at his saddle-bow,
Gash'd, changed, yet well the father knew the lines of each fair brow.

"Oh! did they fall by numbers? or did they basely yield?"
"Not so: beneath the same bold hand thy children press'd the field.
They died as Nourreddin would wish all foes of his should die:
Small honour does the conquest boast when won from those who fly."

And thus he saith: "This was the sword that swept down thy brave band;
Find thou one who can draw it forth in all thy Christian land.
If from a youth such sorrowing and scathe thou hast endured,
Dread thou to wait for vengeance till his summers are matured!"

The aged chieftain took the sword; in vain his hands essay'd
To draw it from its scabbard forth, or poise the heavy blade:
He flung it to his only child, now sadly standing by—
"Now weep, for here is cause for tears!—alas! mine own are dry."

Then answer'd proud the noble boy: "My tears last morning came
For weakness of my own right hand—to shed them now were shame.
I will not do my brothers' names such deep and deadly wrong;
Brave were they unto death—success can but to God belong."

And years have fled, that boy has sprung unto a goodly height,
And fleet of foot, and stout of arm, in his old father's light:
Yet breath'd he never wish to take in glorious strife his part,
And shame and grief his backwardness was to that father's heart.

Cold, silent, stern, he let time pass, until he rush'd one day
Where, mourning o'er his waste of youth, the weary chieftain lay:
Unarm'd he was, but in his grasp he bore a heavy brand—
"My father, I can wield his sword; now knighthood at thy hand!

"For years, no hours of quiet sleep upon my eyelids came,
For Nourreddin had poison'd all my slumber with his fame:
I have waited for my vengeance, but now, alive or dead,
I swear to thee, by my brothers' graves, that thou shalt have his head!"

It was a glorious sight to see when those two warriors met!
The one dark as a thunder-cloud, in strength and manhood set;
The other young and beautiful, with lithe and graceful form,
But terrible as is the flash that rushes through the storm.

And eye to eye, and hand to hand, in deadly strife they stood,
And smoked the ground whereon they fought, hot with their mingled blood;
'Till droop'd the valiant Infidel, fainter his blows, and few,
While fiercer from the combat still the youthful Christian grew.

Nourreddin falls, his sever'd head, it is young Lara's prize:
But dizzily the field of death floats in the victor's eyes.
His cheek is as his foeman's pale, his white lips gasp for breath;
Aye, this was all he ask'd of Heaven—the victory and death.

He raised him on his arm: "My page, come thou and do my will:
Canst thou not see a turban'd band upon yon distant hill?
Now strip me of my armour, boy, by yonder river's side;
Place firm this head upon my breast, and fling me on the tide."

That river wash'd his natal halls, its waters bore him on
Till the moonlight on the hero in his father's presence shone:
The old chief to the body drew—his gallant boy was dead;
But his vow of vengeance had been kept—he bore Nourreddin's head!

Mr. Apathy. Very good indeed! There is something of the style of the old Spanish ballad about that composition; it bespeaks a genius that is both vivid and enthusiastic, and is embued with the true soul of poetry.

Mrs. Primrose. There are other poems attached to *The Golden Violet;* and I think *Erinna* is the most perfect of all the writer's productions. It is full of feeling, pure and ingenuous as that of the young in-

fant just budding into life, and there are passages that would not disgrace either Scott or Byron.

Reginald. The apostrophe to poetry is peculiarly fine:

Oh! glorious is the gifted poet's lot!
And touching more than glorious: 'tis to be
Companion of the heart's least earthly hour;
The voice of love and sadness, calling forth
Tears from their silent fountain: 'tis to have
Share in all nature's loveliness; giving flowers
A life as sweet, more lasting than their own;
And catching from green wood and lofty pine
Language mysterious as musical;
Making the thoughts which else had only been
Like colours on the morning's earliest hour,
Immortal, and worth immortality;
Yielding the hero that eternal name
For which he fought; making the patriot's deed
A stirring record for long-after time;
Cherishing tender thoughts which else had pass'd
Away like tears; and saving the loved dead
From death's worst part—its deep forgetfulness.

Mr. Montague. This young lady has been assailed by two or three of the reptiles who disgrace our periodical literature with the most unmanly—nay, even with brutal scurrility. Forgetful of her age and sex—forgetful of the chivalrous bearing which every gentleman ought to observe towards a woman, and which would cause him, even if obliged to censure, to do it with the delicacy and forbearance which the defenceless character of the sex demands—for no *lady* can descend into the arena and combat the critics in a paper war, though the authoress of *Italy* resorted to the desperate expedient — they have attacked her with a malignity which is as bitter as it is indefensible. There is, too, literally no cause for this conduct: if some injudicious friends have injured Miss Landon by their hyperbolical praise, the lady herself is no party to their conduct. She is both modest and ingenuous; and I know no punishment too disgraceful for her dastardly opponents.

Reginald. Miss Mitford has been similarly attacked by some obscure scribbler: indeed, it is the obscurity of these people that proves their protection. Their readers are few, and those of the lowest class; otherwise, were their opinions generally known, the indignation of every well-regulated mind would be so strong and so loudly expressed, that they would soon be compelled to "hide their diminished heads" from the gaze of public scorn.

Counsellor Eitherside. Now, Reginald, you may again luxuriate in your Germanic predilections: there are four more large tomes by Mr. Carlyle, entitled *German Romance; Specimens of its chief Authors, with Biographical and Critical Notices.*

Reginald. "There is something too much of this," as Shakspeare says: the public will pall with these repeated specimens of German romance. They follow one another in too quick succession; there is no time to digest one book properly before another is placed in our hands.

The Vicar. I have no objection to these tales so far as they go; but I do not like we should form our opinion of German literature wholly from them. I wish Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Gillies would give us translations of some of the poets and dramatists of Germany, few of whom have had justice done to them in an English dress.

Miss Primrose. I have read translations of many German dramas too, Reginald.

Reginald. Aye, and poor "bald disjointed" things they are. *Goetz of Berlichingen*, by Sir Walter Scott, and the fine version of *Wallenstein* by Coleridge, are almost the only ones I can recollect in which any thing like justice is done to the originals.

Counsellor Eitherside. And some of the said originals, if they had justice done them, would be sunk ten fathoms deep in the stream of oblivion.

Reginald. You are prejudiced, counsellor. But some of the German dramatists I admit do not offer a very pleasing harvest to the literary gleaner. You must not go back further than Lessing, if you wish to obtain specimens of the purely German drama; unless you go to a much more distant age, the materials of which are rude, and will scarcely repay the search. Lessing, who was the first that restored the national German drama, which had been superseded by works on the French model, introduced by Gottsched, Gellert, Schlegel, and Weisse; these were all of the French school—that school of the unities and of dulness—a school which has had a baleful influence upon our own dramatic literature; and which, by curbing genius with fantastic rules, renders the production of an animated and impassioned *drama* impossible, though an elegant poem may certainly be elicited.

Mr. Apathy. You might say, that Lessing gave the first impulse to the dramatic art in Germany; for, in fact, the theatre cannot be said to have had any existence in that country before him. As Madame de Stael justly observes, "he was the first to give to the Germans the honourable impulse of following their own genius in their theatrical works;" and his *Minna*, *Emilia*, and *Nathan the Wise*, will always exist as monuments of his genius. In his journal *Die Dramaturgie*, he also did much to introduce more correct notions relative to the dramatic art amongst his countrymen; particularly by criticizing those pieces which were translated from the French, and which, at that period, formed the chief stock of the German theatre. Schiller's genius is more vivid—his powers more commanding—his talents altogether far superior to Lessing's: yet Schiller's best dramas must be accounted amongst those, that, taken in conjunction with Kotzebue's, and some others of his note, have occasioned us to look upon the German school as one of unnatural deformity, in which a vicious sentimentality (if I may be allowed to coin a word) is inculcated, and the first principles of religion and morality are in danger of being subverted.

Mr. Montague. Schiller's *Robbers*, though a noble drama, has always appeared to me to be of a most objectionable character. In Germany, the splendid colours in which the author has drawn the portrait of Charles Moor, and the attractions with which he has arrayed him, have seduced many thoughtless young men from the quiet and even tenour of civil life, to follow a lawless occupation as inmates of the cave and the mountain and the forest; becoming outlaws and wanderers and plunderers of their fellow-men. It is said, that, on one occasion, a whole village was so led away by the united powers of the poet and the actor, on witnessing the representation of *The Robbers*, that they left their peaceful avocations and became banditti!

Mr. Apathy. Yet the erroneous

morality of Schiller is not more dangerous to the peace of society than the vicious sentiment of Kotzebue—as exhibited in *Lovers' Vows* and *The Stranger;* nor is *Benyowski* much their superior in this respect.

Reginald. Schiller's *Don Carlos* is, however, free from the objections which may be urged against his *Robbers*, his *Fiesco*, and his *Intrigue and Love;* all of which, I admit, though splendid compositions, are liable to censure: but *Don Carlos* is a noble work. What namby-pamby stuff does the tragedy of Lord John Russell, on the same subject, appear, when put in competition with this fine production of Schiller's!

Mr. Mathews. But you will not place even *Don Carlos* above *Wallenstein!* This is indeed a first-rate composition; the hand of a master is displayed throughout; and the translation by Coleridge will enable those who do not understand the German language, to make themselves acquainted with one of its finest and most unexceptionable productions in the class of the *belles lettres.* Nor must his *Mary Stuart* be overlooked by the lover of German literature; it is a drama of great power, in which the circumstances are managed with uncommon art; and the catastrophe is highly affecting.

Reginald. Joan of Arc, The Bride of Messina, and *William Tell*, are also admirable dramas; not so striking as *The Robbers* or *Wallenstein*, not equal perhaps in some particulars to *Mary Stuart*, but displaying an intimate acquaintance with human nature, an extensive knowledge of character, and most eminent poetical talents. *William Tell* has been made familiar to us by several translations: the acting drama under that name, got up a few seasons back at Drury-lane for Macready, is little more than a translation from Schiller's play.

Mr. Apathy. Goethe may be classed next to Schiller as a dramatist. He has given us the first example of an historical tragedy after the manner of Shakspeare, in his *Goetz of Berlichingen.* The scene is laid in the same era with that of *The Robbers;* and the contrast afforded between the unrestrained licentiousness, mixed with the noble bearing, of Charles Moor, and the frank chivalrous deportment of the old knight, might afford scope for a very interesting analysis, not only of the various bearings and tendency of the two characters, but of the peculiar talents and separate characteristics of the writers.

Mrs. Primrose. Is not Goethe a voluminous writer?

Reginald. Yes. His other dramas are, the *Count of Egmont, Iphigenia in Tauris, Torquato Tasso, The Natural Daughter*, and *Faustus.* Madame de Stael gives us his characteristics as displayed in each of these very correctly:

Sometimes he abandons himself wholly to passion, as in *Werther* and *Count Egmont;* at other times his fugitive poetry sets all the chords of imagination in vibration: again, he gives us historical facts with the most scrupulous truth, as in *Goetz of Berlichingen;* at another time he has all the simplicity of ancient times, as in *Herrman and Dorothea;* he now plunges with *Faustus* into the stormy whirlwinds of life; then, all at once, in *Tasso, The Natural Daughter*, and even in *Iphigenia*, he considers the dramatic art as a monument erected on a sepulchre. His works have then the fine forms, the splendour, and dazzling whiteness of marble, but, like it, they are also cold and inanimate. We cannot chuse

Goethe as a good author in one species of writing, while he is bad in another. He rather resembles nature, which produces every thing, and from every thing; and we may like his southern climate better than that of the north, without denying to him those talents which are suitable to all the various regions of the soul.

Mr. Montague. Amongst the German dramatists, you must not forget Werner, who ranks next to Schiller and Goethe. His *Luther*, *Attila*, *The Sons of the Valley*, *The Cross on the Baltic*, and *The Twenty-fourth of February*, are beautiful poems; though I agree with Madame de Stael, that they are defective as acting pieces: yet *Luther* was highly popular at Berlin.

Mr. Apathy. Kotzebue has been already mentioned. He has produced some good and effective pieces; but it is rather unfortunate that the English public should have become so familiar with his works as to identify with their general character that of the whole German stage. He has, however, written some dramas not so objectionable as those from which his fame is principally derived in England; and it is only fair to remark, that German critics themselves have censured Kotzebue as a dramatist for those deviations from the strict law of moral right in which he too frequently indulges.

Reginald. Gerstenberg is a minor writer of the German school, who has seized on a striking subject, and immortalized it by his pen. *Count Ugolino* is a drama of great power: the subject is gloomy and full of horrors; but there is a sublimity in some of the scenes which cannot be surpassed. Klinger, Collin, and Tieck, also deserve mention: the latter is a successful writer in the department of German comedy, as well as a critic of no mean pretensions. His recent works on the drama contain some very just remarks on both authors and actors; and may be read with advantage by both. Like Schlegel, he is an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare.

Miss Primrose. The German dramatists of note, like their novelists, appear to be numerous.

Reginald. Yes; but the latter are the most so: for it is in the department of fiction that German literature is particularly rich; and no writers can surpass Goethe, La Motte Fouqué, Hoffman, Richter, Tieck, Engel, Musæus, Kruse, and many others, whose names we "Englishers" have never heard.

The Vicar. But you must not judge of German literature merely from the productions of their novelists and dramatists. Klopstock is a poet of almost Miltonian calibre, and his *Messiah* has lately been rendered into English by a lady in a style worthy the great author. There are other poets of true genius, whose works deserve a niche in a library of general literature: but perhaps it is in history they shine most. The German historians are the most laborious of their class. They are great readers and profound thinkers; they have produced works which will long be standards in this department, and which it would be well if England were better acquainted with. Schiller and Müller and Herder are names which it would be difficult to parallel in any country. *The History of the Revolution in the Low Countries* and *The History of the Thirty Years' War* of the first; *The History of Switzerland* of the second; and *The*

Philosophy of History of the third, are all master-pieces—Müller's particularly—which, although voluminous, is yet incapable of tiring the attention for a moment, so admirable is the arrangement—so eloquent the language—so lucid the narrative. Madame de Staël styles him the "truly classical historian of Germany;" and he deserves the epithet.

Reginald. Amongst their historians, Niebuhr, a son of the celebrated traveller, is the author of a very elaborate *History of Rome*—a translation of which I have seen announced: Wachsmutte's *Inquiry into the early History of the Roman State;* and Creuzer's *Sketch of Roman Antiquities*, are also works of great research.

The Vicar. In history, philosophy, and criticism, the modern school of Germany will vie with that of any nation: in fact, the two brothers, William and Augustus Frederick Schlegel, are sufficient alone to dignify the art of criticism. Like all the modern writers of Germany, they are distinguished by a boldness and independence of thought, and correctness of judgment: they do not follow the beaten track of antiquity, but carve a way for themselves; and by careful analysis and laborious investigation dignify the art they love. But you who wish to become acquainted with German literature must read M. Stober's work, in which there are some errors; but, as a whole, it is compiled with great care and meritorious accuracy.

Counsellor Eitherside. But we have lost sight of Mr. Carlyle and his translation, in this general incursion into the region of German literature.

Reginald. Excepting the translations of Mr. Gillies, this by Mr. Carlyle is the best I have seen: I like the taste he has displayed in his selection, and the acumen he has shewn in his critical remarks. The translator of *Wilhelm Meister* has added another feather to his plume. His life and critical estimate of the works of Goethe is the best biographical sketch of that author we have in the English language.

Mr. Montague. Keppel's *Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England* is a very interesting and amusing volume of travels. The writer (son to the Earl of Albemarle) is a young man of great enterprise and some information; and his "diary" has furnished him with the means of giving us a variety of curious particulars of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Persia, a portion of India, Arabia, Tartary, and Russia. A few detached passages, to which I can easily refer, may amuse you. The author is sailing from Bombay to the head of the Persian gulph in his Majesty's ship the Alligator. On the shores of the gulph he witnessed an Arab horse-race, which is described as a most animated scene. The riders have no clothing, except a coarse loose shirt; nor have the horses any other accoutrement than "the powerful bit of the country." The sailors were not behindhand in partaking of these sports:

> Every youngster of the Alligator had provided himself with a horse, and, as much at home here as if on Southampton Downs, was to be seen scampering across the desert on Arabs scarcely broke. One of these (says Mr. Keppel), zealous for the honour of his cloth, challenged me to ride a race with him: off we both set in gallant style; but in his anxiety to get

to windward of "the soldier-officer," he ran foul of a comrade, whom he capsized, as well as himself, at the same moment; the palm was consequently adjudged to me, though my rival competitor swore "he should certainly have won, if the lubber had not come athwart his hawse."

Mr. Mathews. The account of Bagdad and of the inhabitants, particularly of the women, is interesting. But we have several other books yet on our table, I see: I shall not therefore enter any further into the merits of Mr. Keppel's volume, which, however, I beg strongly to recommend to you all.

The Vicar. We have too a very amusing book of travels recently published, *Recollections of Egypt*, by the Baroness von Minutoli. It does not contain the scientific details of a Volney or a Denon; but it is diversified with the personal adventures of the fair authoress, which give a charm and interest to its pages equal to those of a romance.

Miss Primrose. What could induce the baroness to go to Egypt of all countries in the world?

The Vicar. She went, like a good wife, in the company of her husband, who, "adding to the love of the sciences, and the study of antiquities, a very natural desire to visit Egypt, resolved to take advantage of the happy influence which the power of Mahomet Ali exercises in that country." The baroness was influenced by a love of the society of her husband—and perhaps by a little very pardonable womanish curiosity—to accompany him; and accordingly they commenced their travels, and arrived at Alexandria in September 1820. She describes that city and its inhabitants with an air of the greatest *naïveté*, and Grand Cairo and Damietta afford opportunity for some pleasing sketches; not profound disquisitions or learned investigations, but light and airy portraitures, such as we look for from a female pen. In one particular, this book is of peculiar interest: it contains descriptions of female manners, which none but a female is competent to give; because none but a female would be admitted to that familiar intercourse with the women of the country, which is necessary to enable the traveller to describe them with fidelity. She represents their condition as by no means so degraded and unhappy as is commonly supposed. Though restricted from appearing in public without a veil, they are absolute mistresses at home; and enjoy more liberty, with more frequent opportunities of abusing it, than we imagine. But you must all read this book: it contains more amusing details of Eastern manners than any traveller has favoured us with since the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Miss Primrose. My curiosity is excited, and I certainly shall read it. But what have you there, Reginald?

Reginald. The Annual Biography and Obituary, which is less interesting this year than usual. The lives are most of them little more than copies of the sketches that have previously adorned the pages of Sylvanus Urban; somewhat enlarged perhaps, but not improved; and many of the individuals commemorated are scarcely deserving the distinction, whilst many who really merited an honourable mention are passed by unheeded, and totally neglected. The most interesting narrative in the work is,

the Life of Mrs. Watts, formerly Miss Jane Waldie, the author of "*Sketches in Italy*," but not of "*Continental Adventures*," which was written by her sister, Mrs. Easton, to whom we are also indebted for that highly amusing book, "*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*." In this narrative a few extracts are given from a journal kept by Miss Waldie when at Brussels in 1814; and they will, even now, be read with avidity, though of course not so eagerly sought after as they would have been had they appeared at the time. On the morning of the eventful day on which the victory of Waterloo was won, Miss Waldie and her sister were awakened by the "trumpet sounding to arms," and soon after their brother came to their door. I will read a short extract, which is particularly animated:

He desired us to get up immediately, if we wished to see Major L——, who waited to bid us farewell. Hurrying on our clothes, we flew to my brother's room, to meet and part with one brought up with us almost like our brother, whom we had not seen for years, and perhaps might never see more. While our short and agitated interview lasted, his charger, held below, loudly neighing and pawing the ground, seemed to reproach his master's delay. He galloped off to his regiment, and we repaired to our room. Never shall I forget the spectacle that presented itself before our windows. By the gray dawn of morning we saw the *Place Royale* literally filled with troops, forming, defiling, marching, waiting, amidst baggage-carts, artillery-waggons, and military accoutrements scattered around; officers riding about at full speed; horses trampling, and impatiently neighing and shaking their proud manes; carriages rolling, drums beating; in short, a scene of which no description can give an adequate idea. In the midst of all this commotion, the poor soldiers were taking an affecting leave of their wives and children, whom it was probable they might never again behold. We saw regiment after regiment form, and march out. The Highland regiments especially awakened our interest, for at that moment our hearts recognised them for our countrymen; but so indeed were all the British army. At length every thing was quiet. The *Place Royale*, in the dead of night so crowded with armed men, and resounding with noisy tumult, now, in the brightness of morning, was deserted and silent.

Mr. Apathy. Very spirited: it would do credit to the pen of "the Subaltern."

Miss Primrose. What have we in the way of fiction? Is there no novel or romance to amuse us poor damsels, whom some of you lords of the creation deem unmeet to partake of any stronger literary diet?

Reginald. Why, I know of but few specimens of this species of light reading, lately published, that are worth recommending. *Truckleborough-Hall* is a satire rather than a novel: it relates the history of a certain Citizen North, who commences his political life as a Jacobin of 1793. The same animal is a Radical of 1819. Thank God, the species is now extinct. This citizen, after passing through every grade of patriotism, and having been tried for high treason, at length contrives to obtain a seat on the Treasury bench.

Mr. Apathy. But that is not all, my friend. *Truckleborough-Hall* contains a complete *exposé* of the chicanery and arts by which the elections for rotten boroughs were conducted in the olden time, and which are as rife now as ever. It is a very

clever work, and deserves to be read.

Reginald. And will be, I have no doubt. It is one of Colburn's, who, if he has not had the luck to publish any works which will become standard in our literature, has had the better fortune for himself, perhaps, to issue a number of popular productions, which have had a great sale, and have put money in his pockets, whether they have added much to our stock of knowledge or not.

Mr. Montague. If you want a volume of well-written tales, serious and lively, gay and pathetic, I can recommend *Head-Pieces and Tail-Pieces*; an unpretending volume of great merit, and which deserves to be generally patronised.

Reginald. *The Gondola*, by Mr. Vandyke, I can also recommend.

Mrs. Primrose. What have you sent us here, Reginald?

Reginald. It is a book on a subject which indeed differs widely from those that generally furnish the topics of our conversations, but which seems well worthy of the attention of heads of families in particular. Among the complaints to which we are liable, there is no class of such frequent occurrence and so annoying as the diseases of the teeth, which spare neither high nor low, neither old nor young. The work on the table, *Principles of Dental Surgery*, written by Dr. Koecker, a native of Germany, some time resident in the United States of America, and now settled in Conduit-street, London, exhibits the principles of the author's practice, which appear to differ much from the ordinary course pursued by dentists in this country; and such is the conviction produced in my mind, by the perusal of the work, of the superior benefit to be derived from their application, that on my next visit to town I shall not fail to avail myself of the benefit of the author's skill and experience.

The Vicar. From a cursory glance at the volume, I conceived that it was rather calculated for the information of the practitioner, than the patient; but I shall, on your recommendation, make myself better acquainted with its contents.

Reginald. You will perceive from them that there are few, be their cases ever so desperate, but are promised relief and comfort from the treatment of Dr. Koecker, whose ingenuity is displayed in the invention of numerous instruments unknown to other dentists, and whose skill, for instance, in the extraction of teeth—an operation generally regarded, even by adults, with fear and horror—may be inferred from the circumstance, that, in America, young children of both sexes were accustomed to come to him by themselves to have it performed. To all, in short, who value their teeth as a feature of personal recommendation, and as conducive to the general health of the system, this book cannot be otherwise than welcome.

Mr. Mathews. I have suffered too much myself, Reginald, not to thank you for having directed our attention to the subject, though, as you observe, out of the usual line of our literary discussions.

Reginald. We have trespassed far into the night; the clock will soon commence striking the small hours, and it is time to separate. So good night to all: may happiness attend you till we meet again!

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD HALL, *Feb.* 15, 1827.

to view. Mr. Gower descended the steps; Captain Oglethorpe trod close behind him, and the servants followed. Before Lieutenant Gower reached the last board, two native women fell on their faces, moaning piteously. The gentlemen assured them that their alarm was groundless; but they stood up and spread their arms to intercept the strangers, till a lady sumptuously dressed spoke to them in their own dialect, and then exclaimed in English, "Praise be to Almighty God, I once more behold some of my countrymen!"

The last words faintly came from her pale lips. The lady sunk into the arms of her attendants: they laid her stiff as a corpse upon cushions covered with crimson silk and fringed with gold; and before she recovered, the gentlemen had time to observe the splendour of her apartment. The walls, stuccoed of a dazzling white, had regular spaces level and shining as porcelain, with the similitude of seven small fluted columns dividing each smooth surface, which might be seven or eight feet in breadth; and all these plain parts were at short distances embellished with palm-leaves in silver foil, which reflected the rays of many Chinese lamps suspended within a large glass case, with a funnel, which, inserted in the roof of the vault, conveyed the smoke away. The roof, white as snow and highly polished, acted also as a reflector to the lamplights. Numerous cushions, such as already described, surrounded the room; high screens, curtained with green silk, divided it into different compartments; and a handsome bed, with rich crimson silk draperies, stood behind screens at the upper end. The floor was covered with Indian matting of the best kind; the tables, chests, boxes, stands for flowers, for fruit, for liqueurs and other refreshments, were superbly lacquered in the best Chinese workmanship. All was gorgeous, though not in refined taste. Even the rail of the ladder was adorned with silver foil, and the steps covered with red velvet. Lieutenant Gower's lively imagination almost transported him to Fairy-land, and Captain Oglethorpe looked with astonishment on a scene of barbaric grandeur.

As soon as the lady could articulate, she thanked the officers for her deliverance, and regretted that the irrepressible wailings of her damsels had occasioned such inrouds on their repose. She begged they would go to rest; she and her attendants should be contented with their subterranean chamber, which she dared hope might be left unclosed, since the aperture could be guarded by a sentinel, if her parole not to escape nor to remove any of the property should not find acceptance. Captain Oglethorpe, who was senior officer of the party, besought her not to think she was considered as a prisoner. Every apartment in the house was at her disposal, and when she had made a selection, the beds in the vault should be taken up, and placed according to her directions.

"I well know this house," she replied: "three days are scarcely gone since I called it my own. My women will spread cushions for themselves and me in any chamber that is vacant; and while they make these preparations, will you have the humanity to inform me if Andoo Wown Engee and his son Elcund Mawn are safe and at liberty? My heart misgives me, as they came not hither

with you?" The gentlemen looked at each other in painful uncertainty how to reply.

After Arracan fell into the hands of the British troops, the house-tops were crowded with females of the Birman empire gazing upon the white-faced visitors. From one of these groups, several poisoned arrows struck the two chiefs of Arracan while in close conversation. They expired almost instantaneously, and the strictest search could not discover the assassins. It seemed best to Captain Oglethorpe to relieve the lady from suspense, but not to divulge particulars which might aggravate her affliction, and he answered, "We performed the rites of sepulchre for the Pegu chief and his gallant son this evening."

The lady, in a tone of anguish, said, "The Engee's son was my husband"—tears stifled her voice for some time: she exerted herself to add, "Let me no longer be the cause of disturbance to you, gentlemen: to-morrow I shall, if you wish it, make you acquainted with my severe trials. By compulsory circumstances I yielded my hand to Elcund Mawn; but his subsequent behaviour was worthy of a noble and cultivated mind: upright, generous, humane, and affectionate—O he was too good for a sinful world! I rave—in pity leave me with these faithful creatures." The gentlemen, penetrated with sympathy, bowed and withdrew.

In obedience to military rules, the officers all rose early to attend parade. Enjoining their domestics to observe all precaution not to disturb the lady, Captain Oglethorpe's *dubash* answered that the lady and her damsels had been all night at work upon black robes and head-coverings. Nevertheless, all were again warned of the highest displeasure, if they made any noise, in case the fair widow should be disposed to sleep after completing her mournful task.

Retiring from parade, Captain Oglethorpe sent his principal domestic with a breakfast-tray abundantly supplied, and inquiries after the lady. She gave the man a liberal present, and bade him return in half an hour for the tray. He came, charged with a request from Captain Oglethorpe and Mr. Gower to be permitted the honour of waiting upon her when convenient. She replied, that in two hours she should be happy to see them. Meanwhile, their brother officers rallied them concerning their romantic adventure, and planned many devices to obtain a peep at the heroine. This was impossible; she had passed from the subterranean to an upper apartment, while all but her deliverers were asleep. She was standing to welcome them when they availed themselves of her appointment; and one of her damsels, who drew the bolt to admit Captain Oglethorpe and Mr. Gower, closed the door immediately, and took her station, near her fellow-servant, behind the lady. She pointed to cushions for her visitants, and seated herself, in evident agitation. She and her damsels were clad in black Chinese silk of a light texture; her sable maids, with heads uncovered, stood at her back, and sometimes adjusted the folds of black gauze which from the crown of her ringlets of pale brown hair but half concealed their luxuriance, and fell on each of her temples to the lowest hem of her robe. She did not, however, affect to veil her dejected yet lovely coun-

tenance; indeed, it was easy to see she thought not of her dress or person; their arrangement had been the work of her damsels, and they must have been both expert and diligent; for, besides making their lady's dress and their own, they had covered the cushions with rich black velvet. The lady made several ineffectual attempts to speak. She gasped for breath, under a violent effort at self-command; her fixed eye shed no tear; her heaving chest manifested a severe internal struggle, and at length she wept and sobbed convulsively. The gentlemen rose to relieve her of their presence; but in broken accents she entreated them to bear with her a little longer. The damsels often wiped their eyes with the long lank hair which overspread their shoulders, and repeatedly took from their lady a handkerchief steeped in briny torrents, replacing it with another of new black silk.

"I hope these effusions of woe may not again tax your patience," said the fair widow, bowing to her countrymen, "and that you will excuse the painful scene when you hear my disastrous story. My father was a captain in the service of the East India Company; my mother, a daughter of a field-officer in the same battalion, brought him good connections, but little fortune. They had many children: some died infants under their own care; others of the childish distempers when sent to Britain for education. One dear, dear brother grew to manhood, and was drowned by the ice giving way while skating with a gay assemblage. Unhappy I witnessed the distracting calamity: I shudder to look back upon the utter prostration of mind that succeeded to the most bitter grief. That I recovered from overwhelming melancholy must be ascribed to the consolations of religion, administered by an accomplished and wealthy Methodist family, distantly related to my mother. I embraced their persuasion, and was confirmed in piety by the exemplary habits of their youngest son, Leonard Saville. He was a naval officer; and his ship being paid off, I became acquainted with him sixteen months before I had a letter from my mother, telling me that my society alone could comfort her for the loss of my dear brother. I went to bid a long adieu to the excellent Savilles. Leonard was with them. He asked me to give him a seat in the hackney-coach I had taken to Richmond: it was a small accommodation in return for numberless favours I owed his parents and sisters. On the way to London he disclosed sentiments which might, in some measure, excuse a partiality I blushed to feel, yet strove in vain to subdue. Saville assured me he was determined to make a voyage to Calcutta: he could not endure idleness; and he had a dearer motive to seek employment in the ship where my passage was taken. How my heart fluttered with joy when I saw him on board! We had little intercourse; but I exulted in secret at the encomiums on his fine countenance, his elegant mind and manners, and his highly exemplary conduct. The captain publicly remarked on different occasions, when the rashness or negligence of giddy youths produced troubles in his department, that when Mr. Saville had the watch, there never was any complaint. His vigilance kept the seamen alert; and

in foul weather all on board were satisfied, if Saville assured them he saw no danger.

"The captain was intimate with my father; and I flattered myself he would so represent Saville's character as to remove the obstacles which ambition might oppose to our happiness. My mother was all indulgence; she had married from disinterested attachment, and would not exact from me a cruel sacrifice. How vainly do frail mortals calculate upon futurity! My beloved mother no more blessed me. She died in a few weeks after the date of her letter calling me to India; my father had married a girl not many years older than myself; and he too was lingering under incurable malady. His young wife appeared good-natured, but giddily devoted to pleasure. She left her dying husband to my care; and even if Saville had not been the frequent inmate of my father's chamber, I should have preferred passing the time there. But as often as his business allowed he attended the invalid; read to him books amusing and instructive; entertained him by relating whatever occurrences in the present world were likely to interest him, and gradually led him to think of the interminable state of existence.

"To me Saville was a brother, a friend, a respectful, despairing lover. A new face, if not very plain, will surely attract notice in a limited society. I never accepted invitations out of my father's house; but my stepmother had large evening parties, and at the very earnest request of my suffering parent, I sacrificed domestic comfort to save appearances on her account. I extricated myself from the deluding and deluded crowd whenever etiquette permitted, and often found Saville filling my place in the sick-chamber. More than one proposal of marriage wrung my feelings, as I could perceive the exaggerated reports of my admirers sent abroad by my father's wife gave much inquietude to Saville. I protested to him that my predilection remained unchanged, and only depended upon paternal sanction. My stepmother pretended that all her gaieties had no object but a good settlement for me; and, in point of fortune, a great settlement was offered. I had been undergoing a dreary penance in the saloon, listening to fulsome adulation from a hoary general officer, whose character was still more repugnant than his person. My father's confinement was an apology for leaving the company before supper, and, with a sensation of release from bondage, I repaired to the dear invalid: Saville sat beside the sofa where he rested. The first glance shewed me the lover was sadly disconcerted, and my spirits sunk under the apprehension of my father having rejected his suit. 'I protest,' said my father, 'you are both moonstricken within this half hour. As for Saville, I can tolerably account for his weariness in this chamber of dulness.' Saville opened his lips to enter a caveat against the inference, but my father waved his hand to silence him, and continued, 'No, my dear Saville, I know you are too good to tire of a poor old valetudinarian, who would be less troublesome if he could avoid it; but for this moping girl, I am half convinced she is out of humour at leaving her inamorato, the general.'

" ' If I am out of humour, my dear papa,' I answered, ' it is because I am disgusted by a silly old man affecting levities which would be unseemly even in youth.'

" ' Beware how you speak of your destined spouse!' said my father. ' I have this evening confided to Saville that the general has made proposals for you in due form; and if you approve, I shall not withhold my consent; for, in sober seriousness, it would be a load off my mind to have you respectably settled.'

" ' Say rather, my dearest father, that you will support me in dismissing for ever an odious man. The most humble toil for bread—yea, death itself, would be preferable to the wretchedness of perjury in giving my vows to honour and obey a person I must for ever despise and dislike.'

" ' Bella,' said my father, ' you have said enough to determine me never again to mention the general to you as a lover. Dry your tears. Take off these gaudy trappings, and hasten back to us.'

" I was rather dilatory in changing my dress, as I expected Saville would take the opportunity to reveal his own attachment. My father was gladdened by my prospects of solid happiness; my stepmother with some difficulty submitted to the mortification of seeing me given to a partner who could not exalt me to the very first fashionable circle; but my aim was substantial comfort on earth, and a helpmate to sustain my paths to heaven. The day for my union with Saville was fixed.

" In the interval a relation of my father's bequeathed to him all he had to bestow—a large well-appointed ship trading to Rangoon, with her valuable cargo. The relatives of my stepmother had taken advantage of my father's vehement passion for her, and he gave her all his property by her marriage-contract. He therefore lost no time in vesting me with every right to " the Princess of the Sea:" our familiar friends gave me in jest that high-sounding title, and never had a jest more momentous consequences to the object.

" My father witnessed the marriage of his only surviving child with perfect satisfaction; we flattered ourselves the unmixed joy he testified at the event might operate as a cordial—alas! I now think he was too enfeebled to sustain the high excitation. Two days had seen me a happy wife, when my beloved parent, talking to Saville about the equipment of his ship, stopped in the middle of a sentence, laid his head upon Saville's shoulder, and, with a long-drawn sigh, expired. I beheld this last movement and heard the last respiration of my parent; but quite petrified by the sudden shock, I could not even summon assistance. Saville acted with his usual presence of mind: medical advice was instantly procured; but life was extinct beyond recal. I tortured myself with an idea, that the short delay in calling a physician had been fatal—the recollection is even now overwhelming. I pass from it as from the spectre of horrors, never to be effaced from my mind."

(To be concluded in our next.)

St. Columbanus preached christianity in Germany and Switzerland. One day he arrived at a place near the lake of Zurich just at the moment of a pagan sacrifice. A vast multitude of people surrounded an immense vat filled with beer, of which a libation was to be offered to the god Mars. The saint went up and breathed upon the vessel, which was instantly shivered in pieces; the beer ran away, and the people renounced paganism.

In the church of Notre Dame de Clery, a wax candle of prodigious size, is suspended by an iron chain before the image of the Virgin. Whenever any person is in danger of his life, either by sea or land, and makes a vow to go in pilgrimage to this church, the taper turns round twice or thrice of itself, with such noise that all the people throng to the church to behold the miracle. The noise and motion, which are said to take place without human hands, are nevertheless so violent, that ten men would not be able to produce them. The day and hour of the event are carefully noted down; and when the individual who is delivered from danger arrives to fulfil his vow, the memorandum is read to him, and the time of the miraculous motion of the taper is always found to correspond precisely with the moment of the danger and deliverance.

The town of Loches in Touraine is situated on the Indre. The traveller is shewn, as a remarkable, or rather a miraculous object, a millstone in a water-mill, which is kept, like all the rest, in constant use, and when ground smooth is again picked, but yet never wastes. When the mill was built, above three centuries ago, by St. Ursus, the first miller, the stone was placed there and blessed by him. Whenever it requires picking for the purpose of making it rough, the people collect the dust and mix it with their medicines. The stone, which is about eight inches thick, has a crack, a consequence of the levity of a young miller, who touched it with his hand whilst toying with a lass, and it has ever since been surrounded with an iron hoop.

In the principal church of Poitiers, dedicated to St. Hilary, is shewn the cradle of the saint, composed of the bole of an oak-tree partly hollowed out, six feet long and two and a half in diameter: this is used for the cure of the insane. The patient is put into it and bound with chains or cords, masses and prayers are said over him, and he is instantly restored to a sound mind.

In the church of the Capuchin convent of Aix, in Provence, there is a crucifix which bears the name of *Inexpugnable*—the invincible. At the time of the League, when the city of Aix was besieged in 1589, a cannon-ball struck the left arm of our Saviour, and shivered into a thousand pieces, without injuring the image, merely leaving a black spot at the point of contact.

In the church of the little town of St. Maximin is preserved in a flask some of the earth in which the cross of Christ was set up, and which was wetted with his blood. This earth was collected by Mary Magdalene, who brought it with her when she came from Judea to Provence. On Good-Friday a motion takes place of

itself in this earth, and small undulations are observed in it.

The town of Arras contains two wonder-working relics. The first is a gold vase, richly adorned with precious stones, in which some wool is kept. According to the testimony of St. Jerome, in the year 371, after a long drought in the province of Artois, this wool descended together with rain of a peculiarly fertilizing nature, and moistened and fecundated the parched soil. It is called manna, and a procession is annually held on the second Sunday after Easter in commemoration of this miracle. The second wonder consists in a light which the Virgin Mary herself brought to Arras, to put a stop to a sickness there called "the holy fire." The light is preserved in a small chapel, built for the purpose and named *Chapelle de la Sainte Chandelle*, and is much visited and venerated.

THE THREE CHALLENGES.

Don Manuel was a man who had reflected and observed a great deal. In his youth he, like others, attached himself blindly to a party, but he soon grew cool in the cause when he saw the excesses to which party-spirit led his associates; and he detached himself from them every day more and more, in proportion as his mind became more enlightened and his judgment more mature. Our Spaniard had the singular habit of always saying what he thought; and those who know what Spain is at present, will not be surprised that he often brought himself into scrapes: we shall relate one of them.

He was one day reading the Gazette in a coffee-house in Madrid, when a Royalist volunteer came in, and began to make a parade of his loyalty. Perceiving that Don Manuel listened to him without emotion, he suspected that he belonged to the opposite faction, and without ceremony called him a Negro. The don resented this pretty appellation warmly enough, and the discussion terminated in a challenge.

In going home from the coffee-house, Manuel encountered a neighbour who was an outrageous Liberal; this gentleman stopped him, in order to communicate a piece of news which appeared very improbable. Provoked at the air of incredulity with which he was listened to, he said some sharp things; Don Manuel replied with firmness, and it was speedily agreed on both sides to terminate the difference by the sword.

Manuel happened to be engaged to pass that evening with a friend of his, a stanch Carlist, who declaimed most outrageously against the king and the minister who was supposed to have the most influence with him. Don Manuel would have mitigated the fury of his zeal, upon which the Carlist flew into a passion, accused the don of being a Royalist, and insisted upon the matter being decided in the manner usual among men of honour.

Our don, who liked a joke rather better than the generality of his grave countrymen, appointed to meet his three adversaries at the same place and exactly at the same hour. The Liberal was the first who arrived at the spot. He was quite astonished when directly afterwards he saw, in-

stead of the adversary he expected, a perfect stranger approach him. It was the Royalist volunteer. Being asked by the Liberal what had brought him to that retired spot, he answered immediately that he came to chastise a Negro; "for," continued he, "since it happens unfortunately that those gentry are not all hanged, as most certainly they ought to be, it becomes the duty of every faithful subject to rid Spain of them as fast as he can."

One may easily conceive the manner in which the Constitutionalist answered this speech: their swords were out in an instant; but just as they were going to attack one another, "Stop," cried the Royalist, "for here comes my man, and I must settle with him first."

It was not, however, Don Manuel, but the Absolutist, who, with his rapier under his arm, advanced gravely with a cigar in his mouth, and seeing two men with drawn swords, proceeded to inform himself of the subject of their quarrel, and finished by quarrelling with both of them.

Just at the moment that they were about to draw lots for the combat, up came Don Manuel. "Softly, softly, gentlemen," cried he, "I claim the priority; it must be with me, gentlemen, that you will have to do one after another. Let us proceed in due order. It was you, Don Juan, who first insulted me yesterday, by calling me a Negro; after that the Seigneur Don Miguel here applied to me, with an air of scorn, the epithet of Absolutist; and you, Don Pedro, insulted me because you thought me a Royalist. Now, gentlemen, as you know very well that an honest man cannot belong to all these parties at once, it is clear that you each in your turn owe me reparation: so, Don Juan, let us begin."

At this speech two of Don Manuel's antagonists, in spite of their Spanish gravity, could not help laughing. They offered their hands, which Manuel good-naturedly accepted. The Carlist alone saw nothing ridiculous in the business. "It appears to me," cried he, "that you must be more despicable even than I thought you; for you must be a Moderate, and I do not know whether I should not scorn a Moderate as much as a Descamisado."—"If that be the case then," cried Manuel, "come on."—The Carlist did so; and as he fought with as little coolness as he argued, in a few minutes his life was in the power of his antagonist. Manuel paused a moment. "I want no mercy," cried the Carlist firmly;" it is contrary to my principles to ask it."—"And it is contrary to my principles not to grant it unasked. Take your sword, reserve it to fight for your country; and acknowledge in future, that a man may be a Moderate, without deserving to have his throat cut by every hot-brained Liberal, Royalist, or Absolutist, that he has the misfortune to meet with."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM AN ARTIST IN ITALY.

No. II.

NAPLES, *Jan.* 9, 1827.

You will have heard from — that I have been rambling over the north of Italy since I last wrote to you; that I have been studying all the great schools of art on the ground where they flourished; and have been

rioting and *revelling* in the intellectual feast which Italy still offers to all who have appetite and taste. It is a humbling thing to see in all those great schools where art has most flourished and artists have been most employed, that there are only one or two names which give a character to each. The rest have sunk into merited obscurity. Whatever men may be in their own eyes, in their own days; however they may have been puffed up with their own self-importance, and strutted and fretted in the midst of their contemporaries, posterity knows them not; their works are passed over like the tapestry-hangings of a room; the eye does not rest upon them, nor does the mind acknowledge them. It is truly wonderful to see how soon the influence of bad taste enters. A school is scarcely formed, the lives of its founders have scarcely expired before it begins to degenerate, and the tide of bad taste once set in, nothing can stop it; it goes on *da male al peggio*, from bad to worse, and whole ages are occupied in multiplying insignificance and giving form to nothingness. There is only one age of art that has any thing of decided character; it is that which immediately preceded what is called the revival. Giotto and Cimabue, and a host of others who worked with them, have left scattered through the churches and convents of Italy such thoughts as would be sufficient to inoculate good taste on any nation where they might be fairly published and circulated. Were I a young man, I should be much inclined to make a collection of the productions of this age. It was here, even more than in the antique, that Flaxman studied; and it is following the soundings of Flaxman that the Germans are now making such discoveries and such progress as will lead to a regeneration of taste throughout Europe. I am afraid you do not know how to honour Flaxman in England. I would set up a monument to his memory in every town and in every place where art was ever heard of. I would teach children to lisp his name, and have a relish for his works infused even into the instructions of the nursery. —— may be recollected long, very long after his death; —— may wear out some ages; but Flaxman will live till the end of time.

By the way, have you heard of the high honour done to Wilkie in the sale of the King of Bavaria's pictures? If I am rightly informed, the "Reading of the Will" produced a thousand pounds sterling! His countrymen are making much of him in Rome. There is to be a dinner, at which the Duke of Hamilton is to preside, given in honour of him.

It is the fashion for the English to spend this part of the winter in Naples, exposing themselves to the pitiless pelting of hail-storms, from which no cloak can screen them, and which no umbrella can ward off. This winter, as well as the last, and I suppose all the winters of Naples, are enough to stop the journalizing of every invalid who tries the experiment. We have all varieties of climate in the course of a day! and such winds! and such hail! and such rain! every street presents an impassable torrent; and it is one of the offices of the Lazzaroni to let out their shoulders to those who are able to pay for being carried over: but all this, bad as it is, suits me better than the damp atmosphere of England. The rain, it is true, does come down

in torrents; the thunder does roll its terrible fury over our heads, and seldom passes without striking some fated victim; earthquakes not unfrequently make us tremble in our beds: but when all this is over, and it does pass over quickly, the sun shines out again with a charm that is irresistible; the air is filled with refreshing sweetness, and so little remains of the terrible storms, that it is difficult to persuade one's-self that such things have been. I walked out the other morning towards the sea (my usual custom). The wind and waves had disturbed me in the night by their terrific roaring; but by the dawn of day all was quiet, the sun was shining gloriously, and nature presented an aspect of smiling serenity. Not all, however, were to be enlivened that morning by the sun's cheering rays: a boat had been wrecked in the bay, and the shore was literally strewed with dead. Two men and a woman lie close under the Villa Reale, and the rest were found amongst the rocks at Posilipo. The boat was going to the Island of Procida with passengers. Fourteen persons were lost, and three contrived to reach the shore, but half alive. The day before the son of a military officer at the Ponte Maddelina was struck dead by lightning close to his father's side. These things happen constantly, but they make little impression. The newspapers are silent on such subjects, and they get known to the people partially and imperfectly.

"All sorts of titled and distinguished folks have found their way here this winter; but I suppose the list at Alinack's will hardly be sensible of the diminution. We have the Prince Leopold; the member for Durham, Mr. Lambton and his lady (these latter are striking the Neapolitans dumb with a display of riches and magnificence hitherto unknown on these shores); marquises and countesses, bishops, baronets, and ladies, and every variety of titled and untitled opulence. One gentleman has left a good estate and comfortable fire-side, and is travelling for no other purpose in the world than to recommend every body to take mustard-seed! "Mustard-seed," he says, "taken in the dose of a table-spoonful, three times a day, will cure all disorders, and make men live many more years than their fathers did before them." This old gentleman has a *prodigious organ of benevolence*, and he has persuaded himself that possessing the knowledge of so important a secret, he should be criminal to allow his fellow-creatures to remain ignorant of its virtue. Another individual, *in holy orders*, has no object for moving from place to place but *La Pasta!* He followed her from London to Paris, and from Paris to Naples. The time of his stay in every place is regulated by her engagements with the stage-managers. Another man, educated for the Scottish church, has been out to Constantinople, and become quite fascinated with the doctrines and disciples of Mahomet. He has undergone the ceremony of initiation, and declares that if he preaches at all, he will make the Koran his text-book. Naples is rich just now in dreamers and enthusiasts.

A perpetual interest is now kept up at Pompeii; for though the government does but little, there is just enough done to keep expectation alive. You have heard of the olives that have been found in pickle, so

fresh as not to have lost their form and substance. New paintings of various merit are still found on the walls of every fresh house that is unearthed by the labourers. Whatever other qualities these pictures may want, they are never wanting in grace. Taste was certainly more generally diffused amongst the ancients than it ever has been in modern times; but with them there were some aberrations. A most paltry fountain lately turned out, and many disgusting exhibitions in the most public parts of the city, abundantly prove this.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Serenade for two Performers on one Piano-forte, composed by C. Neate. Op. 15. Pr. 6s.—(Cocks and Co.)

INTERESTING as this composition must be admitted to be, in more than one respect, we fear its length will be deemed disproportionate to the patience and taste of the present day. It consists of three movements: an allegretto pastorale ($\frac{6}{8}$, C major) of five double pages, an andante ($\frac{2}{4}$, F major) of four double pages, and a rondo ($\frac{2}{4}$, C major) of six double pages, thirty pages in all. There is much good air in these several pieces, and the digressive matter is as much diversified as the great length might warrant us to expect. The whole is written in an easy and graceful style, corresponding with the character of what is usually understood under the appellation of serenade; and the publication boasts, moreover, the great merit of being exempt from any executive intricacies; a circumstance the more laudable in works proceeding from authors of Mr. N.'s rank.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *Variations sur un Air de l'Opera, "La Semiramide, riconosciuta" de Meyerbeer, composées pour le Piano* par J. de Masarnau. Œuvre 2. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co.)
2. *La Fosanica, Fantazia, with Variations and Finale, for the Piano-forte, on the Theme "Oh! come da quel dì," by Rossini; composed* by J. de Masarnau. Op. 3. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)
3. *Variation, for the Piano-forte, on a Spanish Song, "Madre la mi Madre," by J. Gomis; composed* by J. de Masarnau. Op. 4. Pr. 4s.—(Monzani and Hill.)
4. *The Lilly, Divertimento, for the Piano-forte, on a favourite Italian Air, composed* by Francesco Lanza. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
5. *Rondolettinos, founded on popular Airs, for the Piano-forte,* by C. Dumon. Nos. 1. and 2. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(S. Chappell.)
6. *Mélange on favourite Airs in Winter's celebrated Opera, "Das Opferfest," or "the Interrupted Sacrifice," arranged for the Piano-forte,* by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
7. *A Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced the favourite Quartett in "Das Opferfest," or "the Interrupted Sacrifice," composed* by T. Valentine. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
8. *Winter's celebrated Overture to his grand Opera "Das Unterbrochene Opferfest," or "the Interrupted Sacrifice," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad. lib.),* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll.)
9. *Select Airs from Winter's celebrated Opera, "Das Unterbrochene Opferfest," or "the Interrupted Sacrifice," arranged for the Piano-forte, with a Violin Accompaniment (ad lib.),* by S. Francis. Nos. 1 and 2. Pr. 2s. each.—(Hodsoll.)
10. *Six Popular Airs from Winter's celebrated Opera, "Das Unterbrochene Opferfest," or "the Interrupted Sacrifice," arranged in a familiar style for the Piano-forte,* by S. Poole. No. 1. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)
11. *Rossini's popular March in Pietro l'Eremita, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte,* by S. F. Rimbault. Duet No. 60. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)
12. *Weber's Grand Jubilee Overture, arranged*

for the Piano-forte, with accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.—(Hodsoll.)

13. *"Tel Chant a Bunnac," a favourite Welch Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte*, by C. Neate. Op. 14. Pr. 3s. —(R. Cocks and Co.)

14. *L'Union agréable, a Mélange for the Piano-forte on the Four National Melodies, "Rousseau's Dream," "Lieber Augustin," "The Groves of Blarney," and "Robin Adair," arranged and alternately united* by A. Voigt. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Thomas Lindsay, 35, High-Holborn.)

15. *Petit Fantasia for the Flute and Piano-forte, on the admired Air of "Isabel," composed* by T. Lindsay. No. 1. Pr. 3s. —(T. Lindsay.)

16. *Popular London Cries of "Piping hot, smoking hot, hot Chelsea buns," "Buy a broom," and "I cry my good matches," adapted, as characteristic Rondos*, by J. de Pinna. No. 1. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(J. de Pinna.)

1. 2. 3. Mr. Masarnau, the author of these three publications, has never before employed our critical pen; the name, in fact, is new to us. To judge from the style, we should be inclined to think this gentleman to be of Spanish origin, or at least to have formed much of his taste upon Spanish models. His style is good, and occasionally original, for as much as originality may be infused into compositions of the description before us. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. M. ventures upon combinations which, if allowable, must certainly be pronounced as bold and eccentric. The variations made upon the three themes are, generally speaking, of a superior order, replete with select ideas, full of imagination, often highly florid, and as often rather complicated in point of execution. In this respect, Mr. M. might with advantage consult more the convenience of his players. With less intricacy, he may write equally interestingly. With this improvement, we shall be glad to see some future composition, quite original, from this gentleman. His introductions, indeed, may be termed such; but they are not sufficiently extensive to admit of any latitude for imagination. Such as they are, however, they evince strong feeling, allied to good taste, and to a high degree of scientific knowledge.

4. In Mr. F. Lanza's divertimento we have met with abundant traces of refined musical feeling. After a very neat introduction, a tasteful Italian air is put forth, as the groundwork of the remainder of the publication. In the digressions which succeed, good melodic diction and modulations of a superior order form conspicuous features. Without entering into any detail, we may, by way of example, refer to some modulations and enharmonic combinations occurring in p. 7 as very favourable specimens of Mr. F. L.'s *savoir-faire*. The whole divertimento is in the best style, and particularly claims the epithet elegant. We recommend it the more freely, as the author has judiciously avoided executive intricacies.

5. M. Dumon's "rondolettinos," as the pretty doubly diminutive name would have led one to guess, are little bagatelles for the use of junior pupils, very easy, very attractive in their sphere, and really put together with judgment and good taste. No. 1. is founded upon the French air, "Moi j'aime la danse," and No. 2. upon Rossini's "Ai capricci della sorte;" and whatever Mons. D. has engrafted upon these, in the way of digression and amplification, is in good keeping.

6. Mr. Kiallmark's *mélange* consists of two or three of the best pieces in Winter's "Interrupted Sa-

erifice," including the fine duet, "Wenn mir dein Auge strahlet." All these are linked together in a natural and judicious manner, so as to form a connected and satisfactory whole. The harmonic treatment is not only unexceptionable, but also extremely efficient: neither the vocal nor the essential instrumental parts have been lost sight of. The publication merits the attention of the amateur.

7. Mr. Valentine's divertimento is chiefly founded on the quartet in the Interrupted Sacrifice, "Kind willst du ruhig schlafen." In the introduction, the $\frac{2}{4}$ motivo of the air has been moulded into $\frac{6}{8}$ time. The succeeding allegretto propounds the air itself in its authentic state, with various digressions, and under sundry changes of keys; all properly conceived and in a satisfactory style. As the whole is written in an easy and pleasing manner, it appears to be well calculated for pupils of moderate proficiency.

8. 9. 10. are further publications derived from the before-mentioned opera of the "Interrupted Sacrifice;" viz. No. 8. the overture, arranged by Mr. Rimbault in a very satisfactory manner for the piano-forte, flute, violin, and violoncello, so as to dispense with the latter three instruments if required;—No. 9. consists of two books, each containing a piece from the same opera, adapted for the piano-forte and violin *(ad. lib.)*, in an easy and appropriate manner, by Mr. S. Francis, quite within the reach of junior pupils;—and No. 10. appears to be the first number of a series of six, intended to include various popular airs from the same opera. The number before us exhibits one of the airs under a very proper and agreeable arrangement, fit to be placed before players of very moderate advancement.

11. being the sixtieth number of Mr. Hodsoll's collection of duets, has the very beautiful march of "the Christians," from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, or *Pietro l'Eremita*, as we call it here. It is well arranged for four hands, to all of which the execution is allotted in pretty equal proportion, without exacting difficulties from any: this circumstance, and the great attraction of the air itself, are likely to render Mr. Rimbault's labour highly acceptable to amateurs.

12. Weber's Grand Jubilee Overture has been noticed by us on a former occasion: it is a valuable composition—fresh, spirited, scientific, and gleaming with sparks of the author's genius. We recognise him at every step; and some of the passages, indeed, are calculated to remind the hearer, at least as to character, of various ideas introduced in previous works. Mr. Rimbault's arrangement is unexceptionable, and altogether very meritorious.

13. Mr. Neate's rondo upon the Welch air, "Tri Chant o Bunnau," presents many claims on the attention of the more experienced amateur. His variations upon the theme, his digressions, and the occasional modulations, are conceived in a superior style. This is particularly the case with the modulations in pp. 8 and 9; and in p. 10, we observe with great pleasure the manner in which he has exhibited the theme with an ionet accompaniment, simultaneously allotted to one hand. The composition is altogether of a classic style.

14. "*L'Union agréable*" is a somewhat curious publication, which must have required a considerable degree of ingenuity on the part of

its author. The airs of "Rousseau's Dream," "Lieber Augustin," "the Groves of Blarney," and "Robin Adair," are the materials employed on the present occasion; and we cannot better explain to our readers the peculiar manner in which these ingredients have been made use of, than by referring them to that sort of jovial vocal exhibition which is vulgarly called a Dutch medley, and often takes place when the exhilarated spirits of a convivial party, no longer satisfied with a good single song, seek vent in a simultaneous concert of voices, each person vocalising—not soprano, tenor, or bass of one glee or concerted piece—but a different song for each different singer, producing a harmony highly entertaining to themselves exclusively. We have resorted to this illustration merely for the sake of giving an idea of Mr. Voigt's labour, and we trust he will not misconceive our intention. *His "Union agréable,"* although founded on a similar principle, is attended with a more satisfactory result. The four airs above-mentioned are brought into play in various simultaneous ways: at one time, the treble plays one of them while the bass has another; and further on, three of the melodies are all allotted to treble and bass; and this curious exhibition is pursued under different varied forms, completely setting at nought the common saying, that a man cannot do two things at once. In fact, the simultaneous introduction of the melodies in question is quite on the plan of the *Melographicon*, edited by the same publisher; and the outline of its construction has been added on the 6th page, as a matter of musical curiosity.

15. In Mr. Lindsay's fantasia upon "Isabel," the flute is indispensable, and really highly effective, without being subject to any deterring intricacies. The piano-forte part, done by another hand, is also well written, so as to constitute much more than a mere harmonic prop for its associate. There is a good introductory movement; then comes the air of "Isabel," with which, as Mr. L. himself acknowledges, some liberties have been taken. We should have preferred the authentic melody, inasmuch as the substitution has been inflicted upon what appears to us the most original part of the air. We have next a neat variation upon it; and this is succeeded by a march, which puts us in mind of "Di tanti palpiti." This is also varied; and the piece concludes with a recurrence to "Isabel." Here (p. 7, b. 3, &c.) we meet with a harmony somewhat hard to our ears, for all the contrary motion; owing to the harmony of D minor, which the first half of the bar insinuates, being followed by the strongly pronounced fifth C G. This, however, may be matter of taste: the publication, in every respect, merits the attention of the flute-amateur.

16. By faithfully adopting the melodies of some of the London cries, bringing them into connection, and subjecting these materials to appropriate variation and digression, Mr. de Pinna has produced a pleasant trifle, which is likely to prove attractive to junior players, who may master it with convenience, and to whom we can safely recommend this musical whim.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. *Three Italian Canzonets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, arranged by* C. M. Sola. Price 3s.—(S. Chappell.)

2. *"The Lover's Offering," in Reply to Mpore's Ballad, "My heart and lute," the Music by F. W. Crouch.* Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

3. *"Within his cell the captive pines," from the Opera of "The Castle of Sorrento," composed* by Thomas Attwood. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

4. *"The Gift of Love," an admired Canzonetta, the Music composed by* W. Kirby. Pr. 1s 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

5. *"The Mountain Daisy," an admired Ballad, the Music composed* by J. Blewitt. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(T. Lindsay.)

6. *"Souvenir," Song, composed* by a Lady. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

1. The three Italian canzonets of Mr. Sola are of a lightsome and pleasing texture. There is no pretension to any thing very scientific or pathetic in expression. Every thing runs smoothly and gracefully in all the three songs, in which various reminiscences from Rossini come to the ear from time to time. The accompaniments, without being *recherchés*, are effective. The C♯, forming the last note of p. 2, we take to be a typographical mistake; not presuming, from the context, that Mr. S. intended to place it, as a major seventh, in combination with the harmony of D major.

2. "The Lover's Offering," by Mr. Crouch, is a respectable composition in the usual ballad style. We should have liked it better, if, in the very beginning, Mr. C. had not made all haste to bid adieu to his key, A major, and go by a formal cadence to the relative minor, F♯ minor. The text certainly made no such demand. In the second phrase also ("And bring thee, too") further modulation keeps the key too much out of hearing.

3. In Mr. Attwood's song, "Within his cell the captive pines," the drudgery of ordinary criticism meets with some welcome relief by means of various instances of select melodic conception, but more particularly in consequence of a considerable degree of originality in the harmonic structure, principally referable to the manner in which some of the cadences are made to close the musical phrase (p. 1, l. 3; and p. 2, l. 1.). The combinations here adverted to are not of common occurrence; and in the way they are applied, their effect is striking. They remind us of Weber's style. The song consists of two strains, a larghetto of a graceful and tranquil melodic flow, and an andantino somewhat more animated, but equally melodious and interesting. As critics will have something to say, we should apprehend, that the number of notes assigned to "fear" and "fate" would be felt as an inconvenience to the singer; and, in expressing the question, "Can this be love?" the voice might with greater propriety have continued in ascent, than descend to the tonic upon "love."

4. Of Mr. Kirby's "Gift of love" all that can be said is, that the music is agreeable enough, without presenting any feature which could ensure its remembrance beyond a short space of time. The poetry is middling.

5. Mr. Blewitt's melody to the "Mountain Daisy" of Robert Burns is of a Scotch character, appropriate enough, and accommodates itself perfectly well to the words of its pathetic text. There is no striking deviation from the usual form in which these Scotch tunes are more or less indited; but the air, as well as the accompaniment, is satisfactory, and likely to please a large class of vocalists.

6. We cannot compliment the fair

author of "The Souvenir" on the success of her labour, which is probably a first essay. Its chief fault is want of plan and of proper connection between the constituent parts. This remark presents itself in the symphony, and is applicable to the recitative. The air at first proceeds with some degree of regularity (p. 3); but in the page following the two successive vocal periods of four bars do not, in themselves, convey any defined musical sense, and stand in no manner of relation or keeping to each other. The concluding symphony also is awkwardly put together. More matured experience and study, we make no doubt, will impress the fair composer herself with a sense of the imperfections in this attempt of her musical pen.

HARP AND GUITAR.

Three New Nocturnes, concertante, for the Harp and Violoncello, on favourite Themes from the Operas of Berton, composed by N. C. Bochsa. Op. 250. Book I. Pr. 5s. —(Boosey and Co.)

Great as is the number of Mr. Bochsa's publications that have come under our cognizance, the designation of Op. 250!! given to the above, has in vain exercised our research and memory. If there is no mistake in the number, Mr. Bochsa's indefatigable speed and industry have outstripped all his composing predecessors, in quantity at least. The present nocturne—for there is no more than one in the book before us—has a slow movement in A♭, a tempo di marcia in E♭, and a polonaise in C. These pieces are extremely pleasing and effective, a great portion of the materials being, we presume from the title, taken from the compositions of Berton. We should add, that the violoncello is altogether indispensable, as carrying the melody with little intermission, the harp acting, generally, as accompaniment only. Knowing how finely the former instrument blends its tones with the harp, we can form an idea, without trial, of the good result in the present case; in which, moreover, no peculiar difficulties are entailed upon the violoncellist.

A Course of Preceptive Lessons for the Spanish Guitar, designed for the mutual Assistance of Master and Pupil, by James Taylor. Pr. 4s.—(T. Lindsay.)

The above is the first of a series of six numbers, which are successively to embrace the keys of C, G, D, A, E, and F; and contains all requisite preliminary instructions regarding scale-exercises and tuning; accompanied by a few easy instrumental and vocal specimens in the first of the before-mentioned keys. The exercises are gradual, and well calculated to accelerate that proficiency which, with a little talent and perseverance, is soon acquired on this elegant instrument. Of the propriety of selecting the keys of C and G for the first numbers of a progressive work, we entertain some doubts. The keys of A and E are practically far easier, and of most frequent occurrence; seven-eighths of all guitar-music being probably written in those keys. The present arrangement will, however, have the advantage of accustoming the pupil to the more difficult positions of the fingers, and facilitate his subsequent progress. The work is brought out with considerable typographical neatness.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The British Gallery has opened this year with an Exhibition of the works of our own artists. The attractions, though not so concentrated and splendid as when lately the walls were hung with his Majesty's pictures, are yet more varied in subject, more lively, and, in some respects, more gratifying; because, instead of beholding the *chef-d'œuvres* of the matured attainments of men long passed from our sphere, we are invited to contemplate the growing excellence of the British school, and to see in all their gradations the successive efforts of young artists, who are struggling for fame under circumstances well calculated to excite a warm interest in their behalf.

The present collection contains four hundred and sixty-five pictures and twelve sculptural works; and after stating that number, it is unnecessary for us to add, that we can give only a general glance at the contents of each class in the Exhibition; and must therefore bespeak the considerate indulgence of our friends, the artists, for being unable to do justice in detail to works which nevertheless deserve particular notice, and will no doubt have it from the visitors who have taste and leisure to frequent the British Gallery.

The directors have publicly notified this year, that they have been unwillingly compelled, in consequence of the greater number of pictures sent to the present Exhibition, as compared with former years, to decline the acceptance of several pictures of considerable merit. When this is stated from high authority, it must be a fact; and yet it is inconsistent with the restriction of the dimensions of one of the rooms, and the mode adopted of hanging the pictures: more room was obtainable, and more might have been hung. The owners of the pictures of "considerable merit," who have been excluded, are therefore not without cause of complaint.

Among the Royal Academicians who have contributed to form the present collection are, Sir William Beechey, Mr. Bigg, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Daniell, Mr. Howard, Mr. Jones, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Northcote, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Reinagle, Mr. Ward, Mr. Westall; and the Associates, Mr. Arnald, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Constable, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Etty, Mr. Landseer, Mr. Diver, and Mr. W. Westall.

Sabrina.—Henry Howard, R. A.

Of this picture, and of the *Hylas carried off by the Nymphs*, if we mistake not, we have had previously an opportunity of expressing our approbation at the Royal Academy. The praise bestowed by a great critic upon a favourite poet is equally applicable to Mr. Howard—that he touches nothing without adorning it. There is a grace and beauty in his grouping, and a delicacy of expression in his figures, that win us to his merits, without allowing us even to say a passing word upon some faults of minor execution, which appear in one if not both of these pictures.

Specimens of two remarkably fine Alderney Cows, in a fat and lean state. The property of John Hunt, Esq.—James Ward, R. A.

If Alderney cows must be drawn

in a fat and lean state, it is very lucky for them that Mr. Ward is the artist employed on the occasion, at least if they are capable of feeling any interest in the permanent preservation of their figure and shape upon paper or canvas. To look upon Mr. Ward's animal-paintings is to open the book of Nature herself; shape, attitude, expression, and every peculiarity which a nice discrimination can observe, and consummate skill embody, are to be found in this artist's representations of animal life.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. Scene 1.—H. P. Briggs, A.R.A.

This artist has several very clever pictures in this Exhibition. The present subject refers to the scene between Valentine and Silvia in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Silvia is returning to Valentine the letter which, at her request, he had written to her "secret nameless friend."

Val. What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ.

But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

The figures are well drawn, and the expression of Silvia is very appropriate. The colouring is likewise excellent.

Olivia and Viola, from Shakspeare's Twelfth Night.—H. Fradelle.

In this picture, as well as in the other of the Queen and Edith imploring Richard Cœur de Lion to grant the life of Sir Kenneth, by the same artist, we catch, as we always do from Mr. Fradelle's pencil, some fine delineations of character, and some beautiful gleams of colouring.

The Inconstant.—T. P. Stephanoff.

There is a good deal of merit in the composition, and still more in the execution, of this pleasing picture. It represents a gay cavalier placed between two ladies in a garden, and in the act of fastening a flower in the ringlets of one of them, who acknowledges this token of gallantry with the due modesty of a downcast glance: The second lady is evidently angry at this by-play of love, and his flinging some faded flowers on the ground, which, we are to infer, the inconstant gentleman had once intrusted to her care, before he had divided his attentions, and which now resemble by their fainter hues the decay of his fame. The expression of character is very happy in this group, and the colouring is in many parts in Mr. Stephanoff's best style of brilliancy.

Wild Elephants in the Animalee Woods, near Cape Comorin, Peninsula of India.—W. Daniell, R. A.

An interesting picture, both from the subject, which is novel and striking, and the agreeable tone of colouring.

Landscape, Noon.—J. Constable.

A fresher gale
Begins to wave the woods and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn.—Thomson.

A great air of nature pervades this landscape, and the flitting tints of light and shade are very beautifully distributed.

A View on the Yare at Thorpe, looking towards Norwich.—James Stark.

A very pleasing landscape, and one among many good views of Norfolk scenery which this artist has contributed to the present gallery.

Scene on the Coast of Normandy.—C. Stanfield.

This sea view is very natural, and shews that this artist unites to great freedom of execution, a power of

elaborately finishing up his pictures in parts where he pleases, which is not often found to belong to the same person.

Admiral de Winter delivering his Sword to Lord Duncan after the Battle of Camperdowne. Presented by the British Institution to the Royal Hospital of Greenwich.—Samuel Drummond, A. R. A.

A good record of a brilliant naval achievement, full of the bustle and variety of excited character which such a scene would naturally exhibit; but not so well painted in many parts. It is, however, not seen to proper advantage in the situation which it occupies in this gallery.

The Battle of the Nile, at the moment of the Blowing up of L'Orient. Presented by the British Institution to the Royal Hospital of Greenwich.—G. Arnald, A.R.A.

This is a picture of merit; but the subject is very difficult of being suitably handled, the conceptions of the mind upon occasions so awful shadowing out horrors which it is beyond the power of art to portray. De Loutherbourg's manner of painting these subjects was the best adapted in our times for giving them pictorial effect.

The Hunting in Chevy-Chase.—Edwin Landseer, A. R. A.

This fine poetical subject, which has been rendered so memorable in our ballad-history, is used by the artist for the display of his very uncommon skill in animal-drawing; the dogs are capital, and their fangs, we have no doubt, are expressively portrayed. We must depend on the descriptions of Dr. Majendie and the Westminster-pit-man for understanding the peculiar expression of suffering which torture imparts to the poor animals who are sacrificed to the passions or pursuits of mankind; and we take it for granted that Mr. Landseer has truly depicted these inflictions. As the burden of the ballad of *Chevy-Chase* consisted in the slaughter of men, not dogs, does not the prominency of the combats of the latter rather impair the dignity of the celebrated historical incident?

Childish Curiosity.—John Hayter.

A pleasing and well-finished little picture, expressive of juvenile innocence.

Sour Grapes.—W. R. Bigg, R.A.

Two urchins are stripping the grapes from the cottager's vine, when they are detected and beset by the dog and his master. The expression of the figures is capital, and the picture well painted.

Woo'd and married and a'.—A. Fraser.

A Scotch wedding—scene on the tapis, full of bustling expression and no small share of humour.

A View on the Grand Canal near Chong-trieu, with the principal Junks and Boats employed to convey his Excellency Lord Amherst, Ambassador to the Court of China in the year 1816.—W. Havell.

This is a picturesque view of Chinese state and bustle, very well drawn, and coloured with equal merit. If we mistake not, Mr. Havell was attached to the embassy, and had therefore opportunities for being accurate in his representations.

Psyche.—Sir W. Beechy, R. A.

The figure has much softness and delicacy of expression, and parts of the colouring are very good.

Our Saviour's Agony in the Garden.—James Northcote, R. A.

This venerable artist continues to furnish us with pictures which attest his merit in some of the higher departments of his profession. This is really a very clever picture in the essential requisities of composition and colouring.

Ulleswater.—William Glover.

An agreeable specimen of lake-scenery.

We are reluctantly obliged to restrict our notice of the works of this Exhibition, many of which, in every department of art, are highly deserving the public notice. Among these we would point attention to the pictures of Mr. Etty, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Haydon, Mr. Hofland, Mr. Singleton, Mr. Linnell, Mr. Deane, Mr. Burnett, Mr. Hurlstone, Mr. Nasmyth, Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Vincent, Mr. Leaky, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Bristowe, Mr. Newton, Mr. Brockedon, Mr. Cawse, and several other artists whose names will be found in the catalogue, and whose works have already attracted much attention.

Our fair artists have as usual contributed largely to the merits of the collection. We particularly noticed the very pleasing productions of Miss H. Gouldsmith, Miss H. Reinagle, Mrs. Hakewill, Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Wroughton, Miss Kearsley, Mrs. Browning, and Miss Beaumont, who have exhibited this year additional claims to the public patronage.

The sculptural works are few: Mr. Bailey's *Painting deriving Inspiration from Poetry* is a beautiful group; Mr. Sievier's marble figure for Dibdin's monument has considerable merit; and so has Mr. Rossi's equestrian model for his late Royal Highness the Duke of York. Indeed all the sculptural works are respectable.

PANORAMIC VIEWS.

A NEW Exhibition of Panoramic Views, lately executed by Messrs. SUHR of Hamburgh, is now open in Old Bond-street, and does great credit to the artists. We are always glad to see ingenious foreigners among us, knowing that we often derive information and instruction from their visits, and believing that we can impart similar advantages in return. Literature and the arts form an important commonwealth, in which the professors of every nation should meet in harmony and good-fellowship.

This Exhibition consists of a series of Panoramic Views, for the display of which optical science is put in requisition, and the effect thereby obtained has all the force and truth of nature. The first division represents Moscow, taken from the highest steeple in the Kremlin, which commands a magnificent view of the whole city. There are likewise correct delineations of the field of Waterloo, and the interesting monuments erected on that celebrated spot; of St. Petersburg; of the Coronation of Charles X.; of St. Stephen's Church in Vienna; besides a fine sea-view of the Sound and the Danish and Swedish coast, and some Hanoverian and Swiss scenery. It is obvious at one glance of this Exhibition, that the artists have bestowed considerable pains upon its arrangement. The views are not only well executed, but they are admirably se-

lected for pictorial effect; and the spectator at once obtains an accurate knowledge of the splendid and peculiar architecture of the two great cities of Russia. Such an Exhibition as this is liable to be overlooked among the more prominent and pretending claims upon public curiosity which abound in this great metropolis; and we are therefore more desirous to do justice to the merits of the work of these ingenious strangers, in the hope of inviting general attention to its merits.

FASHIONS.

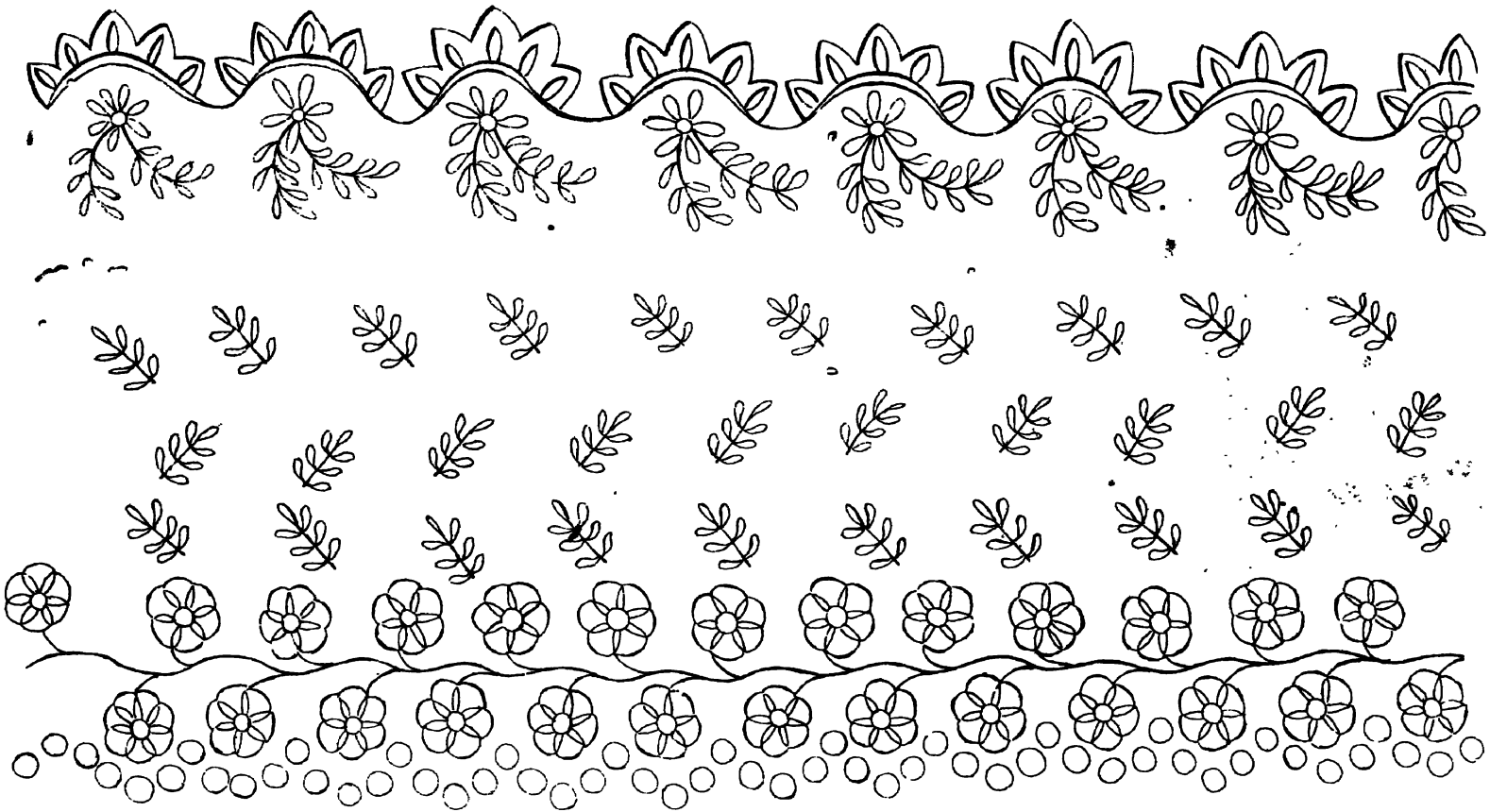
LONDON FASHIONS.

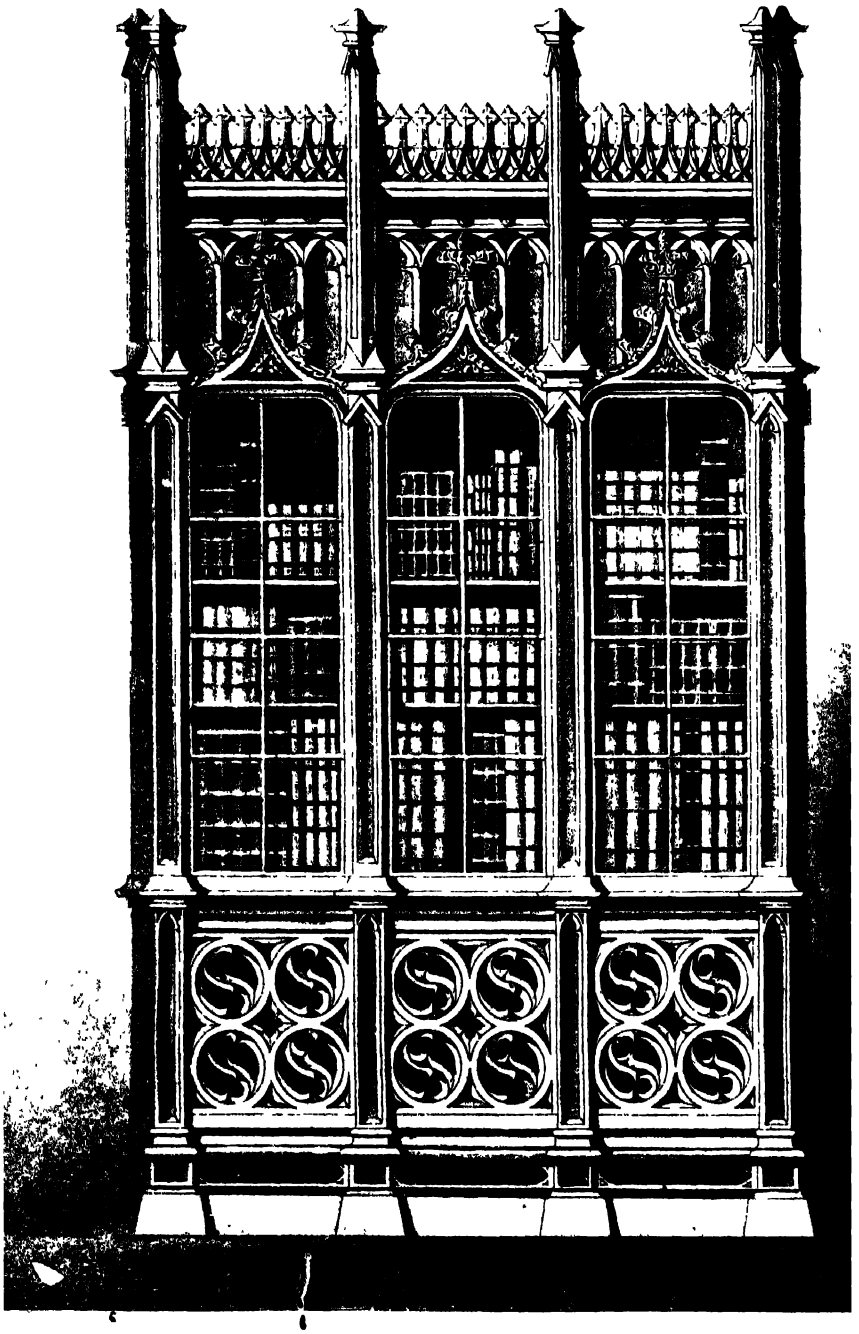
EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white *crèpe lisse*, over a lavender-colour Turkish satin slip; the *corsage* is full, and the waist long; the sleeves are in the Chinese taste, and are formed of four divisions, with projecting points halfway, edged with lavender-coloured satin, and terminating round the arm with a broad satin band, edged with narrow blond: tucker of the same. The skirt is decorated with three rows of the same material as the dress, ornamented with small lavender-colour satin rouleaux, *en carreaux*, and large roses of emarginate satin leaves, with *crèpe lisse* centres; beneath is a rouleau of satin. Sicilian gauze scarf; lavender-colour sash tied behind in short bows and long ends. The hair is dressed in large curls, and the head-dress composed of a wreath of roses and large bows of lavender-colour Italian crape; embossed gold pagoda ear-rings, and necklace with a cameo locket. Gold bracelets, with cameo clasps outside the gloves, which are of white kid. White satin shoes.

MORNING DRESS.

Dress of jaconot muslin; the *corsage* made to fit the shape, and ornamented on each side with two rouleaux of lavender-colour satin, approximating at the waist, and spreading like a stomacher towards the shoulder: bows of the same colour adorn the front of the dress; two are placed above the *ceinture*, and six below, at equal distances. The hem at the bottom of the dress has a broad satin ribbon drawn through it. Tucker of blond, drawn close at the top, and tied behind with narrow ribbon. The sleeves are *en gigot*, and have two satin rouleaux extending from a bow on the shoulder to the wrist, and are intercepted by a second bow at the elbow. Gold bracelets, with amethyst clasps, confine the sleeves. The cap, partaking of the turban form, is of tulle, without any border; a band of lavender-colour satin goes round the head, and stiffened bands of satin support the tulle, which is open in front, and contains flowers: the strings are broad and of lavender-colour gauze ribbon. Ear-rings of amethysts. Gloves and shoes of lavender-colour kid.









FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

GOTHIC BOOKCASE.

THE library now constitutes one of the principal apartments in the country-seats of our noblemen and gentlemen. No style can be better adapted for its decoration than that of the middle ages, which possesses a sedate and grave character, that incites the mind to study and reflection. The rays passing through its variegated casements cast a religious light upon the venerable tomes on either side, the beautiful arrangements of its parts combining to produce an impressive grandeur in the whole design. Every thing proclaims it an apartment consecrated to learning. All mansions, however, are not sufficiently capacious to admit of devoting a whole apartment to this purpose: bookcases have therefore been resorted to, which form a most excellent substitute; as, while fulfilling the purpose of a library, they form handsome pieces of furniture, which can be well applied in filling up recesses and other inequalities in a room.

The Gothic style, it must be allowed, for the same reason as it is the most appropriate for a library, is also the best adapted for the decoration of these. The design given in the plate is of that taste; and its ornaments and details have been taken from the celebrated *Château Fontaine le Henri*, a mansion in Normandy, erected in the beginning of the sixteenth century. This edifice contains more scope for the decorator than we may say, perhaps, any other of the same period. From the peculiarity of its forms and the richness of its parts, this building may be considered as one of the best models of its kind.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Travels from India to England by way of the Burman Empire, Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, &c. in 1825-6; containing a chronological epitome of the late military transactions in Ava, by James Edward Alexander, Esq. late of the 13th light dragoons, will shortly appear in a 4to. volume.

The same gentleman is also preparing for the press, a translation, from the original Persian, of the *Travels of Shaikh Itesa Moodeen in Great Britain and France.*

Colonel Trench purposes publishing a collection of papers, illustrated by explanatory plates, relating to the Thames Quay, with hints for some further improvements in the metropolis.

A new novel, by the author of "Tremaine," will appear shortly, with the title of *De Vere, or the Man of Independence.*

A lady of high rank and fashion is said to be engaged on a novel which will have the piquant title of *Flirtation.*

The Confessions of an Old Maid are in the press.

A new poem from the pen of Bernard Barton, to be entitled *The Widow's Tale*, founded on the loss of five Wesleyan Missionaries in the mail-boat off the Island of Antigua, will shortly be published.

The author of "London in the Olden Time" is engaged on a second volume, consisting of tales, illustrative of the manners, habits, and superstitions of its inhabitants, from the 12th to the 16th century.

A History and Description of the ancient and interesting Parish of Clerkenwell, to be completed in two small-sized volumes, and illustrated with about sixty copper-plate engravings, is announced.

Mr. C. Heath, the eminent engraver, has announced a work, which is to consist of one hundred and twenty engravings of Views in England and Wales, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner; with descriptive and historical illustrations by Mr. Lloyd.

The first number of Mr. Brockedon's *Illustration of the Passes of the Alps*, by which Italy communicates with France, Switzerland, and Germany, from drawings made during the five summers from 1821 to 1826, is nearly ready. The perseverance of this able artist and intelligent observer may be inferred from the circumstance of his having crossed the Alps forty times in pursuit of this object. He maintains that the pass of the Little St. Bernard was undoubtedly the route taken by Hannibal.

Nearly ready, *An Historical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Account of Kirkstall Abbey*, illustrated with highly finished engravings, in the line manner, by John Cousen, from drawings by William Mulready, R.A. and Charles Cope.

In the press, *The Pocket Road-Book of Ireland*, on the plan of "Reichard's Itineraries," intended to form a companion to "Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of England and Wales."

A biographical work, entitled *The Modern Jesuits*, translated from the French of the Abbé de la Roche Arnauld, by Mr. E. Lepage, is just ready for publication. This work, which has been twice re-published in Paris, notwithstanding the efforts of the Jesuits for its suppression, contains a curious exposure of their machinations in various countries in Europe, and reveals certain facts tending to elucidate the dark intrigues which have produced the existing disturbances in Spain and Portugal.

A complete edition of Mr. Wordsworth's *Poems*, including "The Excursion," will appear early in March.

The author of "Head-Pieces and Tail-Pieces, a Series of Tales by a Travelling Artist," is preparing for publication a moral tale, in one volume, to be entitled, *A Peep at the World, or the Rule of Life.*

The copious *Greek Grammar* of Dr. P. Buttman, so justly celebrated on the Continent, is nearly ready for publication, faithfully translated from the original German by a distinguished scholar.

Mr. Bowring has in the press a volume of the *Poetical and Popular Literature of the Servians*, intended to fill up one of the chasms which have hitherto prevented the English reader from taking a comprehensive view of modern, as contradistinguished from classical, minstrelsy.

A work, in prose and verse, with the title of *Vagaries in Quest of the Wild and Wonderful*, by Pierce Shafton, Gent. is announced.

A large portion of the manuscripts, drawings, and property belonging to Captain Lyon, has been recovered from the wreck of the vessel in which he returned from Mexico, and which was lost off the coast of Ireland. Among his other acquisitions, this intelligent officer has brought home a fine ornithological collection, containing several new species of birds.

The first volume of the *History of the Ottoman Empire*, by the learned Orientalist Joseph von Hammer, is printed, but the publication is delayed on account of a map of the original territory of the Ottomans by which it is to be accompanied. The whole work, it is calculated, will form seven volumes; and the author, from his knowledge of the Oriental languages, and his researches, travels, and purchases during the last thirty years, is rich in preparations for it. He has, besides, had free access to the imperial archives at Vienna, which are unquestionably the richest in Europe in documents relative to Ottoman history.

The following works will shortly ap-

pear in Constable's Miscellany: 1. *Adventures of British Seamen in the Southern Ocean.* In three numbers, or one volume.—2. *Memoirs of the Marchioness of Laroche Jaquelin, the War in La Vendée, &c.* From the French. With preface and notes by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. In three numbers, or one volume.—3. *Converts from Infidelity,* or Lives of Eminent Individuals who have renounced Sceptical and Infidel Opinions, and embraced Christianity. By Andrew Crichton. Two volumes, or six numbers.—4. *Table-Talk, or Selections from the Ana;* containing extracts from the different collections of Ana, French, Italian, and English. In one volume.

Poetry.

THE CAPTIVE PIRATE.

Supposed to be written on the morning of his execution.

My gallant bark, farewell for ever!
My valiant crew, farewell, farewell!
We part, we part—and never, never,
Her sails before the breeze shall swell:

Or if they do, another's guiding
Shall steer them to the desert isle,
Where she I left, in hope confiding,
No more shall cheer me with her smile.

My widow'd wife, my heart's elected,
Vainly thou'lt watch thy love's return;
Vain is thy search for him expected:
Yet thou his memory shalt not spurn.

O no! though others scorn, thou'lt rather
Embalm my name with love's fond tear;
Nor teach my babes to curse their father,
And hate the name which they must bear.

Heaven knows, and thou, its choicest blessing,
That guiltless blood ne'er stain'd these hands;
I had the will, and when possessing
The power, would loose a captive's bands.

Yet 'tis in vain—these arms must never
Enfold thee more in fond embrace;
These eyes, soon closed to life for ever,
No more shall view thy lovely face.

But, for thy sake, without repining,
I'd gladly yield my forfeit breath:
Yet thoughts of thee my heart entwining,
Add doubly to the pangs of death.

I once was rich in every blessing,
Hope smiled upon my summer-hours;
My wife and tender babes caressing—
Oh! what a life of bliss was ours!

Till faithful friendship unrequited
Dissolved our dream of happiness;
My name disgraced, my honour blighted,
Sunk in the depths of wretchedness—

What could I do?—the seas were open,
And my calumniated name
I swore should prove a fatal token,
In future years, of deadly fame.

I long was great, and long victorious,
And many a drooping heart I've cheer'd;
And, though my death my be inglorious,
Mine was a name both loved and fear'd.

Farewell, my expecting wife, for ever!
My valiant crew, farewell—farewell,
My gallant bark, we part, and never
Thy sails for me the breeze shall swell!

J. L. D.

ENIGMA.

I'm the chief of wise fellows, and sovereign of fools;
I'm the head of the ev'ry-day faction that rules;
I command foreign foes, and I lead them in fight;
When conquer'd, I lend them assistance in flight;
I watch the first glow of the patriot's ire
In my own cause of freedom, and raise it to fire.
I'm the dread and the life of the foxhunter bold,
For I bring in the winter the frost hard and cold:
Yet I make up the fences that add to his glee,
And a fox is ne'er found for his sport without me.
But my greatest delight is to dwell with the fair;
From the want of my presence they're empty as air;
I'm the pride of their faces so lovely and sweet,
The support of their figure, and sole of their feet.

I assist them with flirting, and fainting and fan,
In their grand aim of life, the dear conquest of man. T. S.

THE ABSENT CHARM.

Sweet is the calm, sequester'd cell;
Sweet is the daisy-spangled dell;
And sweet the breath of early day
When zephyrs with young sunbeams play:
But, dearest, these are all forgot,
And fail to charm where thou art not!

I love the brilliant courtly scene;
I love the grove's delightful green;
The fountain, and the bright cascade;
The rose-wreathed bower, and grotto's shade:
But palace, fountain, grove, or grot,
Can never charm where thou art not.

J. T.

IMPROMPTU

On reading some wretched Doggrel, in which it was said, that Braham *had "defied old age, and set back the clock of Time."*

'Twas said by some poor worthless bard,
In his more worthless rhyme,
That Braham could "*Old age retard,*
And stay the steps of Time."

His *power o'er Time*—his matchless skill,
No mortal can deny;
One moment, making him *stand still*—
The next, like *lightning fly!*

Age, by such sounds inspir'd too much
To feel disease or pain,
Enraptured casts away his crutch,
And blooms in youth again!

Time, listening, forgets his flight,
Or moves on leaden wings—
No wonder *Time*, lost in delight,
Should stop when Braham sings!

Hermione.

IMPROMPTU

On being in company with a party of Ladies whose names all began with B.

How strange it is dame Fortune should decree
That all our favourites' names begin with *B!*
How shall I solve this paradox of ours?—
The *Bee* lights always on the sweetest flow-

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

From "Lays and Legends of the Rhine," just published.

The castle of Schönberg was lofty and fair,
And seven countesses ruled there:
Lovely and noble and wealthy I trow,
Every sister had suitors enow.
Crowned duke and belted knight
Sighed at the feet of those ladies bright;
And they whisper'd hope to every one,
While they vow'd in their hearts they would favour none!
Gentles, list to the tale I tell,
'Tis many a year since this befel;
Women are alter'd now, I ween,
And never say what they do not mean.

At the castle of Schönberg 'twas merriment all,
There was dancing in bower and feasting in hall;
They ran at the ring in the tilt-yard gay,
And the moments flew faster than thought away:
But not only moments, the days fled too—
And they were but as when they first came to woo;
And spake they of marriage or bliss deferr'd,
They were silenced by laughter or scornful word!
Gentles, list to the tale I tell,
'Tis many a year since this befel;
And ladies now so mildly reign,
They never sport with a lover's pain.

Knight look'd upon knight with an evil eye—
Each fancied a favour'd rival nigh;
And darker every day they frown'd,
And sharper still the taunt went round;
Till swords were drawn and lances in rest,
And the blood ran down from each noble breast:
While the sisters sat in their chairs of gold,
And smiled at the fall of their champions bold!
Gentles, list to the tale I tell,
'Tis many a year since this befel;
Times have changed, and we must allow
Countesses are not so cruel now.

Morning dawn'd upon Schönberg's towers,
But the sisters were not in their wonted bowers;
Their damsels sought them the castle o'er—
But upon earth they were seen no more:
Seven rocks are in the tide
Ober-Wesel's walls beside,
Bearing their cold brows to heaven—
They are called "The Sisters Seven."
Gentles, list to the tale I tell,
'Tis many a year since this befel;
And ladies now may love deride,
And their suitors alone be petrified.

Answer to the Enigma in our last Number.

The Enigma I've read, it's solution, I guess,
May be found in one letter—the consonant S.

T. S.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand

ADVERTISEMENTS *for* MARCH 1, 1827.

{To be continued Monthly.}

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We have introduced a new feature into the present Number of the Repository in a Review of the Performances at the Italian Opera and the French Theatre, which will, we trust, prove an acceptable addition to our fashionable readers.

We acknowledge the receipt of a packet from our Correspondent at Paris, and shall endeavour to clear off some of our arrears.

Charlotte, *though right, has not been happy in the* Solution of the Enigma.

The pressure of matter towards the conclusion of the Number has obliged us this month to disappoint our poetical contributors.

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BURFORD-PRIORY, OXFORDSHIRE, THE SEAT OF W. J. LENTHALL, ESQ.

THIS beautiful seat has been much celebrated, and is undoubtedly one of the most interesting places in the county. It is situated near the town of Burford, and was the residence of William Lenthall, Esq. who was for many years a zealous and active member of Parliament, and at his demise became the property of his descendant, the present proprietor. At the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. the Priory of Burford was granted to Edward Ham, Esq. by whom the present mansion is supposed to have been erected; but from the many improvements which have subsequently been made, it is now a very elegant seat. This estate was purchased by the late Mr. Lenthall of the descendants of Henry Lord Falkland, his lordship having become the proprietor in right of his lady, who was the only daughter of Sir Lawrence Tanfield, Knt.

Adjoining the house is a chapel which was built by the late W. Lenthall; and here is also a small but valuable collection of paintings, some of which are said to have been bought at Hampton-Court, when the pictures of King Charles I. were sold by order of Parliament. The following are particularly deserving of notice: Portrait of the great *Sir Thomas More and his Family*, which is considered one of the finest specimens of Holbein; *Charles I.* by C. Jansen; half-length of the same, by Vandyke; *Venus sleeping*, by Correggio; *Venus, with Mercury, teaching Cupid to read*, by the same master; *Our Saviour in the Garden*, by Tintoretto; *Lady Falkland; Lucius Lord Falkland*, who fell at the battle of Newbury, by *Vandyke; Moses striking the Rock*, by Bassano; and *Lady Catharine Hamilton*, by Vandyke.

In the church of Burford, which

is a large handsome fabric, there is an elegant monument to the memory of the above-named Sir Lawrence Tanfield, Knt.

A venison-feast is held annually at Burford, in lieu of the privilege which the inhabitants claim of hunting in the neighbouring forest of Whichwood, which is attended by all the neighbouring gentry, and the day concludes with a grand ball. The town of Burford, distant seven miles from Oxford, is an irregularly built place, containing many ancient houses, but is enlivened by the meanderings of the river Windrush.

OFFLEY-PLACE, HERTS,

THE SEAT OF THE REV. L. BURROUGH.

This is one of the most elegant specimens of modern Gothic architecture in this county, and reflects much credit on the artist, Mr. Robert Smirke; while the expense incurred in its completion was comparatively trifling. This mansion is built on the site of the ancient manor-house of Offley, erected in the reign of Elizabeth; and although not on so large a scale as the latter, it is much superior in point of Gothic workmanship. This estate, at least the manor of Offley, has passed through the hands of many noble families since the Conquest. In the reign of Philip and Mary, it was purchased by Sir John Spencer, and ultimately became the property of Sir Thomas Salusbury, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, in right of his lady; and in the year 1804 it descended to Sir Robert Salusbury of Lanherne, Monmouthshire.

The situation of this seat is extremely beautiful, and, being built on an eminence, it commands delightful prospects of the surrounding country. The most striking feature of the interior is the staircase (about twenty feet square), being lighted from above by the windows of a quadrangular turret, bordered with stained glass of various tints.

The church is situated in the park, and possesses a very handsome chancel, built by Lady Sarah Salusbury, widow of the above-named Judge of the Court of Admiralty. It contains some good monuments, one of which, to the memory of Mr. Justice Salusbury and his lady, by Nollekins, is particularly deserving of notice. "The deceased judge is represented standing on an inscribed pedestal of white marble, and receiving a chaplet of laurel from the hands of his lady. The benignity of his countenance and the modest diffidence of hers are extremely well expressed, and the figures are gracefully arranged and well finished. Behind them is a sarcophagus of black marble, with the trunk of a blasted oak rising above, on the extended arms of which is thrown a mantle, that falls down to the end of the sarcophagus*."

For the above particulars, we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.

* *Beauties of Herts*, by J. Britton, Esq. F.A.S.



G. Pyne del. et sc.

LETTERS FROM AN ARTIST IN ITALY.

No. III.

Whoever would enjoy travelling in Italy must not be rich, or at any rate he must give up the character of a rich man for the time being, and he shall have abundance to compensate him for the sacrifice. I travelled out to Venice with all the rights and privileges of riches; and what did I get by it? All day our time was spent in quarreling with hostlers and postillions; at night we were lodged in the best inns, apart from the vulgar multitude; we saw nothing of the people and little of the country; our only companion was a rogue of a waiter, or a still greater rogue of a *valet-de-place:* true, we were treated like gentlemen, that is, we were cheated to the tune of about a thousand per cent. and got little or nothing after all for our money. Venice once quitted I was thrown pellmell amongst the people; and then, and not till then, did I begin to enjoy travelling. I was cheated sometimes, but then I made my own bargains, and I had my sport for my money.

How shall I tell of the multitude of odd characters who formed from time to time my travelling companions? My first starting was with a couple of young scholars from the University of Padua, fine ingenuous youths, beautiful in person, and full of every thing that is interesting in that age of budding manhood; they were delighted to have an Englishman for a companion, and asked a thousand questions respecting the customs, character, and institutions of that country, which seems to be quite the Utopia of the Italians. They were fresh from the study of statistics at college, and were pleased to have their book-learning confirmed by a living witness. I next got jumbled up with a parcel of tradesmen and shopkeepers, and had no small difficulty to understand their gibberish; these were succeeded by parish priests, advocates, professors, merchants, in short, all classes of people of the country, whose business carries them from town to town, and whose economy compels them to use the ordinary modes of conveyance. The beings of all the most dull and stupid, and the least desirous of being informed, seem to me the country parochial priests. I have met with most intelligent and interesting monks, with high-bred and highly learned professors of universities, and with clerical men from large towns, not wanting in good sense and information; but your regular village *curé* is a being who can absolutely do nothing but say mass and take snuff, and who seems as if he had never found out the *cui bono* of any thing else.

In this way did I visit Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and Mantua. I staid but little in the first three places, though still sufficient to see something of their beauties. Padua has much of early art that is interesting; Vicenza is remarkable for the splendour of its modern architecture, and Verona for its ancient amphitheatre, the most perfect (I believe) that exists. By a strange aberration of taste, the modern Veronese have built a little paltry day-theatre in the midst of its ample arena. At Mantua I made a longer pause, not because it was the birthplace of Virgil, but because in this town Ju-

lio Romano spent the best part of his life, and here are still shewn his principal works. They may say what they will of fresco-painting, but I delight in it; it has many qualities which give it a high rank amongst the means of making impression on the imagination, and it possesses one peculiar to itself—it cannot be removed: a palace once decorated by the hand of a great man preserves its pictures as long as it preserves its walls. There is something infinitely interesting in seeing works of art on the spot where they were produced; and the necessity of going in pilgrimage to this place is no small charm. Julio Romano, though considered Rafaelle's best pupil, was not Rafaelle. The more I see of art the more I am convinced how entirely every thing depends on the mind of the individual. They may talk of this school and that school, but a man of real genius is of no school; he stands alone; his own mind is a little world, of which he is the all-controuling sovereign. I was delighted to see, in the tapestry of the Palazzo del T, the two subjects of Rafaelle's, of which the originals are lost, and which are wanting in our cartoons at Hampton-Court. They are *the Conversion of Paul* and *the Stoning of Stephen;* both magnificent compositions, quite on a par with the finest that remain.

Quitting Mantua, the classical, the interesting Mantua, I started direct for Parma, not without some yearnings for Cremona and Milan, but the objects I had undertaken to accomplish would not admit of such a diversion. All the way to Casalemaggiore, the people with whom I travelled told me of robberies and murders and recent horrors of every kind: whether these things had any foundation in truth, or were only creatures of their imagination, I know not; but this I know, I got to my journey's end without seeing any reason for alarm, entered a nice friendly home-like inn, with a motherly landlady and a fine family of children, all ready to contribute to my comfort, and quite delighted to wait on an *Inglese,* who was a sort of raree-show in this out-of-the-way town. In the morning, before the sun had well illumined the glassy surface of the Po, I was called to pursue my journey; and crossing this fine river, we soon reached the high-road, which conducted us in a few hours to Parma. After Venice Parma was the great object of all my desires. The works of Correggio fully equalled my expectations. This is another genius of the first order. He shines out amidst the mass of mediocrity that surrounds him, like a sun in the midst of moons and planets. No man has ever acquired a great and lasting reputation without richly deserving it. I have been disappointed by individual pictures, but never by the mass of a great man's works. Some things have been immensely overrated; for instance, the *Transfiguration* in the Vatican, and *the St. Cecilia* at Bologna, by Rafaelle, and *the Peter Martyr* by Titian, at Venice, are amongst the works that the modern travellers and amateurs have agreed to elevate to the skies. There is an infinite deal of nonsense and quackery in all this. If people would trust to their own good sense and feeling, and not allow themselves to be guided by *ciceroni* and *valets-de-place,* they would find much to admire that is not heard of in the common traveller's philosophy. There

is a fresco by Correggio, preserved in the library at Parma, of *Christ crowning the Madonna*, which nobody ever sees, and no critic ever talks about; a piece of such magic, that the artist who has been fortunate enough once to stand before it, will have it for ever haunting his imagination and inspiring his hand.

With Correggio my search after novelty ended. I had now only to retrace my steps to Bologna and Florence, and so to Rome and Naples. But I cannot pass over the plain without telling you something of its character. I had been so long living in a volcanic country, amongst hills and rocks, and yawning ravines, that the flatness of the north of Italy presented all the charms of novelty and contrast. Imagine verdant meadows, luxuriant foliage, in short, every thing that is lovely in England, united to the charm of an Italian climate. Through the states of Parma and Modena, the vines are trained in festoons from the branches of fruit-trees; and the apple, the pear, the pomegranate, and the grape are seen growing together, and present to the eye a voluptuous mass of richness, which rivals the fairy productions of an Arabian tale. This plain is what has obtained for Italy the name of Europe's garden: here are no pestilential marshes, no *malaria*, no unhealthiness—all is cultivation, and all wears the appearance of smiling plenty. I know nothing equal to the pleasure of wandering *alone* over such a country as this. In case of sickness or accident, a companion is valuable, but to go alone is the real zest of the thing. People of all countries are pleased with a stranger throwing himself fairly and unsuspiciously on their hospitality. I find, now I have got accustomed to Italy, that I can travel with much less danger to my health than in England. In England the cold damp beds destroy me. The English notion of good housewifery is a destructive one to health and comfort. In Italy, instead of making the bed up the moment you get out of it, they tumble it, and hang bed and mattress, and blankets and sheets, out of the window or across lines in the room, where they get thoroughly aired; and when the hour comes for rest, their freshness invites you to sleep: in truth, there is nothing to prevent your sleeping well in Italy, provided you have a good conscience, except bugs, fleas, and mosquitoes. Sometimes a lizard makes his way into your chamber, or a scorpion is found crawling up your bedclothes, but neither the one nor the other has any real intention to annoy you, and they are very ready to get out of the way the moment they find themselves not welcome. The iron bedsteads of Italy the English would do well to imitate; nothing can be so effectual a preservative against vermin. If so many "perils do environ the man who meddles with cold iron," what chance will a poor bug have in the encounter? his case must be hopeless.

You may possibly ask what have I gained by all these wanderings? I will tell you. I have gained knowledge, and the consequence of knowledge, confidence. I have now seen all that art can do. I am satisfied that all the talk about modes and means is mere cant and nonsense; that our colours, our varnishes, our materials of every kind, are quite as good as those used by the Titians and Correggios of other days, and that there exists *no Venetian*

secret; that the idea of such a thing has originated with quacks and impostors. These great men were above all secrets. Art, as they painted it, was the result of a fine mind working on the great school of nature, by which they were surrounded. Each one thought and acted for himself, and the means were of little importance, so the end were produced. Correggio, in some of his best pictures, has altered, painted in and out, botched and bungled, as much as any hero of these degenerate days; and yet the whole, when done, looks as if it had been accomplished by "*quatre coups de pinceau*," as the Frenchmen say.

Palazzo Acton, Castelamare.

Though I wrote to you a few weeks ago by post, I could not allow a private courier to leave the town in which I am staying, without again telling how much health and pleasure I am enjoying in this most delicious place. To be studying nature in the very scenes that have been the subject of the painter's pencil, in the best ages of art; to find myself sitting on the very spot where Claude and Poussin and Salvator Rosa have sat before me; to penetrate their favourite haunts, and trace out their most elaborate compositions, is a privilege that I hardly hoped would be reserved for me, and of which I have not words to express the excess of my enjoyment, or the extent of my thankfulness and gratitude. And it is not merely the inanimate productions of nature that remain in their unaltered state. So little change has taken place in the manners and habits of the people, that while I am travelling amongst the mountains, I find myself surrounded by figures, such as have furnished models for Rafaelle and Michael Angelo, and whose simple and majestic beauty can find a prototype nowhere but in their works.

The more I see of this country, the less am I surprised at the perfection which Italian art has attained; and the more is my wonder increased that it should ever have degenerated into the state of mannered wretchedness in which we now find it. But, if I have any prophecy about me, art is on the eve of a great revolution; it will not begin amongst the Italians, nor will the French, nor the English, have the honour of it. No; it is reserved for that deep-thinking and deep-feeling people, the Germans. The German students in Rome are the only students who have found out what was the source of Rafaelle's greatness, and they are following his footsteps amongst the scenes and objects of nature, with an enthusiasm that promises results the most glorious. It has been the fashion to laugh at these young men; the simplicity of their habits, their dress, and, in some cases, the oddity of their external appearance, have excited the ridicule of the dandy Frenchman and the pompous Italian; but they have begun to display some proofs of their skill in Rome, which will turn the laugh against their trifling rivals and competitors. They have painted a room in the house of Baron Bertholdi, representing *the History of Joseph*, and are now engaged at the Villa Massima in a series of pictures from the Italian poets, which, I have no hesitation in saying, are superior to any thing that has been done in art since Rafaelle painted the frescoes of the Vatican, and

murder[illegible] rich of subjects for landscape,

Michael Angelo the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. I speak with confidence on this subject, because I see these young men breaking through the trammels of the schools, and going simply, boldly, and independently to nature.

You will not thank me for this letter on art; I feel that I ought to make my letters more interesting to you; and I could make interesting letters were I merely to detail to you my adventures; but my time is so much occupied as not to allow of it. Even in writing this, I am losing the loveliest morning that ever dawned on the creation. But when I get back to Naples, when this beautiful season is past, when the grapes are gathered and the leaves are fallen, I shall have more leisure.

IGNATIUS DENNER.

(Continued from p. 138.)

Andrew had already languished a whole year in prison; grief had preyed on his health, and his once strong and robust frame had become weak and emaciated. The dreaded day arrived, on which torture was to wring from him a confession of the crime which he had not committed. He was conducted to the judgment-hall, where the executioners and instruments of torture were ranged in terrible array. Once more he was exhorted to confess the crimes which the united evidence of all his accomplices left no doubt he had committed. He, however, persisted in maintaining his innocence, and repeated all the circumstances of his connection with Denner, without varying from his first declaration. The rack was then applied, and soon overcame his firmness: writhing in agony, and hoping relief from death, he confessed every thing required, and was conducted back to his dungeon more dead than alive. Wine and strengthening medicines were given him, as is usual after torture, and he was left to himself.

A deep slumber, as from exhaustion, appeared to overcome him: yet he slept not. Suddenly, he saw the stones loosening from the wall beside him and rolling out on the floor of his dungeon. A blood-red mist darkened the room, and through the opening appeared a form which bore Denner's features, yet was not Denner: his eyes gleamed with a wild unearthly expression; dark hair shaded his temples, and black shaggy eyebrows, almost meeting, imparted a fierce and terrible look. His face was strangely scarred and disfigured, and his dress was of foreign make, and such as he had never seen Denner wear. A crimson cloak, embroidered with gold; hung in folds over his shoulder; a broad-brimmed Spanish hat with a crimson feather overshadowed his face; a long sword hung by his side, and under his left arm he carried a small box. He approached Andrew, and said, in a hollow but clear tone, "Well, comrade, how did you like the rack? you have to thank your obstinacy alone for it. Had you boldly acknowledged yourself one of our band, you would have been safe ere this. If, however, you will now promise implicit obedience to my commands, and devotion to my service, and dare drink one drop of this liquid prepared from

the heart's blood of your child, immediate ease from your pain will be the result; you will instantly regain your former health and strength, and then I will provide means for your deliverance."

Overcome by terror, grief, and weakness, Andrew could not utter a word; he beheld the blood of his child dancing in the bottle which the accursed form offered to him! He inwardly implored God and all the saints to save him from the fiend who persecuted him, and enticed him to renounce that salvation which he trusted to obtain, even should the road to it be by a cruel and ignominious death. The figure laughed scornfully, and a thick smoke enveloped it and hid it from Andrew's view.

As he recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen, he tried to raise himself from his bed; but imagine his astonishment when he felt the straw, which served him for a pillow, raised up and pushed away: he then perceived that one of the stones of the floor had been beaten out, and heard some one call him by name. He recognised the voice of Denner, exclaiming, "Andrew! I have surmounted all impediments to rescue you; for if you reach the scaffold, from which I shall be saved, you are but too surely lost. For your wife's sake alone, however, who is dearer to me than you perhaps imagine, I offer you my assistance. As for yourself, you are but a heartless coward. What have all your foolish lies availed you? To your not returning from the castle in proper time, and my having staid too long at your house, my capture is owing. Here, take this file and saw, rid yourself of your chains, and cut through the door of your dungeon; hasten along the passage, and at the outer door on the left you will find one of our band, who will conduct you to a place of safety. Farewell!" Andrew took the file and the saw which Denner offered him, and replaced the stone in its former position, resolving to do that only which his conscience suggested.

When the gaoler entered at daybreak, he desired to be again conducted before the judges, alleging that he had matter of consequence to disclose. His request was granted the same day, the judges believing that he was about to give information of atrocities yet undiscovered. Andrew shewed them the instruments that he had received from Denner, and related the adventures of the preceding night. "Although I suffer, being innocent," said he, "yet God forbid that I should seek to obtain my liberty by unlawful means! This would only deliver me into the power of that cursed Denner, who has devoted me to ignominy and destruction; and I should then deserve that fate which I shall now meet with a clear conscience." He concluded his narrative.

The judges were astonished and filled with compassion for the unfortunate wretch before them, although, from the numerous proofs against him, they were but too fully convinced of his guilt not to view even his present conduct with distrust. The apparent sincerity of Andrew, however, and the circumstances of the capture of some of the band in the city, and even close to the walls of the prison, where they had been stationed to aid the meditated flight, produced the beneficial result for him that he was taken from his close dungeon, and

confined in more airy apartments in the house of the gaoler. Here he spent his time in thinking of his wife and boy, and in acts of devotion; nay, he almost felt willing to lay down his life as a burthen, even by a painful death. The gaoler himself could not sufficiently admire the resignation and composure of the supposed criminal, and almost believed him innocent.

At last, after the expiration of nearly a year, the protracted trial of Denner and his associates drew to a close. Their guilt was proved, and their punishment decreed. Denner was sentenced to be hanged and his body burnt to ashes. The unfortunate Andrew was condemned to a similar fate; but in consideration of his repentance, and the information he had given of the intended escape of Denner and the design of the band to break open the prison, his body was to be allowed Christian burial.

The morning appointed for the execution of Denner and Andrew arrived, when the young Count von Bach entered the prison and sought the room where Andrew, on his knees, was concluding his last devotions. "Andrew," said the count, "your death is now inevitable: unburthen your conscience by a free confession. Tell me truly, were you the murderer of my uncle—the assassin of your master?"

Tears burst from the eyes of Andrew, as he repeated once more his assertion to the judges, before the intolerable torture of the rack had forced a false confession from him. He called on Heaven to witness the truth of his story, and his total innocence of any participation in the murder of his beloved lord.

"Then," replied the count, "there must be some unaccountable mystery. I myself, Andrew, was firmly persuaded of your innocence, notwithstanding appearances were so strong against you; for I knew you had been from your youth my uncle's most faithful servant, and had once saved his life in Naples: but last night, both Francis and Nicholas, two of my uncle's oldest servants, whom you know, swore to me that they saw you among the robbers at the storming of the castle, and that they also saw my uncle fall by your hand."

At this statement, Andrew was overwhelmed with the most piercing grief; it seemed as if Satan had assumed his appearance, to work his destruction, for even Denner had declared in the prison that he had seen him at the castle; and thus the sentence of the tribunal seemed justified by apparently irresistible evidence. He expressed his thoughts aloud, adding that he submitted to the will of Heaven, and was resigned to die the death of a criminal; but after his death, sooner or later, his innocence would surely be made clear. The count was deeply shocked; he could scarcely inform him that, at his request, the day of his execution would be concealed from his wife's knowledge, and that she and her child were both well with the old forester.

The tolling of the bell of the prison announced the approach of the awful moment, and Andrew was led with the usual solemnities to the place of execution, where an immense multitude had already collected. He prayed aloud, and moved all who beheld him to tears by his resigned behaviour and calm deportment. Den-

ner gazed haughtily around with the daring boldness of hardened guilt, and regarded his companion with scornful glances. Andrew was to die first; he mounted the scaffold with the executioner, when a shriek burst from the crowd, and a woman rushed forward and fell senseless at his feet. Andrew looked down—it was Georgina. He implored aloud for support at this afflicting sight! "My poor wife!" he exclaimed, "is it here we meet again?—yet remember, I die innocent!" and he raised his hands to heaven, as if calling the Almighty to witness. The judges ordered the executioners to proceed, for a murmur already rose among the people, and stones were thrown at Denner, who had by this time ascended the scaffold, and laughed in scorn at the bystanders for their compassion towards Andrew. The rope was already round the neck of the latter, when a distant shout was heard—"Stop! stop! for Christ's sake, stop! The man is innocent! —Stop! stop!" burst from a thousand voices; and scarcely could the guards keep back the crowds who endeavoured to force their way to the scaffold to rescue Andrew from his fate. A horseman dashed through the crowd, and springing off as he reached the scaffold, Andrew recognised the merchant who had paid him Georgina's legacy at Frankfort. Overpowered with hope and joy, he could scarcely support himself as he descended from the scaffold. The merchant stated to the judge, that at the very time when the castle of the count was stormed Andrew was many miles distant, at Frankfort; and that he could prove this to the satisfaction of all, by witnesses and documents. The execution of Andrew was of course suspended, for the judge declared that if this most important fact could be proved, the innocence of the prisoner could not be doubted; and he remanded him to prison.

Denner had hitherto beheld what was passing with apparent indifference; but on hearing the words of the judge, his firmness seemed to forsake him: he gnashed his teeth, and in wild despair and with the furious tones of madness, shrieked aloud, "Satan! Satan! thou hast deceived me! I am lost, lost, lost!" The officers, in astonishment, brought him from the scaffold; he flung himself on the ground, and only muttered, "I will confess all!" His execution was also postponed, and he was conducted back to his prison, where proper precautions were taken to prevent any future attempt at escape. The hatred of his guards was the strongest assurance against the arts of his comrades.

In a few moments after Andrew had returned to his prison, Georgina was once more in his arms. "Dearest Andrew!" she exclaimed, "now I have wholly recovered my husband!—for even I dared doubt your honour and innocence." Though every precaution had been taken to prevent her from learning the day on which her husband was to suffer, she suspected the dreadful fact, and, impelled by some secret impulse, had reached the city at the moment he was about to ascend the scaffold.

The merchant had been, during the whole period of the trial, on a journey through France and Italy; and by chance, or rather by the overruling providence of Heaven, had arrived at Fulda at the critical moment to save poor Andrew from the

death of a malefactor. He had heard the whole story of the supposed criminal at the inn, and it struck him that the unfortunate man could be no other than the stranger who, nearly two years before, had received from him a legacy bequeathed to his wife from some one at Naples. Impressed with the idea, he hastened to the scene of the execution, and at the first glance perceived that his conjecture was correct. By the zealous exertions of the young Count von Bach and the benevolent merchant, the exact period of Andrew's stay at Frankfort was ascertained, and, consequently, his innocence of the murder of the count proved beyond a doubt. Denner himself confessed the truth of Andrew's statement as to the circumstances of their previous connection, and declared his belief that the Devil had assumed his form, for he had been thoroughly persuaded that at the attack of the count's castle Andrew had fought by his side.

For his compulsory participation in the plundering of the farmer's house, and also for his rescue of Denner, it was determined by the judges that Andrew had already been sufficiently punished by long and severe imprisonment, and by the infliction of the torture; he was therefore set at liberty. The young count generously paid all the expenses of his trial, and offered him an asylum in a cottage on his estate close in the neighbourhood of the castle, where he might freely enjoy his little property, subject only to be in attendance on his lord when indulging in his favourite pastime of the chase.

The trial of Denner now took a totally different turn: since the events of the day when he had been so near death, he seemed to have become an altered being. His scornful fiendish pride had disappeared, and, overpowered by remorse, he confessed deeds which froze the blood of his hearers. He avowed, with all the signs of deep remorse, his repentance of a league with Satan which he had entered into from his earliest youth. The adventures he related of his younger days were so singular, that but for the corroborative facts which were elicited by inquiries at Naples, they could have been considered only as the ravings of madness. The result of these inquiries respecting Denner's origin disclosed the following marvellous circumstances.

(To be continued in our next.)

EXTRAORDINARY SUFFERINGS AND PRESERVATION OF MADAME GODIN AND GENERAL VITTORIA.

The privations, hardships, and sufferings incident to mariners have been frequent, and in the most severe extremes, have been supported with admirable fortitude, both on the watery element and when shipwreck has cast them on inhospitable shores; but the solitary exertions of Madame Godin in the eighteenth century, and of General Vittoria in the nineteenth, have never been exceeded in ancient or modern times; and we may without partiality admit, that if both were viewed in a parallel, after the manner of Plutarch, the unconquered perseverance of the heroine would not be eclipsed by the efforts of the martial hero.

On the 1st of October, 1769, Madame Godin took her departure from

Riobamba, a jurisdiction of Peru, in the province of Quito, the place of her residence, purposing to proceed to Laguna, on her way to France to rejoin her husband. She was accompanied by her brothers, the Sieur R. and his servant, a faithful negro, her own domestic, three Indian women of her former household, and an escort of thirty-one Indians, to carry herself and her baggage, the road being reputed impassable for a delicate traveller without those aids, for several miles of the least difficult way.

Madame Godin had scarcely arrived at Canelos when the Indians deserted: yet she determined to encounter all inconveniences or dangers. The small-pox had recently made terrible havoc in the village, where only two Indians remained. As they had no canoe, they offered to construct one, and convey Madame Godin to the mission of Andoas, about twelve days' journey lower down the river Bobanzo, a distance of about one hundred and fifty leagues. Madame Godin paid them in advance, and the canoe being finished, the voyagers quitted Canelos.

After sailing two days they stopped to pass the night on shore, and when morning dawned, it was evident that the Indians had left them to their fate. The lady, her brothers, her physician, and her attendants were now under the necessity of proceeding without a pilot, and the canoe leaked so much, that they were obliged to land and erect a temporary hut within five or six days' journey from Andoas, to which place the Sieur R. proceeded with his servant, assuring Madame Godin and her brothers, that in less than fifteen days a canoe and Indians should wait their orders.

Twenty-five days they plodded, with the utmost anxiety, for this relief; they then made a raft, upon which they placed their provisions and effects, and proceeded slowly down the stream, until the raft, striking against a tree, plunged the whole party into the water; happily no lives were lost, and having got to land, they resolved to pursue the banks of the river on foot. What an enterprise for a female unaccustomed to any severe exertion!—but she had much more to encounter.

The banks of the river, closely covered with wood, intertwined by numberless creeping plants, and blocked up by rank grass, tall herbs, and prickly shrubs, were impervious even to the rays of the sun; how fatiguing then their resistance must have proved to travellers already worn down by exertion may easily be conceived. Loading themselves with their provisions, they commenced their melancholy route, and in a few days lost their way among the intricacies of the trackless course which they endeavoured to pursue. At length their provisions were exhausted; no food was to be obtained, nor yet, what they still more impatiently desired, a little water to allay their burning thirst. Their feet were cruelly wounded by briars and thorns; but still they pushed forward through gloomy wilds, thankful for the few berries which occasionally afforded them a reprieve from starvation. This sustenance bore no proportion to the demands of nature: the limbs of the travellers failed, and down they sunk, forlorn and without a hope of succour, earnestly praying for death to terminate their wretched lives. In four days all expired excepting Madame Godin; but her faculties were

inert, as she lay stretched between the corpses of her brothers.

In two days more, according to her imperfect recollections, she was enabled, by the mercy of Divine Providence, to summon fortitude to make the best of her direful situation. She was barefoot and almost naked, the thorny shrubs having torn her garments to shreds. She cut the soles from the much-worn shoes that remained on the feet of her dead brothers, and contrived to fasten them on her own; then pursuing her lonely way, she found water on the third morning of her journey, and the following day some fruit and green eggs, which revived her spirits; though, by long fasting, her throat was so contracted as scarcely to admit nourishment. On the ninth day she reached the banks of the river Bobanzo, and fortunately met with two Indians, who conveyed her in a canoe to Andoas. She soon recovered from the effects of her sufferings so far as to be able to proceed to Laguna, where she procured a passage to France, and in the affectionate welcome and sympathetic condolence of her husband, she received consolation for the hardships she had endured on her return to him. Monsieur Godin, with his family, had accompanied Condamine to South America, and the lady was left behind to settle their affairs, when her husband returned to Europe, in obedience to the call of public duty.

General Vittoria, the present president of the state of Mexico, is a native of Durango, in New Spain, and descended from a respectable family. He had just finished his studies, in 1810, when his country became agitated by revolution, and he resolved to take an active part in her liberation from the Spanish yoke. No American has distinguished himself more in the arduous and protracted struggle, or has acquired in a higher degree the confidence of the people. A zealous champion of rational freedom, coolness and determination in every emergency, and a uniform desire to form a connection with Great Britain, have been the prominent features of his conduct. The moment he perceived that the views of the Emperor Iturbide were inconsistent with the interests of liberty, he publicly denounced his intrigues. He was arrested and confined, but his friends took measures for his escape from prison, and he betook himself a second time for concealment to the woods between Xalapa and Vera Cruz, where, at an earlier period, he had passed thirty months without beholding a human face, having been proscribed and a large price set on his head by the Spanish viceroy.

His privations and sufferings during this time almost exceed belief. His precarious subsistence depended upon vegetables and insects procured in the forest; and at length his hardy corporeal and mental powers were overwhelmed by disease. He lay at the mouth of a cavern eleven days without food; while the vultures instinctively hovered over him, awaiting the extinction of life, to make him their prey. The first nutriment he obtained was the warm blood of one of these birds, which attempted to pounce on his half-closed eyes. Vittoria seized the destroyer by the neck; he had just strength sufficient to inflict a wound with his long knife, and revived so far as to be able to crawl to the nearest water, where quenching the rage of feverish thirst,

he soon recovered his health. After the expulsion of the Spaniards, a faithful Indian, suspecting his asylum, sought and found him, but could scarcely recognise his person, without clothing, and so altered in appearance as hardly to retain the human form.

LOVE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(Concluded from p. 145.)

"DOUBTLESS," began the earl, "my dearest Kate perceives that no common thing has ruffled her lord. Ah, my wife! this boy of ours, this runagate, will yet bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Thou knowest how long I have combated his unfortunate passion for the Somerset, that heiress of murder and profligacy, that beggar, whose father owes his all to being a king's minion; but to what purpose have my long objections held out but to bend at last?

"The king, my master, has this morning dared—yes, dared I say; for thou knowest I hold the sovereign's prerogative but cheap, though I would not go the length of the crowd to pull him down—has thought proper, then, to request—and what is his request but a demand of my consent?—to the espousals of our William with the young cockatrice, Anne Carr. I see you would counsel me; but have I not always told this boy, 'Marry whom ye list, except a Somerset, and be she your inferior I will not withhold my consent?' And what did he? Under pretence of not knowing to whom he gave his heart, as he calls it, he dared to fall in love without my orders, and has condescended to intrigue to get the king a pleader for his cause. Did he not know that Somerset's fortune, with his character, has long been lost in the dark abyss of ruin which his wife drew on him, and for which he has only to curse our match-making pedant? And must the rising house of Bedford—for ours is still but a rising house—be pulled to the earth by this Somerset? Have I not reason then to chafe when I am hunted in my very lair?"

The countess, to whom this match came only recommended as the means of procuring happiness to two young persons in whose fate she was deeply interested, essayed to sooth his passion, by taking from the cause of it much of its venom. The lovely Anne Carr, whom she had often seen at the house of their mutual friend, the Lady Lennox, had not failed to create a strong partiality in her bosom. Indeed her unfortunate, or rather wicked, mother had been the playmate of the Lady Bedford. She had in her early years betrayed that fascination of manners, which, although it can never excuse crime, yet goes far in palliation; and her ladyship at this moment forgot in the recollection of the early morals of her friend her later depravity.

Had not these feelings weighed, she had a son, whose story of disappointed love had long been confided to her ear. All this had made her an eloquent pleader for the delinquents, although she hoped little from the success of her pleading in their favour. Her lord, it is true, had not deemed it proper to act in opposition to the wishes of his sovereign; yet so reluctantly, and under such hard conditions did he consent, that poor Somerset must have consented to ruin himself entirely in or-

der to procure his daughter's happiness, while she, as in duty bound, declared, she would not enter a family to which any member of her own was hateful. But whatever hardness of heart Somerset might have been accused of with regard to his wretched and only friend Overbury, every malevolent feeling seems to have subsided after this dreadful affair, and for his daughter he appeared ready to sacrifice his life. It is very true, that our children are but a part of ourselves, and to make them happy is to create our own happiness. But where is the father who could consent to rob himself of power, dignity, and riches?—This father was Somerset. He caught at this slow consent, wrung from Bedford by the king, as imparted to him by Lennox, as a wretch catches at the reprieve that saves him from an ignominious death. When he now beheld his lovely daughter, he saw, it is true, a resemblance of those mischievous charms which, in his wife, had lured him to ruin; but he saw these, in his child, accompanied by such delightful innocence, such a refreshing frankness, that tears of joy trembled in his eye when he set about the required sacrifice which was to ensure her happiness. To rob his daughter of a tear, to rear the head of this tender flower which he had seen bent to the earth in affliction, and which a cruel world was prepared to crush for the sins of those who gave her being, he was ready to make any sacrifice.

More under an idea that Somerset would never consent to his demands, than from any real feeling of rapacity, Bedford had insisted on a portion of twelve thousand pounds for the bride of his son; and Somerset, to whom of all the wealth which James had heaped on him scarcely any thing remained save his house at Chiswick, consented, however, to sell this, together with the furniture and plate, and even his jewels, to raise a portion for his daughter; and while he meditated all this, he would exclaim, with a feeling of exultation which none but a parent can feel, that "since her affections were settled, he chose rather to undo himself than make her unhappy."

Love is a sad destroyer of good habits and methodical arrangements; and poor Anne, who, at one time was regularity itself, now frequently annoyed her father by her fits of absence and the non-performance of her duties; but he bore it all in silence; while she, buried in the delusions of a hopeless attachment, never dreamed that his *manchet* was prepared by other hands than her own, and that his wonted accommodations were less attended to than usual. She attended, it is true, with that amiable characteristic of her nature to the instructions of her masters; but no sooner were they gone, than all recollection that they had been with her was effaced. In vain did the celebrated Jacopo Backer, who would finish the half-length picture of a lady, with all the cumbrous folds of the fashion of that day, in a dozen hours, essay to find the gentle Anne a royal road to painting; or Master Henry Lawes of his Majesty's chapel, and whose *Cantica Sacra* afforded her so much delight, endeavour to tune her soul to harmony. His *Treasury of Delight* and *Musical Companion* no longer interested her; her virginal and rebeck were alike unused, nor did she utter a note, except indeed the lines of old Herrick:

Good morrow to the day so fair;
Good morrow, sir, to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew, &c. &c.

This she would sing with a plaintive sweetness entirely her own, riving the hearts of her maidens, who paused over their work to listen to her. Her complaint increased, and Sir Theodore Mayerne, who had been physician to Henry IV. of France, as he afterwards was to our James and Charles, walked out of her apartment as he walked in, without being able to prescribe for her disorder. Nor were the simples of Parkinson more efficacious; and her father, whose extreme superstition was his great foible, taking with him her horoscope, applied for a charm to the famous Culpeper, who, on being informed under what planet she was born, said that she had a disease which could be cured by none but a young nobleman with dark eyes and hair.

Somerset really began to think that at least she was bewitched, and would fain, had he not been fearful of reviving the story of Madame Turner, have prosecuted every unfortunate old woman whose chin or hat exceeded the usual dimensions. The playhouse indeed seemed to afford some relief to his daughter, and at the Fortune in Redcross-street, although she had to pass many a dreary green lane, accompanied by her mild friend, the gentle Sacharissa of Waller, who has made her immortal when Sidney might have been forgotten, she heeded not the distance, and in the sorrows of the heroines of Will Shakspeare forgot her own. The hours of theatrical exhibition were, it may be remembered, never late; and it was a custom for the ladies at that time to frequent the New Exchange, a sort of ancient bazaar, where cloth of gold was exhibited, and where "new petticoats of sarsnet, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome," like those that charmed the eye of Mr. Pepys, that well-known chronicler of fashionable frippery, were displayed to view.

When the lovely Anne had left her father after her interview with the painter, a more than usual melancholy oppressed her. She had of late, and she hardly knew why, felt even less of that elasticity of spirits which, in happier times, was the envy of all. The completion of her wishes seemed no further off than usual: indeed she had heard some indistinct whispers of an accommodation; but she dared not flatter herself with hope. There yet seemed an evil destiny hanging over her; and, banished from a mother's tender care, she now felt all the want of a judicious confidant. Her father's conduct was kindness itself; but his frequent fits of deep musing, his occasionally abrupt manner, told that all was not right within.

She had retired to what a modern fine lady would have called her *boudoir*, but what in these simple times was designated a closet. Musing on her fate, she mechanically sauntered through a corridor, and, without knowing why, entered a room principally occupied by her father as a study. It was an uninviting place; old armour, ancient dresses, folios of the *Court Intelligencer*, filled some old deal shelves; pamphlets on chemistry and astrology were strewn carelessly on an old reading-desk; while in other parts were placed carelessly a thousand things, which, not being bad enough to be totally destroyed, were kept only as useless lumber.

Turning over a parcel of manuscripts, and shaking off the dust from them, she at length took up one, the leaves of which she at first turned over mechanically, till at length her eyes rested on a particular part. She was suddenly interrupted by the sound of footsteps, and unwilling to leave the rest of the book unread, which she at length had just commenced, she crushed up the pages forcibly in her hand, and like a robber who has at length gained a treasure for which he had nearly sacrificed his life, she clutched the pamphlet and ran with it to a room which in the days of Elizabeth might have been termed the "maiden's bowre." At this moment, could her friend Vandyke have seized the resemblance of a face, shifting at every sentence she read, could he have caught the evanescent hectic of her cheek, or the checked respiration of her breath, her devouring eye, or the convulsive action of her lips? No; nor the nervous trembling of her finger as it conned over the terrible truth-telling line: rather must he have called in the sculptor's aid to have carved the marble likeness; for as she proceeded in reading, the lifeblood altogether left her cheeks, and her white and quivering lip seemed to declare that she was not long for this world. At length, striking her hand across her forehead, she exclaimed, "Merciful Heavens! my father, my mother, murderers!—Overbury! Russell!"—A shriek like the shriek of death burst from her, and she sunk upon the floor.

On the lovely Anne's recovery from this dreadful swoon, she found herself surrounded by her friends. 'Tis true, at the first moment, her comprehension of things seemed vague and uncertain; but she heard voices with which she seemed acquainted speaking kindly to her. She gazed for a time unconsciously upon the group, when, espying her father, she exclaimed, "But you could have no hand in this murder!" and the big tear trembled in the eye of Somerset, and relieved feelings almost too painful for endurance. As recollection returned, she became more composed, yet seemed looking in a mysterious way for something; but the scroll had been removed. Amidst all the troubles and misfortunes of this world, there can be none to equal the reproaches of a child to a parent; and when she appealed to her father by exclaiming, "Am I the child of murderers? Is my mother—" the word was unutterable—it would seem by the workings of Somerset's mind, that his punishment now almost equalled his crime; and he essayed in vain to bestow that comfort on his daughter which he needed himself. There was, however, one person who could charm to rest every angry feeling in Anne's bosom; and when Russell took her hand, when he inquired tenderly how she felt, she seemed at once restored to health. But when again inclosing her hand in his, he knelt to an ancient nobleman, Bedford himself, who bestowed his consent, and prayed that they might live long and happy, and she beheld even Somerset's frozen look of horror lightened by a sickly smile, she seemed to have nothing more to ask.

We cannot attempt to paint feelings which the lovely Anne herself could not have described. Here, then, let us leave them; nor let us pry into

the further incidents in the lives of this now happy pair. History will inform our readers, that one of them at least experienced the common misfortunes of humanity; for Anne Countess of Bedford was unfortunate enough to survive her husband.

APRIL.

You know, gentle reader, that this is the first of April; and being fond of all old English practices, I should ill discharge my duty to you if I did not take advantage of the license which this day permits. I am not fond of practical jokes, but if such things ever be excusable, they are so on the first of April, and I am determined to make the experiment.

I have no doubt at all, that when you looked over the contents of this number, and saw "April" among them, you turned hastily to the page, recollecting how pleasantly you had got through an article in the number for last month, entitled "March," and anticipating something at least equally attractive from more attractive "April." But I am determined to disappoint your expectations; and in place of indulging in a page or two of sentimentalism and apostrophizing April, as my own especial favourite among all the months in the year, I propose to give you a short detail of facts, and for the truth of my relation I pledge my veracity.

Once upon a day all the Months resolved to dine together; and after a great deal of hot blood and some little coolnesses in deciding who should do the honours of the table, the choice fell upon December; for though this gentleman has rather a cold exterior, yet, under his own roof, he is the very pattern of hospitality and the soul of glee. It was determined that the entertainment should be a pic-nic, and a capital entertainment was furnished forth amongst them. January sent ice to cool the wine; February brought an enormous cake to eat to it; March and April supplied the fish and the lamb; May furnished the early vegetables, and undertook besides to decorate the table with flowers; June brought plenty of cider with him; July and August furnished the dessert; September sent a course of game—all excepting hares and partridges, these October supplied, and contributed also a cask of delicious ale; November brought a basket of filberts and walnuts, and sent a barrel of oysters; and the worthy host supplied all deficiencies, and provided the wine. January was placed on the right hand of the chair, and November on the left; and June, a good-humoured, open-faced fellow, sat at the foot of the table. Nothing could be better arranged than this.

That sweet blushing beauty, May, was the general toast; and many were the compliments she received upon the excellence of her contribution of early vegetables. May had many admirers; January tried to look sweet upon her, but he was not to her taste, and she contrived to look another way. June also paid her marked attention; but May and he had been companions all their lives, and she never could regard him as her lover. Poor April was evidently dying for her, but she thought him fickle; and, besides, he was too young: September had the advan-

tage of him; for, with all the good qualities of April, he was of more mature age, and more even in his temper. October, also, affected to play the beau and look young; and it was wonderful to see how dexterously he contrived to hide the approach of years.

Besides love-making, there was no lack of jest and repartee: March was full of dry humour, which he played off very effectively upon the prim maiden November, who took it all in good part; but July, who was also smartly hit, began to take up the joke warmly, until August mildly interposed and restored good-humour.

When the ladies retired, December proposed their health in a bumper; and June, who considered himself a great favourite with them, was beginning to return thanks in a flowery speech, when he was coughed down by December and March.

The dining-room party soon joined the ladies at the tea-table; and after tea, the old folks went to cards and the young ones to music. Pretty May presided at the piano-forte, and April stood by and now and then put in a note, his face sometimes covered with smiles, and sometimes a tear trembling in his eye. October sang a hunting-song; and August warbled so sweet and melancholy an air, that the noisy party at the card-table laid down their cards to listen; and even April was attracted from the Hebe charms of May, to the more tranquil and maturer beauties of her cousin.

At length, every one delighted with the entertainment, the party broke up. April and June both escorted May home; September took care of August. October had promised to take charge of November, but having sat down to some old ale with March and December, November left them in a huff, and went home alone. At what hour the three gentlemen left the table is not known, but it is believed December sat them both out.

RECOLLECTIONS.—No. I.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE is a fine sounding name; and although it be now the fashion to call it *Stamboul*, the other is, to my thinking, the more majestic of the two; and if ever I should become a poet, and lay my poem among Eastern harems, I shall by no means adopt the modern phraseology, but begin my poem some way thus,

I sing of thee, Constantinople!

and if I cannot find a word to rhyme with Constantinople, I will rather die the author of one unfinished couplet than take *Stamboul* into my verse.

To a stranger visiting Constantinople, and entering it by any other way than by the Pera, which is inhabited by persons like himself, every thing seems wondrous strange. In other cities men wear coats and hats, small-clothes and shoes; there, men glide along in cloaks and turbans and sandals. In other cities, female faces glance upon one at every step; some fair, and some *comme ça*; most of them without veils, some few indeed with them, but so sweetly contrived in texture that the charms they are apparently meant to shroud are only chastened, like a fair landscape seen through the misty robe

of a summer's morning. But in Constantinople the women, for aught we know to the contrary, may be all angel-faced or pig-faced, or may have two faces, or no face at all, as I have read of a knight in some German story. Then again, in all other cities of Europe, they who are not Christians are deemed infidels; but here, one suddenly takes his rank one step below a heathen. In other cities, one's ears are dinned by the turmoil of church-bells; here, the people require no such spur to their devotions. Elsewhere, the temples of religion are open to the stranger who would seek a peaceful sanctuary wherein to offer up his orisons; here, he must not presume to approach their porch, and scarcely even dare he profane the steps that lead to it. St. Sophia! thou beautiful temple, how often have I stood in the calm of a summer's morning before thy portico, and gazed in mute rapture upon thy multiplied beauties! Proudly thou lookest down upon the city of the last Cæsars. Beautiful art thou in the stillness of the morning, when thou liftest thy cupola into the clear air; beautiful in the evening, when thy gilded minarets are bright in the sunbeams that slant over the sea of Marmora; and beautiful beneath the moonlight, when thy golden dome is chastened into silver; when thy far-up crescent gleams like the image of a sister planet, and thy lofty columns stand in majestic repose, steeped in the soft light that sleeps among them!

NEW NEIGHBOURS.

Scarcely twelve months have elapsed since our whole neighbourhood was thrown into a ferment at a report that a small, but delightful residence, which had long remained unoccupied, had been actually purchased by a gentleman who was a stranger to every body in the county. The painters, the carpenters, the upholsterers, the gardeners were directed to meet the *gentleman* on a certain day and hour, and receive instructions to commence operations forthwith. Glad enough they were of the *orders*, as they are called; for the mechanics and operatives of Longbrook cannot boast of being overburdened with business, and every man of them would have proceeded in perfect good faith to execute them, had not old James the gardener—who, by the way, is so much like Walter Scott's *Andrew Hirsorice*, that I almost fancy he sat for the portrait—had not James raised suspicions amongst them, and hinted that "they ought to know the gentleman's *name* before they gave away the labour of their hands;" although he had been following the stranger, hat in hand, all over the grounds, in a cold March wind, assenting to all his commands with, "Yes, sir—Very good, sir—A great improvement, sir—and We'll put in a few flowering shrubs to catch the eye here, sir—It shall be done, sir." Yes, if it had not been for James, the repairs and alterations at Fair-Hill would have been completed with such expedition and alacrity as were never before known. But the gardener is looked up to as an oracle by all his companions, and Frank Timbertoe the carpenter declaring he would not drive a single nail till he had heard something sen-

this concerning Mr. What-d'ye-call-him," all the rest determined to follow his example, not, however, without some misgivings in their own minds that they might possibly "shoot beyond the mark." However, the gentleman having finished his arrangements left Longbrook, with an intimation that he should be down again in a fortnight, and hoped to get into the house in a month.

Day after day passed and every thing remained in *statu quo* at Fair-Hill; for the gentleman having travelled by the stage-coach without an attendant, James had no opportunity to exercise his talents of "fishing" the servants, and as he pondered over the case by day and night, he became still more fearful of engaging in the undertaking. "I cannot hear who he is," said he; "he may be the devil himself for what I know, and come what will I'll never own *him* for a master." At length the deliberations of these worthies were concluded by the reappearance of the stranger at the end of the time proposed; he bustled from the inn to the house, and found all as silent and dreary as when he left it, turned upon his heel, bustled back to the inn again, and sent for James the gardener to explain, who answered his question with, "Why, sir, Frank Timbertoe has been ill, sir—Mr. Furnish has lost his wife, sir—young Brush the painter has married—and as for me, sir—I—I did not know what name to charge the shrubs to, sir—so—so I thought I'd just wait and ask you, sir." A cloud had been gathering on the stranger's brow, but when old James had finished his speech, rubbing his hands, and bowing low, it dispersed itself in a loud laugh, which prevented his replying for at least two minutes, and kept the old man staring in mute astonishment, wondering "what next was to come," a space of time sufficiently long to allow a passing thought to cross his mind, that "Frank and the rest of them should *pay him well* for being put in such bodily fear." But when the gentleman could command his countenance, he said, "Oh! the name—I am not ashamed of it—it is well known—charge the shrubs to the Honourable Mr. Devereux, gardener."—"Very well, sir—certainly, sir—I beg your honour's pardon, sir, for troubling you, sir," said James, and, with many low *salams*, left the room, lifting up his eyes at the idea of being once more in the service of the nobility; for James in his youth, as he loves to tell, lived in the family of Sir George So-and-so and Lord Such-a-one, and far from thinking himself obliged to the inhabitants of Longbrook for employing him, considers he does us a favour to settle himself amongst us, conceiving that his profound skill in the rural art is somewhat degraded by being exercised in the garden of Mr. Drench the apothecary, or even in that of Mr. Preachwell the curate.

Forth he went, and having assembled all the runagates, he erected his head an inch or two higher than usual (James is more than six feet high, lean, gaunt, bony, with an eye whose expression varies between that of the fox and the tiger), and told them, in a loud and sonorous voice, which was strangely contrasted with the subdued and servile tone in which he spoke to the stranger, that "they ought to set to work directly; the new-comer was a gentleman born, the Honourable Mr. Devoroo; the family used to visit at Sir George's

when he lived there; and *therefore* they need not fear but that he would remunerate them handsomely." This class of inquisitors being satisfied that the gentleman was not without a name, he again departed; informing them, however, that "if his wishes were not immediately complied with, and, moreover, if Fair-Hill were not made habitable in a month, they would find themselves the worse for it:" but, as Sir Peter Teazle says, "he left his character behind him."

His name being generally understood to be Devereux, notwithstanding the disguise put upon it by James's pronunciation, another class of unbelievers began to question what right he had to it: "It was a noble name—strange that he was not known to Sir Thomas at the Hall—strange that he came unattended—stranger still that no friend accompanied him to look at the house—very mysterious—something wrong behind—could not expect he would be much acquisition as a neighbour—visiting him would be out of the question, unless something more satisfactory could be heard about him"—so said a card-playing dowager, who thinks herself versed in the history of every family within twenty miles of her residence.

"It was remarkable that no lady had come to make choice of the furniture, which, from what the upholsterer had said, was not to be of the most elegant description—surely Mr. Devereux must be a bachelor, who had just taken the house for a shooting-box"—so said a lady who has not made up her mind to "single blessedness," although she has but little chance of being blessed in any other way; while all the Longbrook lords of the creation were on the tiptoe of expectation to hear whether the stranger were a sportsman and a dinner-giver, or whether the neighbourhood were to be bored with a miser and misanthropist. Oh! the everlasting changes that were rung upon that name—the stress that was laid upon *the honourable!*—my ears tingle at the recollection to this minute.

At length the month expired, and the following notice, addressed to James Root, gardener, Longbrook, screwed curiosity to the highest notch: "Mr. D. intends to arrive at Fair-Hill on Thursday; his servants will be there to prepare dinner; but James is requested to see that the house is well aired."

When the five o'clock coach arrived, every window of every house in Longbrook was thronged to see the *entrée* of the supposed bachelor; but the coach rattled on without setting down a single passenger. Then the gossips declared that they had been hoaxed, and began to cheapen Mr. Devereux's *honour* roundly.

Another half hour passed by, when "smack went a whip, round went the wheels" of a post-chaise, which, passing rapidly along the street, took the road to Fair-Hill, and totally changed the colour of Longbrook opinions. "Who were in the carriage? the gentleman alone? no lady?" was the eager inquiry.—"I saw an immense quantity of something," said a wag, "in the corner of the chaise; but it was such a shapeless mass, that I cannot determine whether it was a lady or a packet of luggage." Indeed some days elapsed before any thing official was known as to the existence of a real living woman at Fair-Hill; but at last Mrs. Finesse, the card-playing dame, made a bold stroke, and drove in her carriage to offer any thing

her house afforded." This was a *ruse* that Mr. D. little expected, and, bustling forward, he begged her to alight, apologised for the "rough state of things," and introduced her to "his wife." This was a scene for Hogarth to paint: the sharp, keen, grey eyes of Mrs. Finesse darted towards her new neighbour, and seemed to take in at a glance, dress, person, manners; while Mrs. D. who measures two or three yards in circumference, though it is her husband's boast, that "when they married, he could span her waist," sat, with rosy cheeks and a pair of eyes almost stupidly soft, quietly wondering at her visitor's easy impudence, but feeling too indolent to shew any resentment. As for Mr. D. a little, active, gentlemanly figure, about fifty, his face so deeply tinted that one of the Longbrook wits has said it must have cost him many *pipes* of old port to colour it so richly, he stood by highly amused, and when Mrs. Finesse took leave, "hoping she should have the honour of *Mrs. Devereux's* company as often and as soon as possible," he could scarcely restrain a fit of laughter, and hurried the lady away to her carriage, leaving his wife to conjecture what could be meant by giving her a name to which she was not in the least entitled. Then taking his new friend aside, in a confidential whisper, he began to say, "My dear madam, I think you and I both love a joke, a hoax, and I have very unintentionally put one upon the Longbrook *natives*. I was obliged to give the old gardener a name before he would trust me with a cauliflower. Devereux, popped out before I was aware of it, which has only one letter in it similar to mine. Here is my card," said he, presenting one, on which was neatly engraved plain *Mr. Doobidoo*, "and I refer you to the gentleman whose name I have used, but, I trust, not *abused*, for any further information. My dear madam, set me in the best light you can with the people here, and answer all objections to my plebeian cognomen with 'What's in a name?'" Mrs. Finesse smiled, nodded, bowed, delighted to find that her talent for manœuvring, on which she prides herself, was not lost upon the stranger, and telling him she would do every thing in her power, drove off, having quite altered her sentiments about the propriety of visiting at Fair-Hill; while Mr. D. hastened to inform his wife of the stratagem, telling her "he had enlisted one old woman in his service;" but she, though accustomed to such pranks, looked very grave, not to say, sour, at the idea of having already excited such an unnecessary degree of curiosity.

The news of Mrs. Finesse's visit soon got abroad; accordingly the following morning she had a numerous levee of all the *visitable* people at Longbrook. They went on pretences totally foreign to the real object of their call: Mrs. Antigua, a rich West-Indian, the banker's lady, carried her housekeeper's receipt for veal-curry, which Mrs. Finesse had so much admired at her last dinner; Mr. Drench's two dashing daughters went to inquire whether she had lost her cold—"Civility," said they, "costs one nothing;" Mrs. Latitat, the attorney's wife, took a specimen of rare china to add to her friend's cherished store, which Mr. L. had obtained at a recent sale of a client's effects; the rector's and curate's ladies, "on *charitable* deeds intent," called to beg Mrs. Finesse's assistance

in support of a benevolent institution about to be established; and she has since declared, that she had more patterns for ladies' work, work-boxes, and work-bags, and more offers of loans of books, that morning, than she had ever before received, although she has resided amongst us thirty years. However, she knew to what account she might place such an influx of kind offices, and maintained a very general conversation, to the great annoyance of her friends, determined that no remark of *hers* should lead to the subject so much desired to be discussed. At length a carriage passed the windows: "Whose is that?" said Mrs. Antigua, "does it belong to the new people? By the bye, my dear Mrs. F. did not you drive to Fair-Hill yesterday?"—"I did."—"Well, who are they? What are they? 'Very nice people:' Devereux is the name, I think."—"Devereux!" said Mrs. Finesse, raising her voice in a note of astonishment, "what could make you think of that? Dobbido: see, here is a card." Dobbido! Dobbido! echoed through the room in so many different tones, that Mrs. Finesse was at some trouble to keep herself from indulging in a hearty laugh. But Mrs. Antigua returned to the charge with "Well, but are they people one would wish to know? Have they a good establishment? any style about them? Very strange such a different name should have been given at first." Mrs. Finesse waited patiently and answered, "I shall like to know them; I cannot answer for your taste. As to the establishment, I saw only one servant; I was not admitted to the kitchen, you may suppose: their house is in great confusion, therefore I cannot judge of their style, but they have the ease of well-bred people; and as for the name, you surely did not rely upon the report of such an old goose as James Root?"—"I do not think I shall visit them," said Mrs. Antigua, giving her head a haughty toss—"a mystery about them, and I hate mysteries."—"Well," said Mrs. Finesse, "I would not part with my new neighbours for half my old ones;" and added, seeing Caroline Drench about to go over to the enemy's camp, "My dear, you must ask your papa to go and see them; they will make him better patients than *I* can; they are both gouty."—"They are elderly then," said Caroline; "have they no family?"—"Family, my dear! to be sure; three or four sons in the army, two of them captains in the Guards." The last recommendation acted like a talisman on most of the party; while Caroline exclaimed, "O dear, what an acquisition! I'm glad Fair-Hill is occupied; really it has looked so desolate, that one could not walk by it without a fit of the *blues*." Mrs. Finesse's visitors having obtained their object, soon departed, anticipating the time when they should be admitted to a sight of these Longbrook *lions*.

The following Sunday, a bright, bustling, sunny March day, saw the "new people" drive cheerfully to church in a comfortable four-wheeled open carriage, drawn by a horse as fat as his mistress, saw them shewn into the pew appointed for all living at Fair-Hill, with every eye in the church fixed upon them. Our good rector failed on that day to keep alive the attention of his congregation; every feature, every action, every article of dress, from Mrs. Dobbido's elegant reading-glass to Mr. Dobbido's gold-mounted spectacles, underwent a

scrutiny, and I am ashamed to say, half the ladies had the vapours the whole day, because they had to pass so many hours before they could pay a morning visit on the Monday. However, the morning came; none of the expectants died or were taken sick, although they had suffered so much "hope deferred;" each person had an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity, and left Fair-Hill with the same feelings that a child has when it has broken a favourite toy, "to look inside and see what it is made of;" a feeling of disappointment, that the sight is over, and nothing wonderful discovered. In spite of Mr. Dobbido's hoax, he is generally visited; some few there are, who, like Mrs. Antigua, wishing to be singular, and being troubled with too large a quantity of pride, have declined an acquaintance, on the ground that Mr. D—— is "not much known;" but as he gives the best wines and the most superlative dinners, is the best chairman to be found at a convivial meeting, plays an excellent game at whist, has an immensity of anecdotes relating to persons in the highest walks of life, and often invites his gallant sons to Fair-Hill "as a treat for the country belles," he is a very popular character, and every party looks blank if his merry face is not to be found in it. As for his *better half*, whom he commonly calls Mrs. D. unwilling to repeat the offending name, she plays a very good second to his *primo*, and I have seldom heard her voted a bore except at a quadrille party, where some unfortunate dancer, with no "light fantastic toe," may have set foot upon her gouty extremity, and occasioned the good lady a fortnight's retirement. In short, our new neighbours are quietly settled down into very sociable people, and as they favour us occasionally with belles from town (as well as beaux), are reckoned a great acquisition: by the way, one of their visitors, sweet Rose Donaldson, is such a gem, that I shall make a sketch of her at another opportunity.

Longbrook Lodge.

LES DAMES DE LA HALLE.

THE French seem lately to have taken pleasure in following the reverse of our old maxim, that charity begins at home; for their charity just now seems both to begin and end abroad. Shut yourself up in your apartment, and receive only people of a certain class, and you will really believe that there is no such thing as a starving Frenchman to be found, so wholly engrossed does every body seem with raising supplies for the Greeks.

Charity is ingenious in her efforts to serve this brave nation. She quits the beaten track, and brings forward women of rank and timid virgins exposing themselves to the public gaze, as performers at concerts given for the Greeks; noble-minded *marchands*, who pledge themselves that if you buy their goods half the profit shall be given to the Greeks; public-spirited *restaurateurs*, who inform you, that you will find at their houses an excellent dinner for thirty-two sous, with the additional advantage of having the last new ode in praise of the Greeks for two liards, *Anglice* a farthing, less than you can have it

any where else. A *nota bene* intimates that they sell the said ode for the benefit of the Greeks.

In the midst of all these philanthropic proceedings, St. Pelagie is filled with debtors, whom the distresses of the times have reduced from affluence to beggary. Thirty thousand workmen are discharged, because their employers have no longer money to continue the buildings begun in every part of Paris and its environs. Trade languishes in all its branches; and you hear of no steps being taken for the relief of these people. A few old-fashioned souls indeed strip themselves in secret of their superfluities to minister to the wants of their countrymen; but the mass of those who can afford to give reserve their money and their sympathy for the Greeks.

And you, says the indignant reader, you, hard-hearted scribbler as you are, you have no sympathy with these brave unfortunates! You are mistaken, good sir, or madam: nobody admires their heroic courage, or detests the brutal ferocity of their sanguinary antagonists, more than I do; but I am a John Bull of the old breed, as full of prejudices as an egg is full of meat; and one of them is, that the distresses of our countrymen have a prior claim to those of strangers: in short, that charity should literally begin at home. But, in fact, charity has, comparatively speaking, very little to do with the present Greek mania. Fashion, vanity, self-interest, and party-spirit, such are the motives which actuate nine-tenths of the benefactors to the Greeks.

Luckily for the distressed Parisians, this mania, like all others which by turns seize the public mind, will soon subside, and then their wants will have a chance of relief. As it is, there are only the lower classes at present who seem to feel any sympathy for home distress, or any desire to alleviate it. I saw lately an instance of real charity among them, which appeared to me one of the most touching that I had ever witnessed.

In passing through the *Halle au Fruit* a few days since, I perceived a decent-looking man, but very meanly clad, supporting the tottering steps of a young woman, who appeared unable to proceed. She was in the last stage of pregnancy; and on her way to the *Hôpital de la Maternité* she suddenly stopped, a cry of anguish escaped her, and she sank into the arms of her husband. In an instant she was surrounded by the market-women. It was evident that she was in labour, and, before any medical help arrived, a fine thumping girl found the way by their assistance into this troublesome world.

While the *accouchement* was going on the poor woman bore her pains with great fortitude, but the husband seemed almost beside himself with terror. "Ah, my God! she will never get over it! and it is all my fault! I shall be the cause of her death!"

"How?" cried the surrounding market-women, surveying him with no very friendly eyes.

"I had been six weeks out of work; we had not a farthing in the world, but what my poor Nannette earned by her embroidery, and she would work to the last moment: it was in vain that I entreated her to go to the hospital, she would not listen to me, she would have her own way——"

"To be sure, that was very natural," interrupted several voices at once.

"I ought not to have listened to her; I ought to have commanded——"

"Commanded! Command your wife! My friend, that head of thine is turned surely: why who ever heard of such a thing?" exclaimed a comely dame, whose *bonnet montant*, trimmed with fine old-fashioned lace, massive gold cross and ear-rings, and large silver watch of the fashion of a century ago, proved her to be a person of consequence in her way. "A Frenchman talk of commanding his wife, truly! What will this world come to? But we must excuse the poor fellow," continued she in an apologetic tone, "for you see plainly, neighbours, that he is well nigh crazy."

At that moment the faint cry of an infant announced to the husband that he was a father; he threw himself upon his knees in an agony of mingled joy and apprehension, which it is impossible to describe. "God be praised! God be praised!" cried he: "oh, if I can but get her safe to the hospital!"

"You shall do no such thing," said the market-woman who had just been so angry at the idea of his commanding his wife.

"Eh, my God! why not?"

"Because we wont let her go to an hospital. She shall be carried back to her lodgings, and we will take the expense of her lying-in upon ourselves. What say you, neighbours?" continued she, "wont you all join me in making up a little purse for this poor soul?"

"We will, we will," resounded from all sides.—"And as for the child," continued the speaker, "it seems to have come to us quite as a god-send. Some of us have no children; and even those who have, will never grudge to share their crust with a poor little thing that Providence has thrown, as a body may say, on our protection. Let us charge ourselves with its maintenance. Let it be our child."

"Yes, we consent; it shall be our child!" burst as it were spontaneously from every mouth; and, in a few minutes, Madame Blaise had gathered from her comrades more than two hundred francs. The poor mother and her infant were carried home in triumph by the benevolent market-women; and the next day a deputation of them, dressed in all their finery, attended Madame Blaise to the parish church, where she held the new-born babe at the baptismal font. Nor is this the feeling of a moment; the market-women have entered among themselves into an agreement to pay regularly for the maintenance of the child, till she is old enough to provide for herself. There is no affectation, no false sentiment in this action; it is dictated by feelings of genuine humanity; and it will be rewarded by Him who can alone read the heart, and judge of our actions according to their motives.

THE FAIR CAPTIVE OF ARRACAN.

(Concluded from p. 166.)

After a pause, during which the fair mourner was so overcome by the violence of her emotions as to be incapable of proceeding, she thus resumed her narrative:

"Religion alone could have saved

F F 2

me from incurable despondency. Many pious friends came to sooth and admonish me; and, among these, the exhortations of Mr. and Mrs. Judson were peculiarly efficacious. They engaged my attention by vivid pictures of the state of Christianity in America, contrasted by the hideous idolatries of the Birman superstition: the feast of Gaudma—the Elysium of the Budhists, a mountain twenty thousand miles in height, called Merio—the convent of Rhataans, with many other particulars, which awakened my gratitude to Heaven for the lights of true religion, and humbled me to the dust for repining under temporal bereavement. Mr. and Mrs. Judson had come to Calcutta on the business of their pious mission. Saville was lading the Princess of the Sea for Rangoon; and, as our American friends wished to return to Ava, he offered them a passage as soon as the monsoon should be over. I had always told my husband I would accompany him, and such society was a decisive inducement. Besides, the equivocal conduct of my stepmother made me averse to remain near her. In three weeks after the decease of my father she married my former wooer, the general; and scandal was busy with her name in regard to young officers in his regiment. To save appearances on her behalf, Saville and I did not cease to visit her during the two months we were detained by the weather.

"We proceeded to Rangoon rather prematurely, and had a tedious passage. However, no languor could be felt in the edifying society of Mr. and Mrs. Judson. Much of our time was occupied in exercises of devotion; the remainder was given to the study of the native languages, as we early determined on consecrating our faculties to the same work which had a propitious commencement with our Trans-Atlantic friends. We advertised the Princess of the Sea, her appurtenances and cargo, for sale at Rangoon. Many British and native merchants came to view her, and we were in treaty with several, when a personage, habited as a Maywoon, or viceroy, narrowly examined the vessel; but such curiosity was so common, that, as he made no proposals, we considered him as a mere spectator. Next day a native trader made an offer for the ship and cargo, much higher than any former terms, and brought two opulent merchants as security for prompt payment. He acknowledged the purchase was not for himself, but for a powerful and affluent chief at Arracan, whither he advised us to go with him to conclude the bargain. We readily agreed, being desirous of ascending to the northern parts of the Birman territory. The trader had another boat sailing for Prome, in which Mr. and Mrs. Judson embarked on their way to Umerapoorah. As we coasted up the river, the trader gave us information concerning the Maywoon of Arracan: 'He is named Andoo Wown Engee, and acknowledged by all the Peguers as the legitimate heir of that kingdom, and adopted by the Arracanese as their prince; for the royal line of Arracan was exterminated root and branch by the Birman ravagers. It is the policy of the court of Ava to connect by marriage the Pegu and Birman throne; but Andoo Wown Engee had neither sister nor daughter, and the king of Ava espoused a relation of his own, by his mother, of the Pegu race. The court of Ava have continued the Maywoon of

Arracan in office more through fear than good-will; and lately, though he is supposed to be childless, they gave him an alternative to meet a public accusation for neglect of duty, or to take the order of a Talapoin. The demise of his European wife was only known at the court six weeks since, and alarm, lest he might have heirs of his own by another consort, produced the arbitrary measure of compelling him to enter the priesthood as High Talapoin. They would surely have deprived him of the dignity of Maywoon, if they durst venture upon offending a chief so popular while the government of Calcutta threatens war with the Birmans. The Maywoon is not childless. He has a son by a beautiful European, and in his ninth year the lady was forced to part with him, to save his life. I was intrusted to convey him secretly from Arracan. He continued a few years with a Danish relation at Serhampore; was thence sent to Calcutta to learn English, and many other arts of consequence to a great man in whom is centred the hope of nations. Tradition promises, that when the son of a white woman is heir of Pegu, he shall be lord of all Oriental India. Should the court of Ava know that Elcund Mawn yet lives, their emissaries would pursue him to death. His father is well apprised of hostility, wearing a mask of friendship, by the golden-footed monarch and the convent of Rhataans; but Andoo Wown Engee is not a man to be foiled with deceit.'

"'You seem much in his confidence,' said Saville.

"'The Maywoon has no weak confidences,' answered the trader. 'My fidelity is tried and proved; nor would I make communications to you unless ordered by my sovereign lord. To him I have been, and will remain, a devoted Peguer. He commissioned me with the explanations I have made, because in purchasing your vessel he expects to accomplish the mighty tradition long contemplated by him and his rivals, the reigning family at Ava. My statements will prepare you for some mysterious appearances. We must come to land in darkness, to the north of our real destination. It must not be known that Christians receive any countenance from our Maywoon. I must dismiss this boat, and go myself with all precaution to the chief; who, accompanied by his son, will return in a light skiff, to take you where you will be safe as in your own England, that region of wonders, where, it is said, the poorest man may consider his house a fortress, so long as he commits no trespass against the laws.'

"Wrapped in dark blue cotton, which hid our dress and shewed little of our features, we reached a village. The trader procured us lodging and food; he departed, and by his directions we travelled on foot two miles southward, to a spot described by our river-pilot. The skiff was in waiting some minutes, and in less than two hours, rowed by the chief's son and the trader, and steered by the chief, our voyage terminated in a cave projecting over the water. The trader jumped to the beach, struck a light with his tinder-box, and shewed us through the intricacies of a covered way up several steep stairs; and our journey ended by passing that ladder to the vault in which my brave triumphant countrymen discovered me. There, also, Elcund Mawn had concealment from the oppressors of Pegu. He was

during ten days our associate, and revealed to us that he had been educated in Christian principles. Saville examined him, at his own request, and applauded his religious knowledge, and his literary and scientific attainments.

"Andoo Wown Engee remitted to our agent at Calcutta the price of the Princess of the Sea, including her cargo, except a sum which we retained for the service of our mission; and Saville, my ever affectionate husband, insisted upon transmitting by the same means of conveyance a deed settling the amount in my right, if I should be the survivor. We left the vault by that winding invisible excavation which conducted us thither, and entered upon the actual duties of promulgating glad tidings of immortal bliss to heathen nations. The districts north of Arracan were comparatively deficient in population; but at Munipour multitudes gathered daily to hear our discourses. We soon perceived, that though the curiosity of a lively energetic people procured us a vast and varied auditory, they heard us with impressions not more serious than those with which they listened to their own story-tellers; and all the public authorities watched us with an evil eye. The few converts we made were intimidated to dissemble their opinions; they were of the very lowest order, and we had the distress of seeing nearly all of them accused and dragged away as malefactors. We were too insignificant to raise the voice of intercession in their behalf; indeed, our interference would but have prejudiced their tyrants against them.

"The fatigues of travelling and speaking aloud, under the scorching rays of a vertical sun, had previously impaired my husband's health, and the imprisonment of his proselytes hung upon his spirits with a fatal influence. He could no longer preach, yet with unabated zeal he persisted in shewing himself to the crowd; and resting on a mat, under the shade of a tree, attended while I read the New Testament, with such commentaries as he suggested. We had been more than three weeks at Munipour, when I observed a strange figure diverting the people by antic gestures. I did not then know that our Anglo-Indian government had threatened to invade the Burmese dominions, and could not account for the burlesque of our military costume. Over a mask which imitated a pale European countenance, the stranger wore a blue velvet cap, absurdly resembling a Scot's Highland bonnet, rendered still more incongruous by the three-cornered rim of a hat, which perhaps once belonged to an officer of the English guards; and black plumes so overshadowed the clay-coloured face, that the oddity was often obliged to put them aside with his hand. He was a tall handsome man, formed to display with advantage the garb of our mountaineers; but all the style was distorted into a grotesque similitude. The kilt, of bright red silk, falling over his ancles, was chequered with embroidery of all colours, and a small gilt bell in each chequer vibrated upon twisted gold wire; a vest of gold tissue, and a very long scarlet coat, after the fashion of our field-officers; a wooden sword, with a garniture of gilded bells; pistols, equally harmless, with the like noisy appendages; and in place of the Highland purse, an embroidered gir-

dle sustained a gold or gilded plate, at which the people looked, and slunk off with dismay in their expressive features. There are few men in the Burman empire who cannot read, and it was unquestionable that a feeling of awe pervaded every bosom after perusing the inscription on this badge, exhibited by a figure which to me appeared calculated only to excite pity, not unmingled with derision. His pantomimic gestures could not interrupt my reading of the Scriptures; but he found means effectually to counteract my endeavours for the instruction of the pagan multitude. He came close, and prayed me at intervals to stop and listen to remarks he was desirous of offering, for his own satisfaction and the edification of my hearers. My husband whispered to me to have patience, and to accord the indulgence demanded. The ridiculous orator stood up, and proposed to me the most ensnaring questions and invidious strictures upon the doctrines I laboured to recommend. A hum of applause from the congregation succeeded his words. To withdraw must have appeared, on our part, an acknowledgment of defeat; and before the artful sophist retire, my dear Saville, chagrined and exhausted, was carried to our humble lodging with symptoms more appalling than ever. A full hour passed before he could speak to me. I wept and prayed beside him; a short slumber revived him a little, and he besought me, as I valued the great cause to which all individual feelings must be sacrificed, not to offend the seeming mountebank, who was certainly an able spy employed by the court of Ava. I had hardly promised forbearance, when the subject of our conversation stood beside me; he interrogated my husband on the tenets we deemed so important. I begged him to consider that the invalid was incapable of effort, except to correct me if my replies to a question were not valid and explicit. 'That is what I should like better,' said our self-invited guest; "for the ladies of your country are prodigies of wisdom. I know Mrs. Judson very well, and I want to know you also: but have you no wish to be told who I am?' I answered, that our religion paid no respect to persons, and we therefore made no inquiries regarding private history. 'I am a public functionary,' said the stranger, 'a functionary of no mean description. Behold this legend.' He held up the plate appended to his girdle, on which was inscribed, 'Pay, all men, deference and submission to the jester of the golden-footed monarch, he comporting himself according to the laws and our sovereign will.'

"I now comprehended why the Burmans of every degree had read this inscription with evident alarm. 'Lady,' said the jester, 'there are not wanting presumptuous creatures, who, if they dared, would call me the court-fool: you shall find me a sapient talker; and though I fall now and then into crazy frolics, you should bear with me, if you feel any interest in the safety of Mr. and Mrs. Judson. Let me tell you, I can be their mighty protector.' I said, in mental response, 'The jester is more knave than fool;' and uneasy to have my husband annoyed by his frivolous incoherencies, I tried, with all mildness, to lead him to the points on which he professed a wish for information. At length he grew more sedate, and in place of singing, ca-

pering, speaking nonsense and laughing, he sat down on a cushion, was silent about two minutes, jumped up, drew another cushion near his own, and begged me to sit there, that our bedrid censor might hear and set us right in case of need. He was more than two hours with us, and uttered many foolish cavils against our doctrine. I shall give you a specimen of his insidious sophistry: 'Lady, if I have not greatly misapprehended you,' said he, 'you asserted in your public discourse that the God of Christians is omnipotent, and unbounded in goodness and mercy?' I answered, that our God was infinite in perfections, far beyond the power of mortal man to conceive, or his tongue to express.

"'Why, then, cannot you intrust him to work in his own cause? If you believe he can do all things by his almighty fiat, how can you suppose it necessary that agents weak as you are should intermeddle, as if he required help from the helpless?'

"I answered, it was our duty to use all means in promoting the temporal and eternal welfare of our fellow-creatures.

"'Admitting your argument,' he replied, 'you and your husband do wrong, unless Colonel Symes and many other white people who have come to Umurapoorah are liars: they all say, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson cannot deny it, that there are adults and children innumerable within the bounds of the British Isles, all as ignorant of religion and morality as the most untaught pagans. I know, too, on the authority of many French and Dutchmen, that in your country there are hundreds, yea thousands, destitute of food and clothing; and very many young beggars that, in your freezing climate, have no house to cover them, no bed, no blanket, to defend them from the terrible cold; and they creep into the ashes of your manufactories by night. Where was the patriotism so vaunted by you English, when you left so much barbarism and misery at home, and crossed sea and land, forsooth, to instruct us? First, do all the good you can in your own country, and then you will be entitled to acceptance in other realms. I must bid you farewell; but, lady, you shall hear from me again. The sober spirit will no longer abide with me; the merry paroxysm draws on apace, and I go to indulge it.'

"The jester ran out of the house, playing on a bundle of reeds which were inclosed in his long wooden sabre; and dancing till out of sight, he left us for ever. 'I am relieved by his departure,' said I to my husband, whose dejected looks followed the intruder: 'his sophistry was cruelly perplexing!'

"'And yet, my dear Bella,' replied Saville, 'he spoke some truths irresistibly pertinent. No doubt he is a spy acting in an assumed character, and perhaps he may bring us into trouble. However, I am not so prejudiced, so uncandid, as to withhold my assent to his censure upon our misjudging zeal, in leaving a large amount of misery and ignorance in Britain, without commiseration or assistance, and coming many thousand miles to offer the most precious gift of Heaven to strangers. Promise me, that if, as I expect, my life must soon terminate, you will go home, and dedicate yourself to alleviate the distresses of British paupers; and, above all, to engage competent teachers for neglected desti-

tute children. I shall resign myself to death without a murmur, if you grant this my last request.'

"With a bursting heart I gave my beloved Saville the satisfaction he demanded, and obeyed his dictates in continuing to read the Scriptures at the door of our lodging, as he was too ill to be carried out. He recovered a little; I hired a covered bed and bearers, that brought him to the river-side, and a boat took us to Trepa. Uballa managed all this for me, and we travelled only by night, as she had certain information of formidable dangers hanging over us. Our faithful girl proposed going to Arracan, that Andoo Wown Engee might come for us. She returned in less time than I hoped. A boat, steered by the Maywoon, and rowed by his son and Uballa, conveyed us to our former strong-hold in the vault. The dying saint was assiduously attended by the chief and his son alternately. The eleventh day from our arrival his pure spirit ascended to kindred angels. The Maywoon reminded me it was impossible to give Christian burial to the dear departed, as the dead are consumed by fire in the Birman dominions. If agreeable to me, the loved remains should be taken to a deep pool in the river, and sunk with heavy leaden weights: I paid the last duty by witnessing this agonizing scene. The night was beautifully calm; the moon, wrapped in clouds, harmonized with the solemn rite we had to perform; and when the boat approached the black surface of the pool, I repeated, in a low voice, the burial-service, and almost expired when the soul-rending plunge led me to know, that on earth I was finally separated from the object of my tenderest affections. O how desolate were my feelings! and I had no right to inflict a share of my anguish upon the sympathizing chief, his son, or my poor damsels. I tried to walk firmly along the covered path; my damsels supported me down the steps to the vault; the chiefs bowed and left me, and I endeavoured to spare Uballa and Tawowna the task of bearing with an inconsolable mourner. I passed hours in a state bordering upon the annihilation of all my faculties.

"Too much engrossed by my own woes, I thought not of the faithful girls, until I observed both on their knees at a little distance from my bed. Uballa, a true convert to Christianity, left Munipoor with us. Tawowna was recommended by the Maywoon, and she has done credit to his encomiums. It was her department to bring necessaries to the vault: I had been ten days a widow, and saw no human being excepting my damsels, when Tawowna brought a message from Andoo Wown Engee, begging immediate access to see me. A panic shot in icy coldness over my frame; but I mentally implored strength from above, and sent notice I was ready to receive the Maywoon. He came, every feature working with perturbation, while, by his gestures, he signified to my attendants that they should retire. When we were alone he sat down. I had not power to rise when he entered, and still kept my seat, with my eyes fixed on the floor.

"'Lady, I must speak briefly,' said the Maywoon, 'for time presses, and danger is urgent. A trusty friend from Umerapoorah has just arrived to acquaint me, that the

queen's brother, disguised as jester to the golden-footed monarch, spied all your movements in the north-west, and is preparing measures to entrap the fair Princess of the Sea, professing to be enamoured by her charms. But he is too licentious, too ambitious to be susceptible of love. He aspires to fulfil the ancient tradition, which foretels universal empire to the descendant of royalty who shall wed the Princess of the Sea. I may boast superior claims for my offspring, since the most essential portion of the destined requisites can belong only to my son. He alone was born of a European mother, the last survivor of human beings wrecked in a Danish vessel, when my father was lieutenant-commandant in the Isle of Cheduba. By the dawn I went to the sea-side to contemplate the ravages of a hurricane which subsided during the night; I saw a slender form immoveable on the ledge of an insulated rock; swam instantly to the spot; a lovely female had stiffened in the frightful position imposed on her by the surrounding waves. I brought her, to all appearance, lifeless to my father's house. I made her my wife; and to save her only child from Birman tyranny, we secretly conveyed him to his mother's relatives at Serhampore. I have heard him tell you the advantages he received at Calcutta. I need not more plainly warn you against the lurking tiger, whose eye of fire is bent upon devouring the Princess of the Sea. You shudder, dear, dear lady, and might indeed wring your fair hands, if there could be no escape from a doom so hideous. Fly from the infidel barbarian to an asylum, where love, honour, and piety are sincere and unalterable. The spy of Ava cannot love you as my son loves, with pure veneration of your virtues. He is a true Christian; and his example and mine, with all our influence, shall spread and establish your religion over a mighty empire. My son and I go to join the British troops, as soon as they enter the boundaries of Arracan, and, with their aid, we shall regain our hereditary throne. We must leave you in precarious safety, unless you espouse the heir-apparent of Pegu, Arracan, Martaban, Ava, and the numerous dependencies of those kingdoms. As daughter-in-law to their royal chief, my domestics will exert all their valour and prudence, while they peril limb and life in your defence. Not a moment can you delay accepting this last resort for security from evils incalculably dreadful. The war-boats of Ava, in great force, are stationed between Arracan and Rangoon. A division yet more formidable, in three squadrons, occupies the river to the north; and unquestionably when the brigades of English from Chittagong advance near Arracan, the active operations of both armies will commence. This may happen before another sun goes down. Lady, your situation is critical. Elcund Mawn speaks by my voice the desires of a faithful heart; he has dictated what I have uttered, and without your permission would not personally intrude. Three hours must make him the happiest or most afflicted of men. If you take compassion upon him and yourself, I shall find you in three hours arrayed with this bridal robe and tiara. The basket sent by Tawowna contains them, and here is the key.' The chief made a respectful obeisance and retired.

"Bewildered in mind, trembling in every joint, and my tongue cleaving to my parched mouth, I could not articulate a syllable, and clasping my quaking hands, I endeavoured to return the mark of deference from the Maywoon. I did not recal the damsels. I had no belief in superstitious predictions or omens; but my condition struck me with awe and terror, which I have since condemned as inconsistent with a beseeming trust in divine Providence. My prayers were fervent but confused, and not unmixed with the phantoms of a disturbed imagination. Oh! it is almost distracting to review the thoughts of frailty and repining which broke in upon my devotions! I started at the return of Andoo Wown Engee, though I had clothed myself as he desired.

You are blest,' said he aloud to Elcund Mawn, who, at the top of the steps to the vault, waited for leave to advance. The Maywoon left us together for a few minutes, when he came back with my damsels to witness our inauspicious nuptials. As High Talapoin, he performed the marriage ceremony. From that hour to the last I spent with him, I had cause to respect and esteem my royal spouse, and he lived but to endear himself by every fond attention. The Indian government, with admirable promptitude, sent armies to check the power of Ava much earlier than her barbarian court anticipated; and thus was I saved from the machinations of the spy. Two days ago I parted from my kind husband and his father. They are among the slain; a sad evidence how fallacious are the prognostics of superstition. Here end my adventures; and you, gentlemen, are better acquainted with the subsequent occurrences than I could be, entombed alive in the vault. I have only to communicate, that the chest placed over the trap-door is a receptacle for bars of silver, and under that floor some gold and jewels are concealed. I had this information from the Maywoon at our last interview, when he placed these writings in my hands. You will see by them that my father-in-law and my husband appointed me their sole heir. The deed is in the English language, corroborated by a duplicate in the dialect of Pegu."

"And the commander of our army authorized me, lady, to tell you, that private property is never invaded by the troops of Great Britain," said Captain Oglethorpe. "If you wish it, we shall employ proper persons, under your direction, to make inventories, and to remove the effects according to your pleasure."

"My wish is to resume the name of Saville, to convert all my property into English bonds, to be remitted to London, except some tokens of sincere gratitude to my deliverers. Henceforward I shall employ my life and all I possess in fulfilling the last injunction of my beloved Saville."

Captain Oglethorpe asked the lady to accept his services in settling her affairs. He recommended her to the protection of a female relation at Calcutta, whose rank, character, and advanced age were peculiarly adapted for the charge of a youthful widow. On her arrival in London, she found Captain Oglethorpe had mentioned her to his uncle. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson invited her to become their guest till her plans were arranged for a suitable establishment. Mr. Anderson acted for her in all business where the aid of a male friend appeared necessary: his thorough

knowledge of money transactions, his strict integrity, and acquaintance with what we call the world, averted from her numerous inconveniences; and he adjusted and brought into efficient operation the principles laid down by Mr. Saville, in providing for the instruction and maintenance of friendless children of the lowest description. Mrs. Saville gave up all the property she might claim on his last settlement; for the humane and pious destination which he verbally advised at the conclusion of life; and the institution is at this moment snatching from wretchedness and temptation to the crimes most inimical to society, above two hundred little ones, who, but for the interposition of the Saville Benefaction, would in all probability have been the pests of communities wherever they wandered, and have paid the forfeit of their lives to the outraged laws of their country. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Saville lately inspected the schools. "Here," said Mrs. Saville, "are more human souls treading the way to everlasting happiness, than all the missions to Ava have converted by great expense in money, in time, in danger and real suffering to the preachers. I was infatuated when I believed it to be a Christian duty to neglect the various and urgent cases of distress at home, and to seek opportunities for doing good in other regions."

Captain Oglethorpe has had frequent occasion to correspond with the "fair captive of Arracan" since she left India. He is on his passage to London, and perhaps the recompence of his services to our heroine may promote their mutual happiness. This is but a conjecture of busy rumour; time will confute or confirm it: but we may appeal to religion, patriotism, humanity, and common sense, in support of our opinion, that the ignorant and destitute of our own native land, and its dependencies, have paramount claims to the exertions of benevolence and liberality. Those claims were never more diversified, extensive, and imperative than at the present juncture, when thousands willing to work for bread are in a lamentable state of penury, and the utmost efforts of charity cannot meet their exigences.

B. G.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXVI.

Present, the Vicar, *Mrs. and Miss* Primrose, *Mr. and Mrs.* Mathews, *Mr.* Montague, *Mr.* Apathy, *and* Reginald Hildebrand.

Reginald. You have had letters from Portugal, my dear sir, I understand: how are Basil and Horace?

The Vicar. Well, when they wrote; der, or unless they are tempted to exceed wi their journey into Spain, procould b ly they will soon be in England. hideou *Reginald.* And what news? barian *The Vicar.* 'Faith, very little that nour, an ve not learned from the papers. Lisbon is as dirty and as uncomfortable to an Englishman as ever; nor do the Portuguese appear to be very cordially disposed towards us: the lower orders I mean; all the more educated classes do justice to the country, and hailed the arrival of our troops as a blessing.

Mr. Montague. Aye, and the mobocracy have such an opinion of

this blessing, that they stabbed them in the streets.

The Vicar. Basil and Horace were witnesses to an attempt at assassinating one of our troops, as they were returning from the theatre on the very night of the extraordinary performance in honour of the arrival of the armament. Their opportune interference saved the poor fellow's life, and he was profuse in his thanks. But let us hope this feeling and disposition are not general; and we will wish a pleasant journey to our friends in a bumper.

Reginald. It certainly is not general; for at Coimbra the English troops were hailed as deliverers, and their entry into the town had all the appearance of a triumph. But I will pledge your toast; and then let's to business.

Mrs. Primrose. See, Reginald, Mrs. Mathews has brought me an elegant little publication from the American press, sent her by a friend at New-York. It is called *The American Souvenir, a Christmas and New-Year's Offering*, 1827. It is really a pretty *bijou*, particularly as coming from the New World.

Reginald. Its appearance is in its favour: the plates though are badly designed, and worse executed: in point of embellishment it will bear no comparison with our *Forget Me Nots* and *Literary Souvenirs*.

Mrs. Mathews. No, it will not; but there are some very clever tales in it. Paulding's *White Indian* is excellent.

Reginald. Here are some verses to the eagle, which seem to breathe a spark or two of poetic fire; they are worth hearing:

ADDRESS TO THE EAGLE.
By Mr. Perceval.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest, like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze;
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions to the rushing blast
O'er the bursting billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel o'er the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again, thou hast plum'd thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and a boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air!
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions rais'd their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gather'd rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?—
" O'er the dark mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
To the cradle of Liberty.
There on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watch'd alone;
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

" But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave:
I caught afar the wandering crew;
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore;
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

" And now, that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong,
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory."

Mr. Apathy. Very good indeed! Perceval promises fair to rival some of our island bards.

Mr. Montague. What is this *Alma Mater, or Seven Years at the University of Cambridge?*

The Vicar. A most disgraceful publication, which can be justified on no one principle of honour or good faith. It is not an exposure of abuses —if abuses there be—in the system of education pursued at Cambridge; it is not so much a guide to the young student on his arrival there, as it is a stupid personal caricature, in which those collegians who were unfortunate enough to come in contact with the author (one Wright), are brought before the public in the most ludicrous and contemptible situations.

Mr. Apathy. I have no patience with that propensity to scribbling, whether it arises from malignity or vanity, which prompts a man to note down the conversations and actions of his associates, with a view one day of giving them to the world. It is a gross breach of confidence to publish private conversations; and if it becomes general, as from the success of our recent memoir-writers seems to be likely, it will cause every man suspected of being capable of penning a paragraph to be banished from polite society.

The Vicar. The evil has reached a great height, undoubtedly, and ought to be checked.

Reginald. Neither the living nor the dead are spared. Mr. Best, the author of *Four Years in France*, a book written to afford an opportunity of laying before the public the narrative of the author's conversion to the Roman Catholic religion—a circumstance about which not two men in England cared a farthing—hath inflicted upon us, in a late number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, some " Conversations of Paley." Could that reverend divine but rise from the grave, he would be ready to annihilate Mr. Best for having made him appear in so contemptible a light; for not one word of wit or humour, and very few even of plain common sense, grace these " Conversations" of the author of *Horæ Paulinæ* and *The Evidences of Christianity.*

Mr. Montague. The public will always eagerly read any production which professes to record the lives and opinions, or to give anecdotes of the manners, of those above them; and the cupidity of some authors and booksellers will always afford food for their prurient appetites: I see, therefore, no means of abating this nuisance, though it is much to be lamented.

Mr. Mathews. Come, come, do not be too severe. The publication

of memoirs is not only a source of entertainment, but frequently of much information; and if the titled and the rich are often brought prominently forward, it is a tax they pay for their greatness; and a very cheap tax too, let me tell you.

Miss Primrose. Who has read *The Wolfe of Badenoch?* No answer: then I suppose I am the only person in company who has perused this wild and irregular, but clever, novel.

Reginald. I have not yet seen the work; but report makes favourable mention of it.

Miss Primrose. Report, then, only does it justice; for it is, most certainly, a very clever production. Somewhat too hastily and carelessly written, but displaying great vigour of thought, much warmth of imagination, and great skill in depicting characters. It is a Scottish tale, and the era is laid in the times of chivalry—read it, Reginald; and I am sure you will unite in opinion with me. I think I can turn to the description of the Wolfe, who is not introduced till the second volume, which is written with great felicity of expression:

At the head of the numerous party that advanced, came a knight, mounted on a large and powerful black horse. And well was it indeed for the steed that he was large and powerful; for his rider was as near seven as six feet in height, while his body and limbs displayed so great a weight of bone and muscle, that any less potent palfrey must have bent beneath it. But the noble animal came proudly on with him, capering as if he felt not the weight of his rider. The knight wore a broad bonnet, graced with a royal hern's plume, and a hunting-dress of gold-embroidered green cloth, over which hung a richly ornamented bugle; while his baldrick, girdle-stead, and hunting-pouch, anelace, and dirk, were all of the most gorgeous and glittering materials. His boots were of tawny buckskin, and his heels armed with large spurs of the most massive gold. The furniture of his horse was equally superb, the bit in particular being heavily embossed, and the whole thickly covered over with studs and bosses of the same precious metal. His saddle and housings were of rich purple velvet, wrought with golden threads, and the stirrups of solid silver.

But, accustomed as Sir Patrick Hepborne had been to all the proud pomp and splendid glitter of chivalry, he minded not these trifling matters beyond the mere observance of them. It was the head and face of the person who approached that most particularly riveted his attention. Both were on a great scale and of an oval form. The forehead was high and retreating, and wore on it an air of princely haughtiness; the nose was long and hooked; the lips were large, but finely formed; and the mouth, though more than usually extended, was well-shaped, and contained a set of well-arranged teeth, of no uncommon size and unsullied lustre. The complexion was florid, and the hair, beard, whiskers, and mustaches, all ample and curling freely, were of a jet black, that was but slightly broken in upon by the white hairs, indicating the approaching winter of life. But the most characteristic features were the eyes, which would have been shaded by the enormous eyebrows that threw their arches over them, had it not been for their extreme prominence. They were fiery and restless, and although their expression was sometimes hilarious, yet they generally wore the lofty look of pride; but it was easy to discern, that they were in the habit of being perpetually moved by an irritable and impatient temper, that was no sooner excited than their orbs immediately assumed a fearful inclination inwards, that almost amounted to a squint.

Reginald. That last idea mars the whole picture. "A squint" gives me the idea of any thing rather than of a stern and morose-looking warrior.

Miss Primrose. It is a specimen of that carelessness to which I have before adverted. But you must allow that, with this exception, the portrait is well drawn. Sir Patrick Hepborne, too, the Douglas, and the Hotspur, are all gallant spirits, and seem to live and breathe in this author's glowing pages. The character of the ancient Haggerstone Fenwick, though *outré*, is skilfully imagined and well sustained; as is that of the Franciscan monk, who appears to possess the power of ubiquity, continually appearing when least expected. The female characters, too, though not equal in delicacy of sketching to those of the author's great prototype, Sir Walter Scott, are nevertheless very well drawn: where he fails most is in the dialogues, which he is fond of introducing; he seems attached to the dramatic form of communicating his ideas; and "bald disjointed chat" most of his characters talk, that is certain.

Mr. Apathy. The mention of Sir Walter reminds me that you were right, Reginald, in ascribing to him the authorship of the Waverley novels. The avowal has at last been made; and, as it seems to me, not on a very fitting occasion. At the tables of the noble and of the great —nay, even in the presence of royalty—Sir Walter has either evaded the question, or has indirectly sanctioned the opinion, that he was not the author of those splendid works. But at a theatrical dinner he thinks fit to announce it.

Reginald. I care not where he announced it, as long as he avowed himself the writer, the sole writer, of those delightful works of fiction, which have introduced a completely new era into that style of writing. As I have frequently declared before, I now repeat, that I should have been disappointed, more perhaps than by any other event which was matter of feeling only, and in which I was not personally interested, had those novels been the production of any other than Sir Walter. But, really, I see nothing so objectionable as to the time or mode in which the declaration was made. I am not aware that he ever was so pointedly pressed before; although certainly hints upon the subject have been repeatedly thrown out in his presence: these he was not bound to attend to. But here Lord Meadowbank proposes "a health, which, in an assembly called together as that was, an assembly of Scotsmen, must be received, not only with feelings of delight, but of enthusiasm. Those who had risen on former occasions," he continued, "to give the health of the individual to whom he alluded, must have risen without being able to put aside those veils and clouds with which the native modesty of the individual had concealed himself; but he had the gratification to know, that those clouds were now dispelled—that the Great Unknown—the minstrel of his country—that mighty magician, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of the dark ages, but the realities themselves—stood revealed to the eyes of his country." His lordship concluded by giving the health of Sir Walter Scott; who, thus called upon, acknowledged himself the "total and undivided author of these novels: there was not a single word written," he added, "ex-

cept some quotations, or a suggestion made, which was not his own, or which he had found in his own reading." There was nothing here to call for blame, either in making the declaration when he did, or for not having made it before; the veil was removed by circumstances beyond his controul: he was, in a public company, comprising much of the *élite* of Edinburgh society, and by a nobleman, respected and esteemed, publicly declared to be "the author of Waverley," and his health announced as such: he could therefore act in no other manner than he did.

The Vicar. The publication of the *Life of Napoleon*, no doubt, accelerated the public avowal of what, certainly, has long since ceased to be a secret. I believe not an individual of any note in the literary world but knew Sir Walter to be the Great Unknown long ago.

Mr. Montague. There are secrets in all professions, and why not in authorship? Sir Walter had a right to conceal his name if he were pleased to do so; but to have persisted any longer in his incognito would have been unworthy of him; and he has done well to throw it off for ever.

Reginald. So leave Sir Walter for his brothers in the art. There have been some most delightful works of fiction published lately. Amongst them, Hood's *National Tales*, which are equal to his *Whims and Oddities;* perhaps indeed superior to that little volume in permanent interest. That they are an imitation of Boccaccio's is evident; but it is the imitation of a kindred spirit. The *Tales* are rather of a graver cast than the *Whims and Oddities;* indeed Mr. Hood tells us in his preface, that "because he has heretofore trifled away his hours, it does not follow, that he is incompetent for gravity, of which any owl is capable, or proof against melancholy, which besets even the ass. Those who can be touched by neither of these moods," he adds, "rank lower than both these creatures." However, his quaint humour and boundless wit will break forth, and sometimes not in the most appropriate situations. For instance, a beautiful girl is condemned by the merciless inquisitors, who have no feeling for youth or beauty, to the stake: he describes the dress which the victims of bigotry wore; and tells us, that "their caps were tall and pointed in shape like extinguishers, though not intended for that use." The levity of the thought here seems unfitted to the horror of the scene described.

Miss Primrose. Which are the best tales in the collection?

Reginald. I think *The Spanish Tragedy, The German Knight,* and *A Tale of the Harem* may be classed with the best, not merely in the volumes, but in our language.

Mr. Montague. Holland Tide, or Munster Popular Tales, is a meritorious production of the sister isle. It is a collection of traditionary tales, many of them touching upon that ground, the exploring of which was so delightfully begun by Mr. Crofton Croker—I mean the fairy lore of Erin. Not equal to that writer in the felicitous mode in which he narrates his legends, nor to Mr. Banim in pathos and intensity of interest, though probably he excels him in humour—that quality in this volume being more light and natural than in the *Tales of the O'Hara Family,*

or *The Boyne Water*—the author of *Munster Tales* has evinced his capacity for writing even better things than these. He is one of those gifted spirits possessing a keen eye for observation, with a vivid perception of the humorous, and some skill at least, as these tales evince, in depicting the more serious passions of our nature.

Reginald. The Aylmers of Bally Aylmer is an admirable tale. The interest excited is frequently intense; the incidents are natural and affecting, and the characters well discriminated and sustained. The *Hand and Word* is also a well-told tale; as are the slight fairy sketches of *Jack Edy* and *The Unburied Legs*.

Mr. Mathews. There is a continuation of *Vivian Grey*, too; not quite such a mass of impertinence as the first three volumes, but still an inferior production. Common rumour attributes this novel to the pen of the young D'Israeli, and I believe correctly.

Mr. Montague. Except Vivian himself, not one character that figured in the first three volumes appears in the "Continuation," with which I have been more pleased than with the former part. Interested I was not—for there is scarcely any incident to produce a vivid emotion—any character to fall in love with, or to excite your hatred. It is a light sketchy thing; unsubstantial as a fleeting pageant; and the feelings it excites are as evanescent as fashionable friendship.

Reginald. Miss Spencer's *Dame Rebecca Berry* is the best novel that has appeared in the last month.

Miss Primrose. What, do you prefer it to *Elizabeth de Bruce?*

Reginald. Why, now you have brought that to my mind, I am not certain that I do; but still, the gay costume in which the lady has decked her tale is most attractive. Sir Walter Scott, in *Peveril of the Peak*, has given us a sketch of the court of the merry monarch, as Charles the Second was called by his courtiers; and many are the traditional tales handed down to us of the freaks and wild adventures in which that mad-cap prince, with the equally great mad-cap Rochester, was engaged. The diaries of Evelyn and of Pepys have also made those times as familiar to us as our own; but Miss Spencer, with her fairy touch, has placed the "olden days," as it were, before us; and her fascinating description of "Court Scenes in the Reign of Charles II." will long be popular; or there is no taste in the reading portion of the "thinking people," as old Cobbett once called us.

Miss Primrose. Elizabeth de Bruce will not suffer in comparison with *Dame Rebecca Berry;* I vouch my judgment on the fact. It is also the production of a lady, and delineates Irish and Scotch manners, and depicts characters, with remarkable skill and effect. I scarcely know in which she excels; whether in her pictures of those habits, customs, and characteristics, which constitute national manners, or in individualizing them, giving to them a "local habitation and a name," and causing them, as it were, to live and breathe before us. The O'Connors, Lady Monteagle, and Rouge-mantle are excellent in her Irish characters; and Wolfe Grahame, the Laird of Monkshaugh, Corporal Fugle, Lady Tamtallan, and "last but not least in our dear love," the heroine herself, the beautiful, the interesting Elizabeth de Bruce, are equally well drawn, as

representatives of old Caledonia's stern sons and fair daughters.

Reginald. You have forgotten Gideon Haleburton, the Cameronian, who is a combination of the qualities which strike us in Fielding's Parson Adams, Scott's Dominie Sampson, and Galt's Micah Balwhidder; Francie Frizzel, who is as skittish and frisky as Flibbertigibbet; and Mr. Hutchens, who, as a legal villain, is a prominent feature in the book.

Mr. Mathews. I have found a passage in it which I must read. Dennis Slattery, a post-boy, a very Irishman, reckless and gay, is driving the mail in which Wolfe Grahame is a passenger, through one of the districts in Ireland that were disturbed by the rebels. The coach halts at an inn called St. Peter's Keys, where a commission for trying some prisoners who were accused of treason was sitting. At the door of the inn the following dialogue takes place, which is overheard by Wolfe, who was reclined back in the chaise unobserved by one of the speakers, Chaunette, a "maid of the inn."

"You'll be too great a gentleman to take a plate of cold victuals from a poor girl the night, Dennis Slattery," said Chaunette, in a flustered voice, "with such throng asking after you by 'Squire Justice O'Toole—aye, the *Protestant Flail* himself?"—"Asking after me!" cried the man, in evident discomposure: "Chaunette, a-roon machree, you don't joke, now, jewel?" and Slattery slid his arm round her full waist in his usual free and gallant manner with dames. "Where did you hide yourself from me all this while, you creature? for I think this night I could ate you!" and the smacking kiss which followed Wolfe rather fancied kept a promise to the ear of Chaunette which it broke to the heart. "But what of the *Flail*, jewel? shure you are joking!"—"And little joking is in my head, Denny Slattery, for many is the day; and less may be in my own heart, though you are a *joker:* so keep your kisses for those you love better, and be off wid you while the way is free; for as sure as the saints are above, the *Flail* is after you. My own ears heard him tell the mhaister to keep an eye on you the moment you come, though not expected till the morrow. And so he would but for the commission, which has driv all out of hade —and *her* being in it; and working and cleaning, preparing for her, myself may be little fit; and now the poor boy, Felix Doran, whose life they say she came to beg on her knees from that bloody and cruel lord of hers, has kilt her outright, and its from faint to faint with her. But, och! mind you me now, Dennis, and be off—and keep off your hands, do! It was for no nonsense I come here; nor had you seen me, had you not been in trubble, and you an ould neighbour's sone." Slattery, without perhaps literally obeying her injunctions, drew her yet deeper under the shadow of the carriage, and appeared to be anxiously questioning her on all the particulars of the affair.

"I would scorn, plaise God, to be a false listener, Dennis; but as I was scrubbing the crib behind the bar they call St. Peter's sentry-box, the *Flail* comes in to the mhaister, and had a cool draught of wormwood-beer; and shure I could not help noticing when the blistering lips of him named an ould neighbour's sone of the parents dear that are wid the saints, and left me alone in a cowld bleak world."

Grahame could only gather the import of Slattery's whisper from the reply of the girl: "Keep your nonsense for those you love better, Dennis Slattery; and be off wid yourself again—that's all I want of you; and take this in token of a poor girl who may be once minded your blarney more nor was wise or decent, but found you out, and despised your false

heart; and so would not have been here the night had the trubble not come on you, and you an ould neighbour's sone."

And the generous and womanly Chaunette put into the hands of her fickle, if not perfidious admirer, a small chip Dutch toy-box, in which she had hoarded her hard earnings for many a day, till open flirtations with Cathleen the barmaid, and Bridget the chamber-maid, and twenty others of their class, had made her as reckless of wealth as hopeless of a cabin and a potatoe-garden in her native parish of Castleconner, a cow, a pig, and connubial happiness with Dennis Slattery. The entire sum of this wealth was three *golden* English guineas and a few blackened ten-pennies. Of ribbons, from the happy days when Dennis had escorted her to wakes and fairs, Chaunette had, indeed, ample store; and to these he would have been equally welcome; for what cared Chaunette for personal decoration, which no longer captivated the regard of her "parents' ould neighbour's sone?" But all she could she gave; and, feeling that she was never to see him more, bade him fly, and never mind her, and she would herself tell Cathleen. For the first time in his life, Dennis lost the use of his tongue: it was Chaunette—whose feelings all gave way before the really affectionate clasp in which the *volage* postboy now enfolded her—first spoke.

"And, oh! blessings be wid you, Dennis! and if you be other than a good one, shure it's not the time to think of it now, and you in the sore trubble, ma chree!"

Dennis put up her money, and kissed her again most affectionately, unheeding, or perhaps forgetting the presence of Wolfe, of which poor Chaunette, who was a very modest creature, was totally unconscious. How could she, indeed, have borne a stranger's eye upon her heart, who had often and bitterly feared that her love was now unvalued and unsought? At this unfeigned, unlooked-for, unhoped-for kindness in Dennis, life and death seemed to meet and struggle in the bosom of the poor girl; and for an instant she leaned her face on the breast of her fickle admirer, breathing out the simple tones, "Och, Dennis, dear!" in those tones of passionate grief and tenderness, from which even her gifted countrywoman, O'Neil, might have caught a lesson of the heart's own modulation. And poor Chaunette hurried off to her dog-hole in the garret, to gain ten minutes of respite from those duties over the kettles and pots of St. Peter's Keys, which durst not be neglected even in the very agony of her fate. "I yield to Elizabeth!" thought Wolfe, while his eyes glistened in sympathy with Chaunette's distress. "Women are indeed the best lovers, from Sappho to the scullion of St. Peter's Keys."

Reginald. Aye, women are the truest, the kindest, the best lovers. They possess an exuberance of affection which fickle man cannot boast of; and I firmly believe, the purest, truest love that ever man felt, is nought when compared with the flame of intense ardour which fills the female soul—with the persevering constancy which animates female actions.

Miss Primrose. True, Reginald, I agree with you; though I scarcely expected such an eulogium on woman's constancy from one of the opposite sex. In humble life I have witnessed affection as pure, love as ardent as Chaunette's, in woman; but I confess I cannot say as much for the lords of the creation.

The Vicar. The reason that men feel less intensely and are more liable to change than women, is to be accounted for, I think, from their more enlarged intercourse with the world;

from their habits of business; from their constant occupation, which gives them less leisure to dwell on one individual's claims or merits—than from any inherent fickleness in the nature of the man, as contrasted with that of the woman. The education, too, of the former, and the freedom of manners to which he is early habituated, all tend to render man—though loving for a time as fervently and sincerely as any woman can love—less constant to one object, and more easily attached to a second, than is the case with females. Yet our sex furnishes noble examples of faithful love. What woman, like Antony, ever sacrificed a world to that passion?

Reginald. Cleopatra gave up as much as Antony, and she died for him. I do not dispute the general sincerity of man's affections; I do not, in the usual intercourse of society, mean to say that woman is his superior in faithfulness and ardour: but my position is, that she is capable of a much more lasting passion; a passion which will stand the shock of scorn, neglect, and every species of ill-treatment, and yet lead the object of it to do all the good she can for him who has thus forfeited all claims to her regard or sympathy. This is woman's love.

Mr. Mathews. In the department of travels, a little volume, called *Sketches in Ireland*, is a very amusing one. It contains a variety of anecdotes, both piquant and novel; and I recommend it for perusal.

Reginald. There are two fresh translations from the German; one entitled, *Arwed Gyllensterna*, a romance of the time of Charles XII.; an excellent story, and as excellently translated: and the other, a spirited translation of *Wallenstein*, by Mr. Gillies; equal, or indeed superior to the very fine one of Coleridge's. In the way of translation, too, we have another volume of Count Segur's *Memoirs and Recollections*, a most amusing work; and *The Natchez*, by the Viscount de Chateaubriand, an Indian tale, embued with his wild genius, and told in the language of poetry.

Miss Primrose. Moore has published again. His *Evenings in Greece* have just been sent me, and I am delighted with the poetry, which breathes all the inspiration of Moore's Muse. Is not this beautiful?

I saw, from yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running side by side;
The one was Memory's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
"O Love!" said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,
"Here, in this dark and chilly stream,
Be all my pains forgot at last!"

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Memory's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again,
And said, "O Love! whate'er my lot,
Still let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remember'd too!"

Reginald. Recited by such lips, what poetry would not be beautiful? But see, Mrs. Primrose is opening her instrument—we are to have some music.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, *March* 15, 1827.

HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME.

By W. C. Stafford.

INTRODUCTION,

Containing a Sketch of the Progress of the Dramatic Art in Greece and Rome.

Perhaps there is no passion so general as that love of imitation, that taste for mimicry, which may be considered as constituting the rude outlines of the dramatic art, and which lead us even in our childhood, as has been well observed, "not only to indulge in the mimicry of objects immediately before us, but to frame out for ourselves fancied similitudes of things of which we can only have very partial knowledge. We 'pipe and we dance,' we 'mourn and we weep,' in early dramas: thus eagerly going out of ourselves towards objects which have acquired a hold on the imagination and the heart." In all people, whether barbarous or civilized, this love of imitation prevails in a greater or a less degree; and in most either the regular drama, or some approximation to it, is to be found. Thus, though the ancient Egyptians and the modern Arabians and Persians—notwithstanding the two latter possess "a rich poetical literature—are unacquainted with any sort of drama:" yet amongst many of the Indian tribes, both in the Old and New Worlds, the drama exists; and the invention must be indigenous: as the savage islanders of the South Sea were found to have a rude species of drama when they were first visited by Europeans; and the more polished nations of Eastern India possessed plays "long before they could have experienced any foreign influence." In classic Greece, too, the drama was native-born, whilst equally classic Rome is supposed to have derived its first knowledge of the dramatic art from Greece.

The drama is one of the most powerful engines, under due regulations, for forming the minds and manners of a people: its office is to "hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature;" to shew virtue its own image—vice its own deformity; and although in a licentious age, when it takes the impression of the public vices, instead of giving a tone to public virtue (as was the case in England in the reign of Charles II.), it serves to excite the grosser passions of our nature; yet as a school of morality and virtue it may be rendered most effective. It is matter of regret, that its influence is declining; that the taste of the public for the legitimate drama is subverted by a passion for shows and pantomimes; that the sublime emotions of tragedy are impelled to give place to melodramatic rant; that comedy is changed into buffoonery; and that the theatre is converted into a mere place of amusement, without any view to improvement: thus being divested of its strongest claim to the patronage of the wise and the good. It is foreign from our purpose to enter into an investigation of the causes which have led to this declension: the object of these humble essays is to trace the state of the drama in England from the earliest periods of which we have any record, down to the present time. But, before this

part of the subject is treated of, a glance at the progress of the histrionic art in Greece and Rome, it is conceived, will be neither irrelevant nor misplaced.

In Greece, "famous for arts and sciences," the first dramatic representations were the *Dithyrambics*, songs in honour of Bacchus; and these afterwards served as chorusses to the more regular tragedies. The worship of Bacchus was originally carried from Egypt to Athens; and it was celebrated, at stated periods of the year, with singing, dancing, and other festive rites. The songs were sometimes sung by the whole company assembled; but they appear to have been more generally allotted to one or more persons, whose particular duty it was to sing them. In time, at once to relieve the singer and to gratify the audience, the spaces between the song were filled up by narratives of some heroic event; and Thespis and Phrynicus improved still further on this idea. They invented an entire story, which occupied all the intervals between the pauses of the song; but the narrative was given by one person, dialogue being unknown till Æschylus arose, who may be considered as the inventor of the dramatic art and father of the stage; for in his time the first theatre was built at Athens: the actors having previously first sung in streets and fields, without any disguise; and afterwards itinerated with Thespis from place to place, and exhibited themselves from a cart, having their faces smeared with the lees of wine. Thus Boileau:

First Thespis, smear'd with lees, and void of art,
The grateful folly vented from a cart;
And as the tawdry actors drove about,
The sight was new and pleased the gaping lout

The time of Æschylus's birth is not known, having taken place, according to different computations, in the 60th, 63d, and 69th Olympiad respectively. The poet was "a soldier in his youth," and "fought and conquered" at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa. He found tragedy* in its first rude and imperfect state, consisting of the chorus, which was sung, and of a narrative, which was declaimed by a single person in the intervals of the song: the chorus and narrative had no connection, the former being solely and exclusively appropriated to the praise of Bacchus—

"Bacchus, ever fair and ever young,"

whilst the latter embraced any popular subject that the genius of the narrator, or the whims of the people, dictated. Æschylus invented a regular plot, which he developed through the agency of dialogue; he connected the chorus with the story and incidents of the drama, and made the lyrical performers "to sympathize with all that was transpiring on the stage; and, in effect, to become the echo of the feelings of the audience." He also built a theatre, and thus carried his actors from the cart to the stage; he gave them masks and robes, and introduced the use of the buskin: like our great Shakspeare, he was himself an actor in the tragedies he wrote. From this brief sketch the reader may easily form an idea of what Æschylus did for tragedy: of which Schlegel says he was "the creator," it spring-

* It may be remembered that the word *drama* is derived from a Greek word signifying an act; and tragedy, from τραγος, a goat, and ωδη, a song; a he-goat being always sacrificed at the feast of Bacchus, at which the *dithyrambics* were sung.

ing from him "completely armed, like Pallas from the head of Jupiter;" and he thus sums up his characteristics: "He draws his characters with a few bold and strongly marked features. The plans are simple in the extreme: he did not understand the art of enriching and varying an action, and dividing its development and catastrophe into parts, bearing a due proportion to each other. Hence his action often stands still; and this circumstance becomes still more apparent from the undue extension of the choral song. But all his poetry betrays a sublime and serious mind. Terror is his element, and not the softer emotions; he holds up the head of Medusa to his astonished spectators. His manner of treating fate is austere in the extreme; he suspends it over the heads of mortals in all its gloomy majesty." Æschylus wrote above fourscore pieces, of which only seven have come down to our times; viz. *Prometheus, The Seven Chiefs, Agamemnon, The Eumenides, The Suppliants, The Coëphoræ*, and *The Persians*.

Sophocles and Euripides were the successors of Æschylus: indeed the former was contemporary with the father of tragedy during the latter years of his life, and with Euripides during the whole of his. We have seven pieces by the former, and eighteen by the latter, remaining to us; but they wrote many more, which are lost to posterity, except a few fragments to be met with in the writings of the authors of that and the succeeding age. The Grecian poets publicly recited their poems, as competitors for prizes which were bestowed upon him who was adjudged to be the most eminent. Sophocles obtained many of these prizes; and his death is said to have been occasioned by his obtaining a poetical prize at the Olympic games when he least expected it*. Sophocles was the polished successor of Æschylus: there is more art in the construction of his fables; the chorus occupies a part more proportionate to the dialogue; a greater number of characters is introduced; and the theatrical effect is much more prominent in his tragedies than in those of his predecessor. The productions of Euripides are much more unequal than those of either Æschylus or Sophocles: passion was his great object; he depicted, without scruple, the vices and follies of our nature; and Sophocles said of himself, that he painted men as they ought to be; whilst Euripides drew them as they were. The plays which we have remaining of Sophocles are, *The Trachinians, King Œdipus, Œdipus at Colona, Antigone, Ajax, Philoctetes*, and *Electra;* those of Euripides are, *Ion, Medea, Hippolitus, Alcestes, Hercules, The Phœnicians, The Suppliants, Iphigenia in Aulis, Theseus, The Trojans, Hecuba, The Cyclops, The Heraclides, Electra, Orestes, Andromache, Iphigenia in Tauris*, and *Helen*.

"The history of ancient tragedy ends with Euripides, although there were a number of still later tragedians; Agathon, for instance, whom Aristophanes describes as breathing ointment and crowned with flowers; and who is represented by Plato, in his *Symposium*, as abounding in the most exquisite ornaments and the most dazzling antitheses. He commenced with mythology as the natu-

* B. C. 406. Euripides was killed by the dogs of the King of Macedon, B. C. 407.

ral materials of tragedy, and occasionally wrote pieces with fictitious names (a transition towards the new comedy), one of which was called *The Flower;* and was probably therefore neither seriously affecting nor terrible, but in the style of the Idyl. The Alexandrian literati also occupied themselves with composing tragedies; but were we to judge of them from the only piece which has come down to us, the *Alexandra* of Lycophron, which consists of an endless prophetic monologue, overladen with an obscure mythology, these productions of subtlety and artifice must have been extremely inanimate and untheatrical, and altogether destitute of interest*."

We must now take a view of Grecian comedy†. This species of writing, which differs from tragedy as stories of wit and humour do from those of pathos and sentiment, may, it would seem, be divided into three classes: the old, the middle, and the new. In the old comedy real personages and events were made the subjects of representation, sometimes under their proper designations; and when this was not the case, the allusions by the chorus were so pointed, that the spectators immediately recognised the individual against whom the satire of the poet was levelled. This species of dramatic lampooning was at length carried to such a length, that the state found it necessary to interfere; and towards the end of the Peloponnesian war, the government of Athens enacted a law, authorizing any person attacked by the comic poets to bring them to justice; and the introduction of real personages on the stage, or the use of masks having a resemblance to their features, was forbidden. The German critic, Schlegel, is very wroth with the enactors of this law. He says, "It gave rise to what is called the middle comedy. The same form was still continued; and the representation, though not allegorical, remained always a parody. But the essence existed no more; and this species must have become insipid when no longer seasoned by the salt of personal ridicule. Its whole attraction consisted in idealizing jocularly the nearest reality; that is, in representing it under the light of the most preposterous perversity: and how was it possible to lash even the general errors of the state without giving displeasure to individuals?" He proceeds to argue at some length in defence of the personalities resorted to by the old Grecians; but with all the respect due to his genius, on this point we must beg leave to dissent from his opinion. The follies or vices of a class of persons are the legitimate objects of comedy; and if they can be laughed out of the one, or shamed out of the other, the dramatist who effects this has "done the state some service;" but individual personality should never be tolerated on the stage; it is impossible to permit it without giving free scope to the grossest abuses—and what might be in its origin perhaps only harmless *badinage* would most infallibly, as Horace tells us was the case with Grecian comedy, "degenerate into licentiousness, and into a violence

* Schlegel.

† The word comedy is derived from κωμη, a village. Aristotle says, "the comedians were so called from wandering in the κωμαι, or villages, when disgracefully expelled from the cities."

which would deservedly call for the interposition of the law."

Of this comedy, Epicharmis, who flourished about B. C. 450, is said to be the founder; and Aristophanes, who flourished B.C. 434, is styled the prince: he wrote fifty-four pieces, eleven only of which are now extant. Magnes, Crates, Phormas, and Eupolis were also comedians of the old school, but none of their works have come down to us.

Though most writers speak of the middle comedy, yet its nature does not appear to be clearly defined: it probably consisted more in allegory than the old, and represented the same species of actions and persons under the veil of a figure, which the old comedy described plainly and openly. Cratinus was a writer of some eminence of the middle comedy. At length Menander, who flourished about 320 B.C. invented what is called the new comedy, which is serious in its form, and has, in common with tragedy, a formal development and catastrophe. Menander is said to have written one hundred and eight comedies, but only a few fragments of them remain. This poet drowned himself in the 52d year of his age, because the compositions of his rival, Philemon, were received with greater applause than his own. The new comedy was a picture of life; the old, a personal satire: surely the end of the drama, both as far as moral good and mere amusement are concerned, is better accomplished by the former than the latter.

Dr. Burney says, that the Greek plays, both the chorus and the declamatory part, were accompanied with a musical instrument; and there is little doubt but he was correct. Music indeed appears to have always held a distinguished place in the Greek drama, and to have been of essential aid in its representation.

The Greeks also possessed a species of pantomime. "In the younger drama," according to Lucian, "a single dancer or *mime* was able to express all the incidents and sentiments of a whole tragedy or epic poem by dumb signs, but still to music, as the actors recited it." Dr. Clarke thinks, that the modern pantomime was brought to Italy from ancient Greece; that Harlequin is Mercury, the sword being substituted for the lyre, and the cap, the *fez* worn by that god on the coins of Elnos; that the Clown is Momus, and the painted face and wide mouth are taken from the ancient masks; that the Pantaloon is Charon, and Columbine, Psyche. Mr. Douce, however, is of opinion, that the modern pantomime is derived from the ancient mysteries.

Such is a brief sketch of the progress of the Greek drama: the tragedy, from the time of Æschylus to the death of Euripides made great strides towards perfection; but comedy does not appear to have succeeded so well. Its progress was slow, and its hold on the public mind but feeble, "when compared with the powerful efforts of the early tragedians: for the lighter shades of human character, the peculiar levities, the characteristic traits of frivolity, upon which the whole structure of comedy is so dependent, were not observed, because they had not yet been elicited by circumstances, and exist but in a more artificial state of society. Neither comedy nor satire could have found originals to copy, nor feelings to work upon, in the

earlier ages of the world: the whole inhabitants of a district were divided mainly into two classes,—those of the artisan and the soldier; and the simplicity and necessities of the one, and the bullying insolence of the other, were almost the only topics upon which the old comedy could descant. There was little subdivision of labour, and no subdivision of character, to furnish the Proteus shapes of the modern comic Muse." It was very different with tragedy. Tragedy depicts strong emotions and violent passions, which exist alike in the barbarous and in the civilized state: indeed they are probably to be found with greater intensity in the former. Hence tragedy has, in all ages, the rudest as well as the most refined, been found capable of exciting the most lively interest; whilst comedy requires more of the artificial relations of life to enter into its structure; and can only exist, in perfection, in a country where civilization has attained at least a certain height. In Greece, the tragedy, after Æschylus, consisted of a chorus, soliloquy, and dialogue; and whilst the passions of the *dramatis personæ*, and the events which detailed them, were represented by the latter, the feelings with which the spectators would regard them were expressed by the former.

It now remains to speak of the structure of the Grecian theatre. We have already seen that the first stage was a cart; but Æschylus, when he infused his spirit into the before monotonous and unconnected singing and recitation which formed the entertainment of Thespis, also built a theatre at Athens, in which his tragedies were represented. This was of wood; but it was, after a few years, more solidly constructed. The following description of the Greek theatre is given by Mr. Fosbrooke in his *Encyclopedia of Antiquities:*

"The Greek theatre is no more than a concave sweep, scooped out of the hollow side of a hill, generally facing the sea. The sweep was filled with seats, rising above each other, and ascended by staircases, placed like the radii of a circle. This semicircular form was adopted not merely for convenience of vision, but for aid to the sound. This range for spectators has a name signifying a hollow, and answered to our boxes. The area below was the conistra, or pit. There was no superstructure for a gallery; but around the rim of the building were porticoes, by which the spectators entered, and whither they could retire, if it rained. The portico just above the highest corridor or lobby, was denominated the cerigo, and used by the women. Where now is the orchestra, was a platform called by that name; and here were stationed the musicians, chorus, and mimics. Seven feet above the orchestra, and eleven above the conistra, or pit, was the front stage, or proscenium, upon which stood an altar to Apollo. Here the principal actors performed, and the site of the altar was devoted to the dances and songs of the chorus. The part called the *scene* was in line with the ornamental columns upon the side of the stage, still retained. The back of the stage was devoted to machinery, as now."

This machinery was frequently of the most extensive nature. The theatres of the Greeks were large, and every thing was upon a proportionate scale. By means of their machinery gods descended through the air, and men ascended to the heavens; winged chariots were constructed, which

conveyed the ocean nymphs in all the pomp of celestial magnificence; and griffins, with other nondescript animals, cleaved the air, when necessary, and bore the characters of the drama to or from the view of the audience, as occasion required. The theatres had no roof; but that was of little consequence in their fine climate; and when it rained, the play was interrupted. The actors wore masks, which were painted to correspond with the characters represented: they were tragic, comic, and satirical; and contained a contrivance for giving an increased sound to the voice, which was necessary, from the large size of the theatres: there were also brazen vessels, answering to our sounding-boards, fitted in the intervals of the amphitheatre, and adjusted to the different tones of the human voice and of the musical instruments, by which means the sound was conveyed from the stage to all the spectators, some of whom were at the distance of one hundred yards. The actors who personated gods or heroes had also false arms and legs, so as to enlarge their natural size, and give them a more characteristic appearance.

The other appendages of the Grecian players were the sock and buskin: the latter, a purple-coloured boot, of a quadrangular form, reaching above the mid-leg, tied under the knee, and richly ornamented with jewels, was the peculiar distinction of tragedy. The sock appertained to comedy, and is described by some as a low common shoe; whilst others say, it was a high shoe, reaching above the ancle.

The state of the Roman drama now remains to be considered.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Introduction and brilliant Rondo, composed for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Brettle, by E. Solis. Op. 15. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

This rondo of Mr. Solis holds a middle course between what is considered to be difficult music, and pieces obviously within the reach of junior pupils. This advantage, and the predominance of good air and proper style, by which it recommends itself, must render Mr. S.'s labour widely acceptable. The rondo is lively, lightsome, and generally graceful. The key is E♭, with a due admixture of modulation into other kindred tonics. Among these we notice, with deserved approbation, the modulations p. 3, l. 6, and p. 4, ll. 1 and 2, by which Mr. S. gradually winds enharmonically from the harmony in F to that of C major. Without adverting to other instances of a similar and select description, we shall only add, that in the various passages of more active execution, the convenience of the player has been so consulted as to produce much effect and brilliancy with comparatively little trouble, no more at least than what may fairly be demanded from a moderately skilled performer.

Grand March for the Piano-forte, composed by Henry Bond. Pr. 1s. —(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

If we are not mistaken, this is the first production of Mr. B. that has come under our cognizance. It claims our approbation. Although the march presents no melodic or harmonic features of a very original or

striking kind, it is conceived in an appropriate martial spirit, well poised in point of rhythmical keeping, clear and satisfactory as to air, and in every way calculated for the executive powers of players of very limited experience.

ARRANGEMENTS.

1. *Winter's favourite Overture to "Opferfest," or "The Interrupted Sacrifice," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte*, by F. Schneider. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)
2. *The admired Quartett from Winter's Opera, "Das Unterbrochene Opferfest" ("The Interrupted Sacrifice"), arranged, with Variations for two Performers on the Piano-forte*, by G. F. Harris. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)
3. *Weber's favourite Overture to "Sylvana," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.)*, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s. —(Hodsoll.)
4. *Weber's favourite Overture to the "Ruler of the Spirits," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.)*, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.—(Hodsoll.)
5. *Haydn's celebrated Symphonies, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.)*, by S. F. Rimbault. No. 17. Pr. 5s.—(Hodsoll.)

1. "The Interrupted Sacrifice" has tried our critical patience ever since last summer, and, with all the attractions it presents, we own we have had enough of it, in one shape or another. And yet there is more, and more is likely to come for some time. But of the whole mass of books that have passed in review before us, not one has appeared to us so perfect and excellent in all respects, as the present edition of the overture, arranged in the form of duet by Mr. F. Schneider. Mr. S. has arranged the whole of this opera for the piano-forte in a masterly way: he is known in this country by several original compositions of the highest merit; an oratorio from his pen, entitled "The Last Judgment," has not long ago been performed at one of our winter theatres; and his name is likely to become still more familiar to the musical world in England by his able treatise on the Theory of Harmony, a translation of which is nearly ready for publication.

2. After the above candid avowal of satiety, our readers will not expect many words upon further "Interrupted Sacrifices," especially when they come in the shape of variations. Those of Mr. Harris are written with taste and with laudable care, concertante, and extremely effective. What more can we say?

3. 4. Every thing that bears the name of poor Weber is rendered doubly valuable since his lamented death amidst us. We have listened with delight to the productions of his genius; but we must be contented with the limited number he has left behind. Among these the overture to "Sylvana" holds a fair station, and that to the "Ruler of the Spirits" a very high rank. Mr. Hodsoll therefore has done a real service to the musical amateur by including these two compositions in his valuable collection of overtures and symphonies, which has gradually grown into the bulk of a library of classical music, and is likely to hand down the name of Mr. Rimbault to our children and grandchildren.

5. Under this number we notice a well-known symphony of Haydn's in D, generally distinguished by the appellation "Festino," adapted by Mr. Rimbault, in the same manner as the above overtures of Weber's, for Mr. Hodsoll's collection. The arrangement is good, certainly not over-

crowded with the subsidiary harmonic colourings, but at the same time not too plain.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. *Six Italian Duettinos da Camera, composed* by Signor Maestro Coccia. In 2 Books Pr. 3s. each.—(Boosey and Co.)
2. "*Together then we'd fondly stray,*" *sung by Miss Cawse in the Castle of Sorrento; composed* by Thomas Attwood. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)
3. "*Softly, softly, blow, ye breezes,*" *a Ballad, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Harp,* by Richard Light. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
4. "*The Butterfly and the Rose,*" *a favourite Duet; the Music composed* by W. Kirby. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
5. "*The House of Infancy,*" *Ballad; the Music composed* by W. A. Wordsworth. Pr. 2s. —(Welsh and Hawes.)
6. "*Love a Gipsy,*" *a Ballad Story; the Music composed* by J. Blewitt. Pr. 2s.—(Mori and Lavenu.)
7. "*Oh! say, ye maidens,*" *a Song, composed* by Macdonald Harris. Pr. 2s.—(John Gow and Son.)
8. "*Bright eyes,*" *a Canzonet; the Melody by an Amateur, the Symphonies and Accompaniments* by Macdonald Harris. Pr. 2s. —(J. Gow and Son.)

1. The six duettinos, dedicated to the Countess St. Antonio, are not unworthy of the name of Coccia, a gentleman whose talents are far from acting in the sphere due to them, and whose absence from the orchestra of the King's Theatre, this season, is universally regretted. Our limited space prevents us from entering into an analysis of the successive pieces; and yet we could wish to give some idea of their leading features, and the general style in which they are written. The latter differs considerably from the honeyed and hackneyed smoothness which prevails in a great number of vocal compositions of the Italian school; while at the same time, with all its traits of originality, there is nothing rough, nothing severe or eccentric, in Mr. C.'s labour. Style, of course, is much dependent upon text; and in this respect Mr. C. has evidently used great discernment and care: but, allowing for this influence, there is a peculiarity in Mr. C.'s melodic thoughts, and in his harmonic structure, which cannot fail to strike the musical ear. We should say, there is much of the good Italian style, with a strong tinge of the Spanish.

These duets are for a soprano and a tenor, the latter being written in the G clef, and consequently an octave higher than intended to be sung. Generally speaking, the soprano part is set somewhat low, and the tenor rather high (for voices of the usual compass), to produce the full effect desired. We have had the curiosity to try the effect of reversing the parts—a Gothic experiment, Mr. C. will say, perhaps;—that is, we have had the soprano part sung by a tenor, and the tenor part by a female voice; and in most instances the result has been advantageous.

But we observe, with all this comment, not a word has yet been bestowed upon any of the songs in particular. After all, we could only, by way of specimen, select one or two to be placed upon our critical anvil; and after hammering and harping away to our heart's desire, and exhausting our vocabulary of commendatory epithets, the reader would be little the wiser for our labour, unless he had a copy before him; and if he have one, he may fairly dispense with criticism. We therefore recommend to our vocal friends, whose taste is sufficiently cultivated to derive pleasure from compositions of the higher order, to procure Mr. Coccia's duettinos. With the exception of two or three pitches of intervals, not of eve-

ry-day occurrence, and here and there a little nicety in measure, they need apprehend no vocal inconvenience, and much less any of an instrumental nature; and they will, we doubt not, concur with us in thinking that these duets are little gems of much originality and singular elegance.

2. Mr. Attwood's "Together then we'd fondly stray" is a clever, animated, and very pleasing polacca. This particular species of movement has the misfortune to be subjected to certain conventional forms, which, although they do not preclude novelty of conception, render it more difficult than in any other kind of vocal piece. The shoe is to be made upon a certain last, and whatever be its variety in point of ornament or exterior incidental changes, the shape is always more or less the same; there is a striking family likeness throughout all polaccas, infinitely greater than in marches, waltzes, and even minuets. The present polacca naturally partakes of this almost inevitable similitude; but it presents in its progress several features, which, at all events, entitle it to be classed as a decided and interesting variety of the *genus*, and which abundantly proclaim the good taste and selectness of conception more or less inherent in Mr. Attwood's labours. Among the various modulatory colourings, there is one which appears to us rather bold, the progression through C major, A minor, B major, to C again, p. 2, b. 3.

3. Mr. Light's ballad is unobjectionable, and respectably set; but it deviates so little from the way in which hundreds of similar compositions are devised, that it will require no small effort of the memory to preserve the impression it may produce distinct from the mass of previous recollections.

4. The symphony to Mr. Kirby's duet will not act as a *captatio benevolentiæ*. The duet itself is plain in its construction and harmonic support, which latter consists almost exclusively of chords broken into quavers or semiquavers. The poetry is rather of a homely cast, and Mr. K. has not always been fortunate in subjecting it to his melody, either in the repetitions resorted to, or the long drag of some of the words under the melodic passages.

5. In poetry, individual taste and fancy are so diversified, that we make no doubt some persons will be gratified by the infantine ideas and expressions in this ballad, although we ourselves cannot much relish the homely fare contained in such lines as,

"And where my brother set the laburnum on his birthday, the tree is living yet, the tree my brother planted!"

To melodize and harmonize such ideas is not an enviable undertaking; and yet Mr. Wordsworth's courage has been so far crowned with success as to produce a proper and agreeable air; and the treatment of the harmony is particularly creditable: it presents some neat contrapuntal touches.

6. Mr. Blewitt is one of those authors whose pages may be opened not only without apprehension, but with a well-founded hope of receiving pleasure. He does not write for the market, but seems to take up the pen when he has something good to say; and this he tells well. In the present instance he describes the rambles of Cupid in the guise of a fortune-telling gipsy, by means of

an air which combines humour with playfulness. The constituent periods express a clear musical sense; they are in good keeping and yet in proper contrast; the rhythm is always kept symmetrically correct, and the accompaniment, independently of its general propriety, enters much into the playfulness of the melody itself. This is a good song. We are not exactly aware of Mr. B.'s object—and he seldom writes without one—in assigning the very serious diminished seventh to "young and lovers," p. 2, b. 17, unless it were in anticipation of the demands of the second stanza, where the harmony in question is precisely in its place.

7. 8. The first of these songs is composed by Mr. M. Harris to a fine romance text by Allan Cunningham. The melody is not of great extent, and can therefore scarcely be expected to offer much variety of expression; but there is a degree of romantic, or rather, romanesque feeling in its simplest forms, which makes full amends for the absence of elaborateness. All is in good keeping and taste. No. 8. is also a short little song, the simple melody of which, by an amateur, is not destitute of good musical feeling; it suits the text perfectly well, and may be pronounced altogether satisfactory; and so is the harmonic treatment given to the air by Mr. Harris.

HARP AND FLUTE MUSIC.

1. *Overture to "L'Italiana in Algieri," by Rossini; arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello,* by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 6s.—(S. Chappell.)
2. *"Non piu andrai," Mozart's favourite Air in the Opera of "Figaro," with Variations and an Introduction for the Harp, composed* by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell.)
3. *Six Duettinos, selected from Mozart's Operas, for the Flute and Piano-forte, arranged, with Embellishments,* by R. Dressler. Nos. 1. to 6. Pr. 2s. each.—(Cocks and Co.)

1. Of Mr. Bochsa's adaptation of Rossini's overture to *L'Italiana in Algieri* for the harp and piano-forte (the fifth in the series of similar arrangements by Mr. B.), it is unnecessary to say more, than that it is in every respect satisfactory and highly effective, without subjecting the harp to any great exertion; the piano-forte bearing the principal part of the melody and internal harmonic colouring. The flute and violoncello parts do not appear to be absolutely essential. Although this overture does not rank foremost among Rossini's dramatic introductions, it presents various fine ideas, of which the author has made good use afterwards, and the spirit and animation which characterize it must always render it attractive.

2. Mr. Bochsa has not only transposed the air, "Non piu andrai," into the key of B♭, but has so curtailed it of its various internal episodical parts, that not much beyond the motivo has been left by way of theme for the variations. These are six in number, properly diversified as to style and character, all in good taste, often presenting amplifications of considerable elegance of musical diction, which, without being complicated, demand, nevertheless, a player of some experience and proper musical feeling. The interesting variation in B♭ minor seems more particularly to stand in need of a performer possessing the latter qualification.

3. Mr. Dressler is so indefatigably prolific in his productions, and particularly in adaptations, that the satisfactory manner in which he gets up these publications shews a high de-

gree of innate musical tact and good taste. These are manifest in the six duettinos before us, which comprise the following very favourite airs of Mozart; viz.

1. "The manly heart."
2. "Colomba o Tortorella."
3. "Ah perdona."
4. "Non piu andrai."
5. "Vedrai carino."
6. "Là ci darem' la mano."

The arrangement of these melodies is similar to other previous publications of Mr. D.'s. Embellishments are liberally, yet seasonably, engrafted upon passages admitting of them, and amplifications on a larger scale, as well as even variations, are occasionally resorted to. Nevertheless, the flute-part is at all times kept within the bounds of convenient execution. The piano-forte, although yielding a very efficient and indispensable support, is perfectly easy throughout.

THE DRAMA.

ITALIAN OPERA.

If ever individual deserved well of the patronising spirit of this country, it is doubtless Mr. Ebers. Of his activity, energy, zeal, and unsparing expense, the present Opera establishment is a satisfactory example. It is what no other metropolis can boast, it is altogether worthy our own. This establishment, then, deserves to flourish; and we earnestly hope, that for the losses, the disappointments, the cares and vexations of past years, this season will yield him a glorious and golden harvest.

The first evenings of the season were occupied with the representations of Caradori. She has so long and so deservedly been a favourite with the public, that any comment on her performances would be ill placed; only thus far indeed, that this year, more than any other, has yielded her credit and repute. She had no immediate rival; the field was open for her own possession; she eagerly seized the opportunity, and has now established herself as one of the *prima donnas* of the King's Theatre. All her subsequent efforts, however, deserving as they were of applause, have never surpassed some of her early representations. Among these, we would more particularly mention her beautiful performance of the Page in the *Nozze de Figaro*, and assure those of our readers who have never heard her in that character, that nothing could excel the sweetness, the melody, the "soul-lapping" strains which breathed forth that most beautiful of airs, *Voi che sapete, che cosa è amore.*

To Caradori's Zora in the *Schiava*, succeeded Miss Fanny Aytoun. Of this young lady; we are inclined to speak in terms which might perhaps be supposed exaggerated praise; and it might even be said, that we were influenced by "some certain sympathies" beyond common admiration. But *risum teneatis, amici!* Our bald and wrinkled forehead, and our scanty grey locks, forbid the insinuation. Miss Aytoun is truly worthy of our warmest admiration, for two reasons: first, for her own excellent talent; then, for having been among the first to destroy a foolish empty prejudice against the sufferance of English singers on our Italian boards. It has but too frequently been said, that the damp and foggy climate of

England was unfavourable to the native cultivation of the art. Hence has arisen the insolence of foreign artists. But now the spell of delusion is broken; and Miss Aytoun will lead the way to the introduction of English singers.

Miss Aytoun is about twenty-one. Macclesfield was the place of her birth; Italy was her school; and La Fenice at Venice the spot where she received the sweet and grateful offerings of public applause. Her *debut* was in the part of Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra*. This opera is, after the *Barbiere*—but *magno intervallo* —Rossini's best performance. Miss Aytoun's voice, manner, appearance, figure, all suited the part; and her success was decisive. Her knowledge of Italian is excellent; her pronunciation, though not of the *extra-veritable* kind, is yet good; and her powers of acting next to Pasta and Camporese, but of a different order —her forte lying in light comedy. This we could observe, although the part of Ninetta is any thing but of the above character.

The recollections of the witty scenes of Beaumarchais first gave renown to the Almaviva family; and their intrigues and quarrels, and troubles and reconciliations, have been transplanted to every stage, and formed the amusement of every audience. The capabilities of this story probably excel those of any other plot; but the story of the *Gazza Ladra* has one feature, which, in the hands of the dramatist or novelist, is of paramount importance, nay invaluable —that of actual occurrence. The catastrophe, however, was of quite a different character from the usual *denouement*. On the stage, the innocence of the poor girl is discovered; she is not only saved from an ignominious fate, but is made happy in the possession of her youthful lover. The true incidents, however, were of another and of a woful cast. The young creature actually forfeited her life to what was supposed an infraction of the law, and her guilt was generally believed until some years after: when her youthful and blooming companions had either paid the awful debt of nature, or become mothers and been whitened with the hoariness of age, a slight accident discovered the lost treasure in its concealment, and men then recollected the sufferings and ignominious fate of the innocent and guileless maiden; but regret was unavailing, and reparation impossible. In a far retreat, however, her parents were discovered; in a retreat where they had endeavoured to hide their shame, and wept over the guilt of that child whose depravity had sown their life with thorns, and made each passing day full of the bitterness of death. This aged couple were discovered, and the French government settled on them a competent pension; but its enjoyment, purchased with their child's death, was impossible, and they soon sunk into a grave, which, to them, was as a downy couch of happiness and repose!

With the knowledge of this story and its sad incidents, can any individual witness its representation in any shape on the stage, and not feel moved even to tears? We were present on every night of its repetition, and still to us the charm was fresh as ever. In one word, Rossini was aware of the beautiful story for which he had to compose the music. He has not lost the opportunity; and Miss Aytoun's performance was in

every way worthy the celebrity of the composer.

We have, however, treated this matter at such length, that we can with difficulty spare room even to mention the *debut* of another young lady of astonishing musical powers, and who is a rare acquisition for our theatre. This young lady is Mademoiselle Giacinta Toso.

Mademoiselle Toso is only nineteen years of age. She was educated at the Conservatorio at Milan under the immediate tuition of Bandelaii, whose eminence as a teacher is unquestionable. It is said that this lady first appeared on any stage on Saturday, March 17; but on this we entertain a slight doubt. However that be, her musical fame was such, that it appears distinct offers were at the same time made her from Paris, Barcelona, Madrid, Lisbon, and London. The English agent outbade the other candidates; and we are happy in the possession of Mademoiselle Toso.

Previously to the night of her appearance, she had already sung at the Countess San Antonio's Sunday concert. The applause which she then received was unanimous and rapturous; and her musical powers had so much become the subject of commendation, that the house was early crowded to excess, and her *debut* was one of the most astonishing and flattering that the public could offer or performer receive.

Mademoiselle Toso's voice is of the most powerful and commanding order, inferior to Camporese, equal to Colbran. Her youth, of course, must plead for some little inefficiencies. These her taste, her knowledge, and, above all, her application, will effectually cure; and a little practice in the house will shortly much improve and ultimately make her one of the finest singers this country ever heard. As to appearance, Mademoiselle Toso is tall, commanding, and moulded in perfect symmetry. Her countenance is of the true Italian, her hair dark, her eyes black, large, and piercing; such, exactly, as youthful poets are apt to "fancy when they love;" and this last is but *too* frequently apt to be the case. At least "we confess the soft impeachment:" this was too frequently the case with us, poor bodies, when summer suns shone in bright influence on our heads, and lent a flushness to our veins. *Pietro* was the opera, and Mademoiselle Toso ably sustained the part of the Christian Agia. She was applauded throughout, and in some portions she was most brilliant. Her powers were more fully exemplified in "Rendi a me, poter divino," "Al guardo mio non credo," "Mi manca la voce," "No servi allo stato," and "In questo cor dolente." The other parts were supported by Biagioli extremely well; (why did not Caradori take this?) Cornega, well; Curioni, with his usual powers; Torri--(could they not get a better?) Giubellei, first appearance, good and promising; and, last and greatest, and most enthralling, Zucchelli. His voice (what a voice!) and power will be remembered by those who have had the good fortune to hear him.

The opera was followed by a new ballet, our observations on which we must defer till our next.

FRENCH THEATRE.

THE establishment of a French Theatre was a happy and agreeable occurrence for this country. In this particular, we have acted much more liberally than our Continental neighbours. They drove our English performers from their stage; we, more generous, have enriched their countrymen, and the French Theatre is now a flourishing concern.

The principal attraction has been Perlet. We have nothing like him in England; and if we wish to see real genuine comedy, and French comedy, the performances of Perlet must be witnessed. We think Potier his inferior, and Laporte infinitely so.

Perlet's principal performances for the month have been in *Une Visite à Bedlam, Le Bénéficiaire, Le Conscrit, Les Femmes Savantes, Le Précepteur, L'Homme Gris, Asinus Asinum Fricat, Les Anglaises pour rire, Bertrand et Suzette, L' Ambassadeur, Le Comédien d'Etampes, La Petite Ville, Le Savetier et le Financier, L'Artiste, Frederic le Grand, L'Aubergiste Bourgmestre.*

From these, it is evident that the proprietors have chosen of the most excellent class for the representations of this most admirable performer. Of the above, he is surpassing in *L'Homme Gris, Frederic, Le Comédien, L'Artiste, Les Anglaises, Femmes Savantes,* and *L'Aubergiste.*

They have lost Laporte, Delia, and St. Ange; but the places of the two last have been easily supplied. The length to which our remarks on the Opera have this month extended, obliges us to be very brief in our present notice of the French Theatre; but in our next, the latter shall receive a larger portion of our attention.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

PELISSE of primrose *gros de Naples,* or lutestring, lined with white sarsnet; the *corsage* plain, fastened behind, and ornamented with two rows of crescents interlaced, the points projecting outwards. The same kind of trimming is continued down the front of the skirt, and nearly meets at the waist, but widens and enlarges as it descends; it turns off circularly and forms the border of the dress: a rouleau, raised in front and formed into an extended bow, fills the intermediate space and unites with the crescent trimming; the ends of the bow continue all round, beneath the border, and a wadded rouleau hem terminates the dress. The sleeves, of the same material, are long and easy, with large white tulle sleeves over them, confined at the wrist by bead bracelets, with cameo clasps. Vandyked pelerine of tulle, the ends extending below the waist and confined by the *ceinture* in front. Large Mexican hat of lavender and primrose *gros de Naples;* the crown low, and ornamented with ribbons of each colour and large white ostrich-fea-

thers. The strings, one of primrose, the other of lavender-colour ribbon, are untied, and reach nearly to the knees, and have each two bows at the end. The hair, parted on the forehead, is in large curls, with two beautiful Provins roses on each side. Ear-rings and necklace of emerald and gold, fastened very tastefully with a locket pending from the centre; gold watch and chain. Lavender-colour gloves and shoes.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of rose-colour *crèpe lisse* over a white satin slip; the *corsage* full, rather high in front, and edged with an entwined narrow rouleau, beneath a blonde tucker. The sleeves are short, and set in a rose-colour satin band, and partly encased by tulip-leaves, forming a kind of calyx. The skirt has three rows of graduated satin leaves, each division forming a cone, the top commencing with a diamond-shaped leaf, then a ring of satin, then tulip-leaves; a small double satin rouleau follows, and heads the next row of tulip-leaves, which are larger than those above and smaller than those beneath. The whole is finished by a large satin rouleau, and forms a new and elegant trimming. Rose-colour satin sash, tied behind. The hair in large curls in front, with ringlets on each side behind the ears. Long white kid gloves, trimmed with a quilling of tulle at the top. Gold ear-rings, bracelets, and necklace, with emerald clasps. Rose-colour embroidered satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

GOTHIC CABINET.

THE annexed plate represents a cabinet in the florid style. This piece of furniture has long since been introduced not only in the palaces of the great, but in humble habitations of the citizen and artisan. It is equally appropriate for the drawing-room and boudoir, and is capable of assuming different forms and characters, according to the style and destination of the room in which it is placed. Many of those made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth still remain to astonish the spectator by the intricacy of their parts, and to call forth his admiration by the beauty of their execution; but we believe few, if any, constructed prior to that period are still extant.

The most beautiful specimens of cabinets, however, are to be found among those denominated buhl and Florentine. The latter sort are particularly magnificent, the most costly woods, such as ebony, rose, mahogany, and cedar, being employed in their construction; whilst lapis lazuli and other precious stones are not unfrequently found in their decoration; and such is their costliness that on one alone many thousand pounds were expended in its execution. His present Majesty, we believe, has in his possession the most costly and extensive collection of any potentate in Europe, many of which are intended to enrich the furniture of the new palaces at Windsor and in London. The design is in the Gothic character, and it is hoped will shew that that style is not unappropriate for its decoration: it is in rose-wood, and its ornaments and figures are in or-molu.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A NEW critical work, devoted to foreign literature, is about to be commenced, by the title of *The Foreign Quarterly Review and Continental Literary Miscellany.* It will appear, as its name implies, every three months. Its conductors profess not only to afford a fair and equitable view of such foreign productions as are likely to interest the English reader, but also to give in each number a catalogue raisonné of all foreign novelties; extracts and abridgments from the Transactions of Literary Societies; and, if possible, separate translations and original essays. Their prospectus adds, that they have obtained the co-operation as contributors of many literary characters of the highest distinction in this country, and are adopting measures to secure the assistance of the most eminent scholars abroad, for which the connections of the publishers, Messrs. Treuttel, Würtz, and Richter, afford peculiar facilities.

A Cousin's Gift, or Stories in Verse; containing Queen Rosa's Ball, The Fairy's Bark, The Truant, The Mother's Grave, and eighteen other Tales, for young persons, is in the press.

A fashionable *jeu-d'esprit* is announced, by Mr. Ainsworth, under the piquant title of *May-Fair.* It is dedicated to the *coterie* at Holland-House.

Mr. Britton has in the press, *The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting,* exemplified in a Series of Illustrations of, and descriptive Dissertations on, the House and Museum of Mr. Soane in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

A work, entitled *Absurdities, in Prose and Verse,* with humorous designs, is nearly ready for publication.

The first number of a work, to be entitled *The Quarterly Juvenile Review, or a Periodical Guide for Parents and Instructors in their Selection of New Publications,* is in the press.

In the press, in one vol. 8vo. *The Life, Voyages, and Adventures of Naufragus;* being a faithful narrative of the author's real life, and containing a series of adventures of no ordinary kind. The scene of this work lies in Asia, of which interesting part of the globe this volume will contain many lively sketches; together with a variety of information connected with the state of society, and the manners, customs, &c. of the Hindoos.

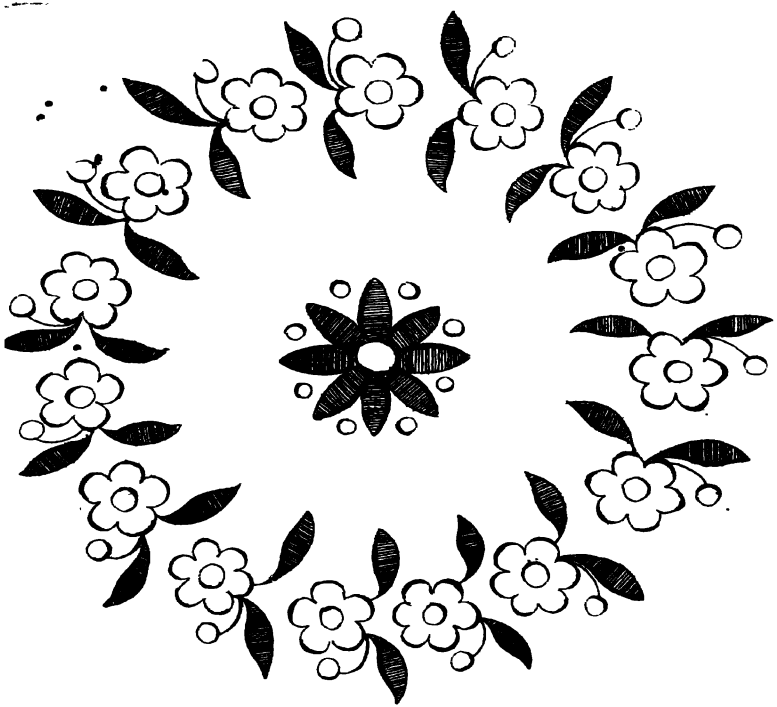
In the press, *The Age Reviewed,* a satire.

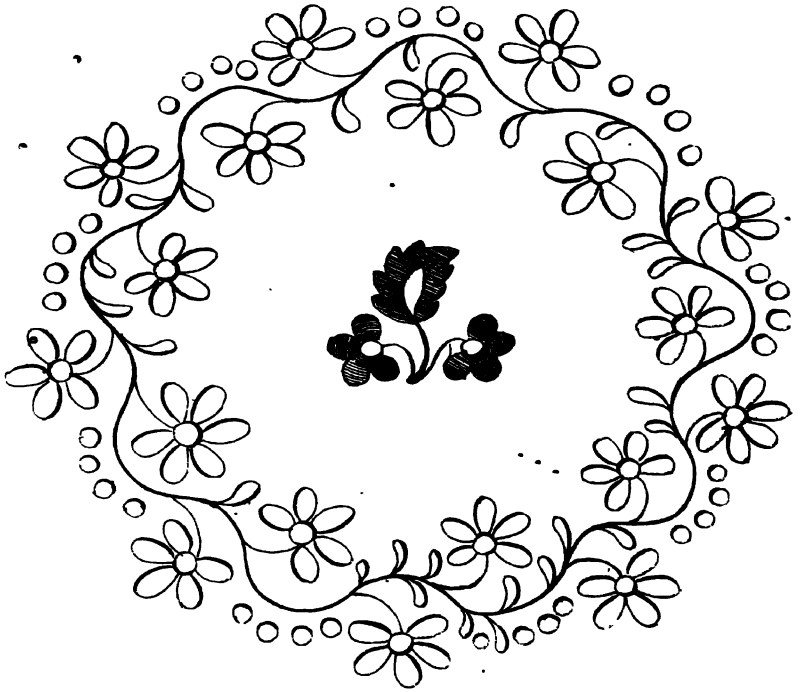
Mr. N. H. Nicolas is preparing for the press, illustrated by upwards of one hundred wood-cuts of arms, *The Siege of Carlaverock,* a French poem, containing an account of the siege and capture of the castle of that name in Scotland by King Edward I. in 1301; with a translation, an historical and topographical account of the castle, and memoirs of all the persons who are mentioned.

In a late number of the *Repository* we introduced a notice respecting the Calisthenic Exercises for young ladies as taught by Miss Mason. This lady, it appears, derived the system from the instruction of Signor Voarino, who has just published a *Treatise* descriptive of those exercises, expressly arranged for the private tuition of ladies, and accompanied with plates, which seems well worthy of the attention of the fair sex.

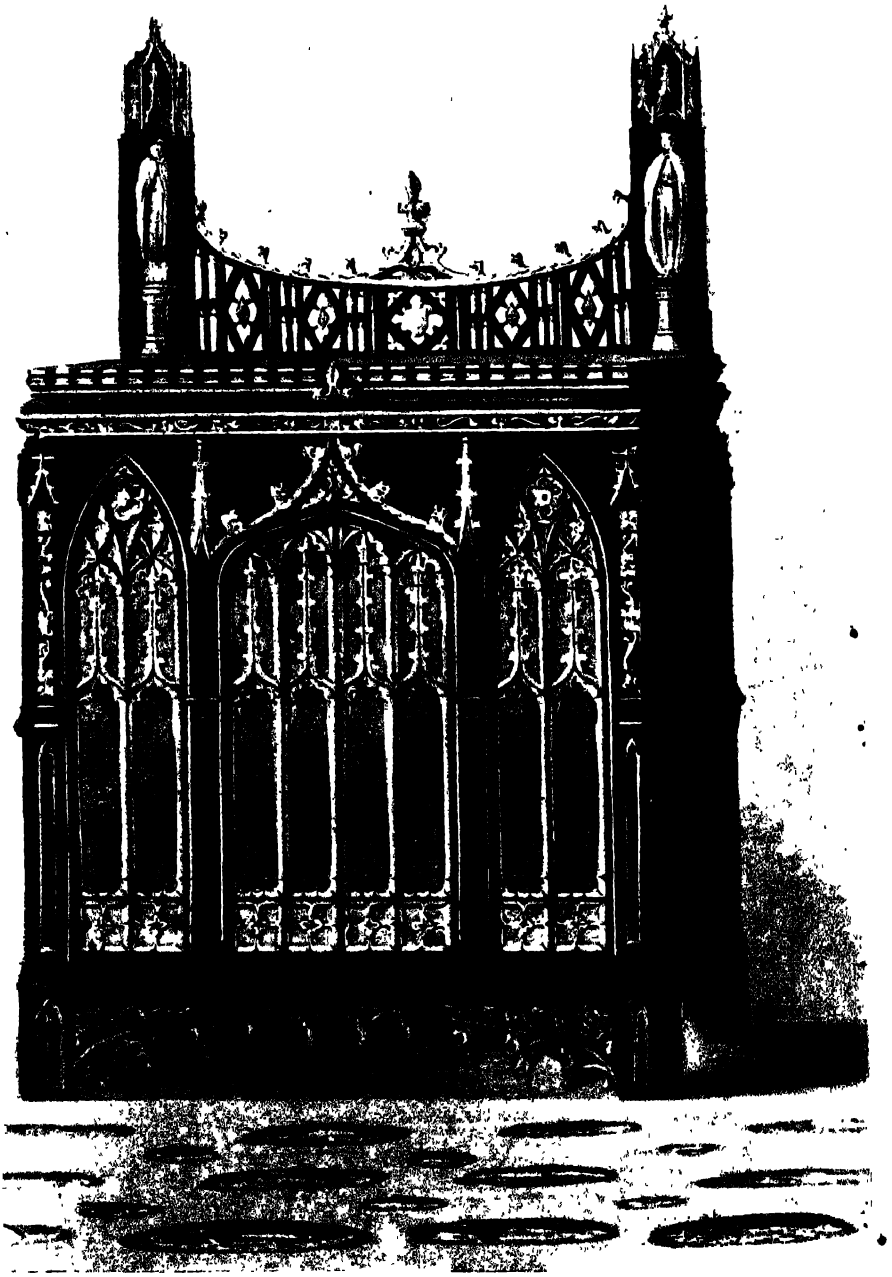
We recently took occasion to direct the attention of our readers to Mr. W. Carey's *Memoirs of the Patronage and Progress of the Fine Arts in England and Ireland.* Having presented a copy of this work to the Royal Academy, the author has received a letter of thanks from the president and council, through their secretary, Mr. Howard, whom they directed also "to express the great satisfaction afforded them by the continued exertions of so able and zealous an advocate, as Mr. C. has always approved himself, in the cause of British art."

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.





TERNS.







ADVERTISEMENTS *for* APRIL 1, 1827.

[*To be continued Monthly.*]

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Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review.

Such Authors and Publishers as wish their Works to receive an early notice in the Literary Coterie, *shall have their wishes complied with, on sending a copy, addressed to* Reginald Hildebrand, *to the care of Mr.* Ackermann.

In answer to inquiries on the subject, we think it right to state, that the Musical Review *and the article on the* Opera, *&c. commenced in our last Number, are by different Contributors.*

The continuation of "Extracts from the Letters of an Artist in Italy" *reached us too late for insertion in the present Number.*

Our respected Correspondent in the North is informed, that "The White Mountaineers of Africa" *has been duly received.*

We solicit the indulgence of our Poetical Correspondents, whose favours we are obliged to defer by the unexpected length to which some of our concluding articles extend.

The communications of Beta *and* A Trifler *shall certainly appear in our next Number.*

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MAY.

Give place to May; she comes! the blooming, blushing queen of the Seasons comes! scattering with lavish hand the first offerings of Summer, reproving the tardiness of Spring, laughing the clouds away with playful mirth, and demanding of the earth she smiles on, the accustomed tribute of beauty and fertility.

I love May: I mean with a sort of human love. I can personify any month, in words; but May only, in feeling. I believe I could indite a sonnet to May with as much sincerity of heart as to a living mistress, and with fewer misgivings; for she never turns away from her adorers, but, with all her blushes (and beautiful they are), she seems to invite gentle wooing; and smiles so divinely upon all, that each is tempted to believe the smile is for him alone. Morning, noon, and evening, she smiles; but the expression is ever varied. I have met her in the morning, tripping gaily over the meadow, rosy and jocund, her golden tresses streaming to the fresh air; I have met her at noon, by the shady fountain, with calm brow and serene smile; I have seen her at eve, by the wood-fringed stream, with still aspect and pensive air; and then I have wooed her and said, "My fair sultana, art thou the blushing beauty who was bounding over the dewy lawn, her golden tresses streaming to the morning air, startling the lark from its bed and the deer from his couch? Art thou the thoughtful nymph whom I saw bending over the cool fountain, the

curls resting motionless on her cheek, and the small birds mute in the hush of noon?" But the smile of May was all the answer she gave me; and I knew it, for it was still her own: it was her evening smile, sweet as her morning welcome, but with a shade of sadness; and I said, "May, I will love thee ever, and ever woo thee; morning, noon, and evening, shalt thou be my sultana. I will meet thee with thy morning smile, and kiss thy fair brow, and bound with thee over the hill and the meadow; and thou shalt pull for me the flowery heath and the yellow cowslip; and I will meet thee by the green fountain, while the noontide sunbeams steal through the deep foliage, and woo thee to the primrose-bank beneath the hawthorn; and thou shalt pull for me of thine own sweet namesake; and I will seek thee by the wood-fringed stream, and list with thee to the quiet waters, and watch the shades of evening chasing the lingering crimson from thy cheek, and the young moon peering above the dark mountain-top."

Stay with me, then, mine own sweet May,
And I will woo thee night and day.

RECOLLECTIONS.—No. II.

FREDERICKSHALL AND CHARLES XII.

It was on a calm evening of September that I skirted the narrow sea-creek that runs up to Fredericks-hall, in one of those unsociable little vehicles of the country which contain but one person. The precipitous cliffs that rise on one side are covered with pine; while lower down, bordering on the road, hazel and beech and aspen contrast with it their lighter shades. It was precisely that hour of evening when a declining sun throws upon the earth his most golden rays. Autumn had already painted the woods with the tints which are Nature's only, and which assumed hues more exquisite still beneath the horizontal beams of the parting day. Higher up, the pines stretched darkly over the cliffs and the more remote mountains, dark even in sunbeams, seeming as if they scorned and drank up the flood of living light that was poured upon them. On the other hand, the little bay slept quiet as the rocks that sheltered it; some fishing-boats leaned motionless upon its tranquil bosom, so tranquil that if the sea-fowl's wing but dipped in it, you might see the circle which it made all the way across. Before me, rose the impregnable rock and castle of Frederickshall. As I advanced onward the lower cliffs were gradually left in the shade, until at last it was only the very highest battlement that reflected the sunbeam.

Fredericksball possesses no other attraction than that which is derived from him,

"Who left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Although contrary to the usual practice, yet I found little difficulty in prevailing on the sentinel to admit me to the castle to see the death-place of Charles XII Bernadotte has caused an obelisk to be raised upon the identical spot where he fell; it is surrounded by a double row of cypress, and an avenue of the same funereal tree leads from the

obelisk to the foot of the battery whence the cannon-ball that terminated his career is said to have been fired. Upon the pillar itself there is inscribed no name, only the words, "In the fight against Fredericks-hall."

A warrior is perhaps the least harmless of mortals; and though, in what the world calls deeds of glory and in the "pomp and circumstance" of war, there is a glitter, always attractive to weak minds and for a moment catching even to the strongest; yet, when we view war in detail, when we contemplate the individual misery which it occasions, the sudden desolation with which it blasts many a peaceful bosom, and the tears that are shed for "the loved, the lost, the distant, and the dead," we are induced almost to execrate the names we have been accustomed to venerate. Yet, in the character of Charles there is something so unusually romantic, that we are led to regard him in the light of a hero of romance, rather than as a bloody conqueror; and when we stand within the shade of the cypress-trees that wave over this record of his fall, we cannot help catching a portion of that enthusiasm which once so kindled within him, and which is irresistibly associated with the spot where he was quenched for ever.

Here fell th' enthusiast, "the Swede!"
The spot these cypress-trees surround;
And, though mine be no warrior's creed,
I feel I tread no common ground.

That little pillar bears no name,
It needeth none where he did fall;
It only marks the spot where Fame
Link'd with his memory Frederickshall.

His name! oh! it is written there,
Eternal, on that rocky wall;
No more this obelisk need bear
Than—"*In the fight of Frederickshall.*"

REMARKS ON THE PROCESS OF EMBALMING, AND THE CASE OF LADY KILSYTH.

THE process for preserving from decay the mortal relics of the deeply lamented royal military chief, whose memory will be imperishable as the gratitude of the British armies from generation to generation, has lately turned the public attention to ancient and modern antiseptics for embalming the human frame. But we have not met with any reference or allusion to the powder which in Japan and the neighbouring islands is employed to relax the rigidity that soon follows the departure of vitality. Mr. Titsingh, a Dutch functionary, sent to Japan to adjust some business for the East-India Company, saw the effect of this powder and endeavoured to learn the composition; but the natives could not be induced to reveal the secret. He purchased some of the drug at a high price, and sent it to Holland to be analyzed. The result has not been published.

When a person dies in Japan, a little of this powerful drug is put into the eyes, nose, and ears of the corpse, which soon after becomes supple, and putrefaction is prevented. It has been conjectured, that some drug, resembling pyroligneous acid, was, and continues to be, used for drying the bodies that in an erect posture are fixed to the wall, in niches surrounding the subterranean galleries of the Capuchin convent near Palermo. Some of the bodies have been deposited in that extraordinary ce-

metery above two hundred and fifty years, and they are not yet reduced to skeletons. All are dressed in their ordinary garb, and constitute a striking assemblage.

Some burial-grounds preserve the dead uncorrupted during a long series of years. We have read of the remains of a lady that have lain undecayed in the burial-vaults at Bremen during several centuries: she is said to have been an English countess. In the chapel of Rosslyn, the soil is so dry that the bodies remain fresh as when entombed.

To none of those artificial means, nor any of the natural causes we have assigned, are to be ascribed the perfect semblance of life and health in the bodies of Lady Kilsyth and her son, from the term of her fatal casualty in 1717 to 1796, when rude curiosity violated the place of her repose in a vault under the church of Kilsyth. It was observed that a rich and increasing perfume arose from the vault: some young men descended with torches, and found that the outer coffin which inclosed the unfortunate lady and her babe had in some parts mouldered away, and thence the odorous effluvia escaped. On opening the outer coffin, it was found that the leaden covering had not been fixed, and within it a coffin of fir, where the bodies lay, was fresh as when it came from the hands of the carpenter. Between the inner fir coffin and its leaden inclosure, a space was filled by a gummy fragrant matter, in consistence and colour resembling putty. The inner fir receptacle contained Lady Kilsyth and her infant son at her knee, with limb and feature full and perfect, and the smile of infancy beautified his countenance. At a little distance, by the faint light of a taper, the mother and child appeared to enjoy soft slumbers. The wound that proved fatal to Lady Kilsyth had been covered by a black patch; the child had no external mark of injury, and a profile of the lady exhibited the likeness of unimpaired health and life. As soon as the clergyman of the parish had notice that a gross invasion of the mansions of the dead had been committed, he had the vault properly secured against intrusion. Accompanied by a medical gentleman, he inspected the coffins, and wrote the account from which ours has been partly extracted. The medical practitioner tasted a liquid in which it appeared the bodies were preserved, as it surrounded them in the undecayed fir coffin. This liquid resembled brandy; but whatever had been its nature, it was now vapid as water. In 1805 the vault was re-opened. The bodies of Lady Kilsyth and her child were still in perfect preservation; the shroud, and even the ribbons by which it was tied, were unsullied. A fragrant odour filled the vault when the coffins were uncovered; it continued some weeks, and then the prevailing effluvia might be compared to spirit of turpentine.

Lady Kilsyth was of the Dundonald noble family: her first husband, Graham of Claverhouse, is better known by the title of Lord Dundee, who was killed at the pass of Killicranky. In fourteen months after Dundee's fall, his widow married Lord Kilsyth, and accompanied him to Holland in his flight from the penal consequences of joining in the rebellion of 1715. In 1717 Lady Kilsyth was killed by the roof of her lodging giving way. She was found in a sitting posture, with her child in

her lap. He had been smothered, and a stroke from a joist caused her death. She was daughter to Lord William Cochrane, eldest son of William Earl of Dundonald, and after her second marriage with a son of Viscount Kilsyth, she retained the title of Lord Dundee, her first husband, until William Livingstone succeeded his father, Lord Kilsyth. The day after her second marriage she lost her wedding-ring; an incident which in Scotland is reckoned an evil omen. A liberal reward was offered for its recovery, but after an anxious and extensive search it was not found till nearly a century had elapsed, when the tenant of the garden of Kilsyth turned it up in the soil. The exterior of that ring is ornamented with a wreath of myrtle; and on the internal surface this legend, in the old Scottish orthography, "Zours onnly and euer." It was given to Sir A. Edmonstone, the proprietor of Kilsyth.

B. G.

NOTES FROM THE TABLETS OF AN OLD CHEVALIER DE ST. LOUIS.

No. II.

THE DINNER OF THE VICTIMS.

"You have heard of our balls of the Victims," said De R. to me yesterday morning.

"Yes," replied I; "and I wish that I never had heard of any thing so disgraceful to the national character."

"Do prithee, dear M. have done with thine eternal philippics, or at least reserve them till I am more at leisure to hear them. I am come to know whether you have any objection to partake of an entertainment which is held once a month in the Faux-bourg ——? It is called the Dinner of the Victims."

"I! I attend a dinner given in commemoration of the most horrible butchery——"

"There, you are on your high horse again. Why, man, this is altogether a bloodless business, the only massacre committed being upon the animals that form our repast. A certain number of us, who have been one way or another the victims of our virtues, meet once a month to console ourselves by talking of our misfortunes over the best dinner we can find; and as, according to the old adage, sorrow is dry, we never fail to wash down our complaints with choice old wine. Then, with all your abhorrence of the new order of things, you must acknowledge, that victims are better off now-a-days at least than they were formerly."

"Pshaw! have done with your jokes!"

"Jokes! I never was more serious."

"Hold, hold, my good friend! this is too much. You could not, I am sure, tell me seriously that you are a victim to your virtues."

"Really, my dear M. you perfectly confound me by the excess of your politeness. I shan't enter upon my pretensions at present, but if you will come and dine with us, I warrant I shall make out at least as good a title to the name of victim as any of my colleagues; and I assure you we are a pretty numerous body. Each

member has the privilege of bringing a friend, but only one: so let me know in the course of the day whether you will come or not."

Curiosity induced me to accept the invitation. I accompanied him to a handsome house, over the *porte-cochère* of which he shewed me the inscription, "Refuge of the Victims." "What!" cried I, "is it an hospital?" —"Judge for yourself," said he with a smile.

We entered a noble hall, on one side of which was a spacious eating-room, and on the other an elegant saloon. We found in the latter some of the company already assembled. As soon as De R. had presented me to them, I drew him to one of the windows, and asked him to explain what all this really meant.

"Why, it means that you are in the midst of a company which is unique in France; for you see here men of all parties, Ultras, Liberals, and Jacobins, who, hating one another as they do most cordially, yet join heartily in one thing, that of abusing the ministry, against whom each of us has some particular pique."

"And pray to which of the three classes do you belong?"

"Oh, to none of them: but I am not the less a victim, as you shall hear. I had some time ago the very best cook in all Paris; every body acknowledged it, and the consequence was, that my dinners were the most crowded and brilliant in town. Sir, there was not one of the ministers gave such dinners; and so Count ——, who is third cousin to M. de P——, assured me. Pleased with the warmth with which he congratulated me on possessing the first *artiste* of the age, I made a point of inviting him regularly; and how do you think he repaid my hospitality? why, by seducing——But you will hardly credit it."

"By seducing your wife, I suppose."

"No, sir, worse, ten thousand times worse; he seduced—my cook! The puppy was dazzled with the *éclât* of being *chef de cuisine* to the cousin of a minister; and the ungrateful dog quitted me without even the ceremony of an adieu. As P. and the count are upon the very best terms, I have no doubt that the affair was concerted between them, and that they are neither of them any better than a couple of Jesuits. There is no other way, sir, of accounting for such infamous treachery.

"But let us have done with my grievances. Look at that little man in black—him who holds his neighbour so fast by the button—he stuns every body that he can get hold of with an account of his misfortunes. You must know that until lately he had an employment of two thousand francs under government; and, as he found his income rather slender, he eked it out by editing an opposition journal, the profits of which were about five times as much. The thing was winked at for some time; but on the appearance in the paper of an article *un peu fort*, the gentleman received his dismission, and thus became, as he says, a victim to his patriotism."

"The person to whom he is talking was a bookseller, who complains every where that he has lost his livelihood through his zeal for the public good. The fact is, he began with nothing; but by the publication of blasphemous and obscene works, he has amassed between twenty and

thirty thousand pounds, besides a handsome income which he derives from several houses that he has purchased. After being many times fined and imprisoned, which only served to increase the sale of his publications, he has lately been deprived of his license, and complains bitterly of the poverty that awaits his old age. *En attendant* he lives like a lord."

"That old gentleman who sits opposite to us is an *abbé*, who has cut no small figure in the political world. He has realized by his writings about fifteen hundred a year, upon which he might live very comfortably, if he could be comfortable without a cardinal's hat; but the poor man's head has ached so long for one, that at last he said of them, as Sterne did of mitres, that if it were to rain cardinals' hats not one of them would fall upon his head: this disappointment is the cause of his numbering himself among the Victims.

"That little mean-looking man in the shabby blue coat is the victim of his humanity. He opened subscriptions at his house for all classes of unfortunates. Jews and Gentiles, Turks and Greeks, were received by him with equal sympathy and kindness. In his solicitude for their interests, he undertook to remit to them the sums that a charitable public was inclined to bestow, after deducting only twenty per cent. as a trifling remuneration for his time and trouble. He had amassed in this way about thirty thousand pounds, when the *Chef de Bureau*, under whom he had an employment of fifteen hundred livres a year, had the cruelty to dismiss him, and the impudence to assign as a reason, that he was too rich to want such a trifling addition to his income."

"Do you see that gentleman who displays so many orders? He enjoys a conspicuous place in the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*. After being of all parties, he now professes himself a Jacobin, because he has been rewarded with a barony only when he expected to be made a duke.

"His opposite neighbour, who some years ago was as fond of the throne and the altar as Old Nick is of holy water, now declares himself a staunch Ultra-Royalist. He has entered into our society because he is a victim to the new order of things. He had set his mind upon forming a matrimonial alliance, which a word from a great personage would have enabled him to do; but that great personage being liberal enough to think that the lady's inclinations ought to be consulted, declined interfering, and the disappointed swain is, as he says himself, the most unfortunate of all victims."

At this moment a summons to the dining-room created a general move. The company seated themselves hastily, and without ceremony, to a repast which might well satisfy the most epicurean palate, and which was served up not merely with elegance but with splendour. The choicest French and foreign wines sparkled in the crystal goblets which decked the board. The countenances of the guests were gradually unbending as they helped themselves or were helped to the dainties before them, when suddenly the door opened, and a man, whose appearance bespoke the most abject poverty, timidly entered. "Get out!" cried the waiters, surrounding him.—"Get out!" cried all the guests but myself. Regardless of their exclamations, the

stranger kept his post, saying modestly, but firmly, "For God's sake, hear me!"

"No, no!" cried one of the company roughly, "we are not to be disturbed in this manner. How dare you come in here?"

"Pardon me if I am mistaken, but I saw over the gate, 'Refuge of the Victims,' and——"

"Well! and what right have you to thrust yourself into an abode sacred to wretchedness?"

"Alas! sir, nobody has a better right. I am an honest and unfortunate man—are not these titles?"

"Hum! why as to that, there is no mention of honesty in the conditions of admission."

"But, sir, my misfortunes."

"Aye, of what nature are they?" cried another.

"Step a little this way," said the collector of subscriptions; "yours may perhaps be a case in which I can interest myself."

"Ah, sir, may Heaven reward you! My cottage has just been burnt down, and I have lost every thing."

"Yes, yes, I see, a very fair case of distress indeed. I will draw up the advertisements myself. And whereabouts was your cottage, my poor fellow?"

"At the village of ———, close to the parsonage."

"Eh!" cried the Jacobin, now leaning forward, "what is that you say?"

The man repeated his words, adding, "I should not have felt this calamity so much, if it had not happened the very day after my son disappeared."

"What, you have lost a son too—the staff of your old age, no doubt. What trade was he?"

"He was servant to the *curé*."

"Gentlemen," cried the Jacobin, "this is a touching case.—"Yes, yes," added the Journalist, "it is evident that this poor fellow is a victim; we must assist him."

"Ah, gentlemen, how good, how compassionate you are! though I have not yet told you all my misfortunes. Ah! I should not be now soliciting alms, but for the loss of a lawsuit which I had with the lord of our village ——."

"Poor unfortunate! yes, you did right to present yourself to us. Sit closer, my friends, let us make room for him; we must consider him as a brother." And in spite of the excuses of the poor fellow, he was forced to seat himself between the Journalist and the Jacobin.

Tears of gratitude sprang to the man's eyes. "What," cried he, "without even knowing me, you carry your charity so far as to treat me like a brother!"

"We know enough," cried the Jacobin warmly, "since we know that your misfortunes have been caused by the priests and the nobles. I have no patience when I think of the evils which these two cursed orders bring upon us. I must drown the remembrance of them in some of this excellent Madeira."

"Don't you see," cried the Journalist, "that this poor fellow's case will furnish at least a dozen articles for our paper. What a capital subject! A virtuous citizen falling a victim to the hatred of an ecclesiastic!"

"But, gentlemen, I assure you that *Monsieur le Curé* had nothing whatever to do——"

"Come, come, you are in the right to be cautious in general, but you need have no reserves with us. We know perfectly how it is: your house was very near his, and that fire——"

"Was entirely occasioned by my own imprudence in letting a spark fall upon some shavings. Our pastor was one of the foremost in trying to extinguish the fire, and when he saw there were no means to save the cottage, he told me that I should find a home with him, and my wife and children also, till Providence gave me the means of doing something for them."

"The devil!" cried the Journalist, drawing a long breath; "that last unlucky circumstance quite deranges my ideas. We can do nothing, nothing upon earth with the fire—— But, hold! I have it. Your son was in this *cure's* service; and it is he without doubt who has torn the boy from your arms to place him in some of those congregations which the Jesuits——"

"Not a doubt of it," interrupted the Jacobin; "it is just what one might expect from those agents of darkness. But never fear, we will see you righted. We will get the boy again for you, depend upon it."

"But, gentlemen, my son has enlisted."

"Eh!" cried the Journalist in a rage, "enlisted! and you have had the impudence to trouble us about ——"

"Softly, softly, my friend!" exclaimed the Jacobin. "Don't you see that we can still make something of the matter: have not we the lawsuit? Did not you tell us," looking at the poor fellow, "that your ruin was begun by a proud baron?"

"Ah, yes," he was indeed the first cause of my misfortunes; but I cannot deny that he had right on his side: I ought not to have gone to law with him; but I was misled by bad advice."

Here his voice was drowned by several of the company, all exclaiming at once, "Why the fellow must be mad or a fool, to dare to call himself a victim."

"What! gentlemen, am I not one?"

"No, no, you don't deserve the name. What you call your misfortunes are but a feather in the scale compared to ours. We are indeed victims, and worthy to be called so; for we have suffered for our virtues, while you have yourself to thank for all that has befallen you. Hence! you are unworthy to remain in our company. Hence! or you shall be driven out."

The last threat was unnecessary, for the man was already at the door. As he opened it, he turned round, with a look of mingled sorrow and reproach to the insulting crowd; his eye caught mine, and the sentence which he had begun to utter died upon his lips. He hurried out; I followed, and found him sobbing like a child. He had been proof against insult; but he could not withstand compassion. I pressed his hand as I slipped a trifle into it. The fervency with which he returned the pressure said more than eloquence itself could have uttered—it was the answer of a grateful heart to a compassionate one.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WOMAN-MACHINE.

From "The Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham," just published at New-York.

THE invention of the woman-machine, as can be incontestibly proved, first came about in this manner: As soon as the people of this country (America) had fairly freed themselves from the government of Great Britain and discharged themselves of their ancestors, all classes of persons here began to thrive and multiply exceedingly, but more especially females; insomuch that our political economists suggested a fear that in process of time the whole country would get to be overrun with women, unless some check were put to them. Now our mechanical geniuses, casting their eyes around in search of cheap materials to work with, which is a great object with them, and seeing large stores of girls in all directions apparently useless, caught the idea that it would answer an excellent purpose to work them up into machinery, and so planned the woman-machine, the mode of constructing which is after this fashion: You take from one hundred and fifty to two hundred youths, varying the number according to the intended size of your machine; they should be of rather a tender age—from ten to fifteen years is preferable—and mostly females, say not less than nine-tenths. After well sorting these, you put them into a large four-story building, strongly constructed of brick or stone, near a considerable head of water; on the several floors of this building are to be placed various pieces of machinery, called mules, spinning-jennies, double speeders, &c. Then having distributed the girls about the rooms according to your taste and judgment, you attach one or more of them, as circumstances may require, to each piece of machinery, and the whole machine is ready for use.

A machine thus prepared and put together is called a manufactory. The principal rule to be observed in the working of it is to keep it in as constant operation as possible; the best regulated ones not being stopped more than three times a day, for about twenty minutes at a time, to oil the wheels and feed the girls. After adhering strictly to this course for two or three years, the girls are found, as it were, to become a part of the other machinery, so that neither of them can go to any purpose without being put together, any more than a wheel can go without being attached to a carriage, or a carriage without a wheel; and when the whole machine is in motion, the double-speeder and spinning-jenny part appears to be just as much alive as the girl part.

The principal advantages of this machine, as enumerated by the inventors, appear to be these: that a great part of the machinery, as before-mentioned, being made out of a very cheap material, goods can be manufactured by them at a much lower rate than in the old way, and so our English and other competitors driven from our market: that by this mode of educating females four of the principal natural defects in their characters are eradicated, or greatly lessened, which has never before been known to be effected by any other course of education; namely, first, a frequent restlessness and fond-

ness for running about; secondly, a too free use of speech; thirdly, a constant desire for meddling in other persons' concerns to the neglect of their own; and, fourthly, a manifest indisposition to the wholesome controul and authority of parents, husbands, and guardians; for the curing of which defects some dozen years' steady exercise in one of these machines is said to be a most valuable and certain specific, so that it is confidently expected, that by a very general establishment of them, the world will shortly become a very quiet and peaceable place; that all riotous, rout-ous, and noisy assemblages will cease; and that, excepting at Congress and in the state legislatures, excessive talking will only be persisted in when it is to some purpose.

From this statement our readers will plainly see that this machine is unquestionably of modern invention, and that, so far from failing to accomplish the purposes contemplated, it promises to be one of the greatest advantage to society, whether viewed as a most useful seminary for the education of females, or a cheap manufacturing machine.

IGNATIUS DENNER.

(Continued from p. 197.)

MANY years before the events which have been detailed there lived at Naples a skilful old physician, Trabacchio by name, who, on account of his mysterious but always successful cures, was universally known by the appellation of the miraculous doctor. Age seemed to have had no effect upon him; his step was still firm and elastic, although, by the reckoning of many of the inhabitants who had long known him, he could not be less than eighty years of age. His features were scarred and wrinkled into a singular deformity, and his glance excited an awe and terror scarcely to be resisted, even when the patient was feeling the benefit of his skill; so that it was often said he put sickness to flight by the terror of his piercing looks. His usual dress was a loose crimson cloak, which hung in folds over his shoulders, and barely permitted the hilt of a sword to be visible. In this garb, bearing under his arm a small chest, in which he carried medicines prepared by himself, he moved through the streets of Naples, gazed on and avoided by all. In extremity alone would any one resort to him: yet he never refused to visit a patient, even though no profit could be expected. He had been married several times; but his wives, always pre-eminently beautiful, seldom long survived their union. He confined them with jealous strictness, never permitting them to stir out excepting to hear mass, and then accompanied by a watchful duenna, whose fidelity was impregnable to every attempt of the young gallants of the city to corrupt her. Although Doctor Trabacchio took payment readily from the rich, his profits bore no proportion to the immense wealth in gold and jewels which he had accumulated in his dwelling, and of which he made no secret. At times, too, he was generous even to profusion; and he was in the habit of giving an entertainment after the death of every wife, the expenses of which were at

least equal to his apparent income from his practice for years. His last wife had borne him one son, whom he confined with the same strictness as he had done his wives; no one had been permitted to see him, excepting at the entertainment given after the death of his mother, when he was seated by his father's side; and the guests were astonished at the beauty and manners of a child three years old, who by his replies and whole conduct might, but for his youthful appearance, have been judged ten or twelve. At the feast the doctor declared publicly that, as his earnest wish for a son had at length been granted, he should never again marry. At length his vast riches, and still more his mysterious mode of life, his wonderful cures, which often seemed almost miraculous, as by merely some few drops of a medicine prepared and administered by himself, nay, sometimes by a mere taste, at one single visit, the most dangerous maladies were relieved, gave rise to various marvellous reports, which were rapidly circulated throughout Naples. He was accused of being an alchymist, a magician, and even of being in league with Satan.

This last supposition arose from a mysterious adventure which happened to some noblemen in Naples. They were returning late at night from an entertainment, and, half intoxicated, missed their way and wandered to a desolate and solitary spot in the suburbs. Suddenly they heard a sound like the rushing of wings, and perceived a large bird, the plumage of which glowed like flames, and which, approaching them with outstretched wings, glared on them with eyes that flashed with a lurid light through the darkness of the night. They shrunk into a corner; the bird passed on, and behind it followed a tall figure wrapped in a glittering rich embroidered cloak. As soon as it had passed, one of the party whispered softly, "Surely that was the miraculous Doctor Trabacchio!" Shuddering at the horrible vision, they followed them by the light of the plumage of the wonderful bird, and soon perceived that they actually took the road which led to the house of the doctor, situated in a wild and solitary spot near the city. When they reached the house the bird flew upwards and beat with its wings against a large window over the balcony, which was hastily opened, and they heard the voice of his old housekeeper, "Come, come in—every thing is ready—we have been long waiting for you!" They then saw the doctor, as if ascending a ladder to them invisible, follow the bird through a window, which was shut after them with violence. Darkness then closed around, and the noblemen returned home, filled with terror and amazement.

The report of this adventure, and the assertions of the nobles that the figure which passed them was really the identical Doctor Trabacchio, were sufficient to induce the Inquisition, to whose ears all such rumours are rapidly conveyed, in secrecy to watch closely the proceedings of this suspected magician. It was discovered that a large red bird was frequently in the doctor's house, with which he appeared to hold strange and earnest conversations, disputing on various occult and mysterious points of science. The ministers of the Inquisition had already prepared to lay hold of him as one suspected of practising

the black art; but the arm of the civil power prevented them, and the doctor was seized by the *sbirri* and dragged to prison on his return from visiting a patient. The old woman had been previously seized in the house; but the child was no where to be found. The doors of every room were fastened up and sealed, and guards were posted round the house. The following were the grounds of these proceedings:

Within a few months several persons had died suddenly in and near Naples, and, according to the opinion of the medical men, by poison. Strict inquiry had taken place, but without leading to any result, until a young man in Naples, a noted spendthrift and rake, whose uncle had been poisoned, confessed the horrible crime, with the additional circumstance that he had purchased the poison from the old woman who was Trabacchio's housekeeper. She was accordingly watched, and detected in the act of secretly conveying away a small well-secured box, which contained phials labelled as various sorts of medicines, but in reality filled with poisons. At first she firmly denied the fact; but, on being threatened with the torture, acknowledged that the doctor had for some years prepared the fatal poison known by the name of *aqua tophana*, and by the secret sale of it, through her agency, had acquired the principal part of the wealth he was well known to possess; and further, that he was in league with Satan, who was his frequent visitor under various forms. Each of his wives had borne him a child, though that fact was unknown to any one but herself and him. These children, as soon as they attained the age of nine weeks, or as many months, had been murdered by their father, with many strange ceremonies, and in a mysterious and cruel manner, he having opened their bosoms and torn out their hearts. The fiend had always been present at the horrible scene, sometimes under one form, sometimes under another, most frequently under that of a bat with a human head, fanning with its wings the small charcoal-fire at which Trabacchio had prepared from his infants' heart's blood a liquor that cured every disease. His wives he had secretly murdered with so much art and precaution that the most rigid scrutiny could never discover the slightest marks of violence. His last wife alone, who had borne him a son who was permitted to live, had died a natural death.

Trabacchio freely confessed the truth of all these assertions, and seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in exciting the horror of his judges by the details of his crimes, and more particularly by the recital of his connection with Satan. The ecclesiastics who assisted in his examination used every endeavour to awaken remorse in his mind, and excite him to repent of his almost incredible wickedness, but in vain. He replied to their exhortation only by scornful and contemptuous mockery. Both he and the old woman were condemned to the flames. Meanwhile his house had been searched, and his wealth confiscated for the use of the hospital. In his library not one forbidden book was found, nor among his papers any that related to the devilish trade he exercised. The door of one room only, which from the many chimneys in it appeared to be his laboratory, withstood every attempt to force it open; and when workmen,

under the direction of the police, endeavoured to break through and thus gain admission, strange sounds and voices were heard within; cold and damp wings seemed to strike the workmen, and a rushing awful sound so terrified them that they fled; nor would any one venture afterwards to attempt the entrance, lest some dreadful fate should await his rashness. The priests who approached the door fared no better, and no resource remained but the aid of an aged Dominican monk from Palermo, whose sanctity and courage had hitherto resisted all the efforts of the enemy.

This monk was then at Naples, and prepared to undertake the adventure, and enter the lists of combat with the fiends who kept possession of the doctor's laboratory. Providing himself with plenty of holy water, and accompanied by a vast concourse of his brethren, who however kept at a respectful distance from the door, the old Dominican, after praying aloud, went boldly forward: but the noises grew louder, and scornful bursts of laughter echoed from the devilish company within. Unappalled, he prayed more emphatically, sprinkling the door plentifully with holy water. He then called for a pickaxe, which was handed to him by one of the trembling by-standers; but scarcely had he aimed a blow at the door, when with an awful noise like thunder it burst open. Blue flames played along the walls, and an overpowering stifling heat issued from the room. Notwithstanding this the Dominican advanced, when, with a loud crash, the walls fell in, and one sheet of devouring fire burst from the ruins and rapidly spread to the adjoining room. Speedy flight alone saved the ecclesiastic and spectators from being burned alive or whelmed under the falling ruins; and scarcely had they gained the street, when the whole house was one blaze. The mob gathered from all quarters, and shouted for joy at the destruction of the dwelling of the accursed doctor, without making the slightest efforts to extinguish the flames. The roof had already fallen in, the wood-work of the house was nearly consumed, and the huge beams alone still resisted the efforts of the fire, when a shout of terror burst from the crowd, as the young child of the doctor was seen climbing one of the glowing rafters with a small box under his arm. He appeared but for a moment, and instantly vanished from their view amid the raging flames.

Trabacchio seemed to rejoice at his fate when these circumstances were related to him, and boldly prepared to meet his own doom. When led to the stake he smiled scornfully, and said to the executioner, who was binding him tightly to it, as if determined to prevent his escape, "Take care that these cords do not burn your own fingers." To the monk, who approached to exhort him to repentance, he cried with a terrible voice, "Away! away! think you I am such an idiot as to suffer a cruel death at your pleasure? My hour is not yet come." Fire was then set to the pile; but scarcely had the flames touched him, when they burst upwards in a clear blaze like a torch, and loud laughter echoed from the spot. The crowd gazed on the spectacle with terror, as the doctor, alive, in his black dress, embroidered crimson cloak, his sword by his side, his overshadowing Spanish hat with red plume, his chest under his arm,

dressed exactly, in short, as he was wont to walk in the streets of Naples, moved slowly from the midst of the flames. Soldiers, *sbirri*, hundreds of the surrounding multitude, rushed forward to seize him; but Trabacchio had disappeared. The old woman expired under lingering torments, cursing the fiend, who had betrayed her into crimes and then forsaken her.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LAST DAY OF THE LAST YEAR.

I DON'T believe any body in England was sorry to see the end of Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-six, that year of distress and distrust; when the "fountains" of national credit were almost "broken up;" when a man who was worth a million one day became a beggar the next; when our merchants, our sturdy native oaks, were scathed by the lightnings of the unexpected storm, nay, some of them almost uprooted; when the innocent fell with the guilty, in undistinguishable ruin; when the man of no principle triumphed over the destruction of the man of honour; when the want of money was so much the *fashion*, that nobody was ashamed to acknowledge the possession of an empty purse.

Two-thirds of the people of England felt the shock of the overwhelming tempest; and for the rest, they were afraid lest the visitation should reach them also. Sad, disastrous year! when literature languished, the arts drooped, and even the Muses were silent; when the produce of our verdant fields was scorched by almost Indian heats; when nothing was heard but complaints of drought and forebodings of famine. However, 'tis gone with all its pains. Its last day is the only one of the three hundred and sixty-five that I wish to remember; and although we have travelled thus far on the road to the end of another year, I can still, in imagination, hear the bells as they rung out the old one on the night of the thirty-first of December.

Ding, dong, 'twas a merry peal! How clear they sounded through the frosty air! I listened to them with only one regret; they had rung for Rose Donaldson's wedding on the morning of the same day. Rose passed the last few months of her unmarried life amongst her Longbrook friends; she is now united to the man of her heart, and out of reach in a far distant country. We were all sorry to part with her, and it was among the miseries of eighteen hundred and twenty-six that we should lose her, for she was the life of our circle. I well remember the sensation she created when she first came amongst us. The arrival of a belle from London, duly announced, was an event of some importance; we were on the look-out for a fresh supply of fashion and new patterns of every thing *wearable* (for, notwithstanding the laudable efforts of the *Repository* and *La Belle Assemblée* to simplify the mysteries of the newest modes, by coloured engravings and notes explanatory, there is nothing like a real well-dressed belle to assist the dull apprehensions of us country-women); we looked for airs from the last opera; for a new stock of puzzles, games, and knick-knacks, such as are born, and in a few days die, in whim-loving London, then, after a

long sleep, are brought to life again in towns so remote as ours, as something novel and ingenious. All these pleasurable anticipations were mingled with something like a fear that the expected visitor might look down upon some of our out-of-date customs with a metropolitan contempt, which it would not be very agreeable to bear. However, fear fled at the sight of Rose; there was nothing but glee at Longbrook while she sojourned there. Of fashion we had enough, and she became our *arbiter elegantiarum*. She wore a pink silk Margaret de Valois hat, voted by the men "bewitching," and consequently copied by half our mademoiselles; one, two, three, four pink hats, I can positively reckon up this minute; a very pretty livery, it must be allowed, but, unfortunately, the hat was becoming to only about one in three of those who adopted it. But the system of *aping* was carried still further, for Rose was petitioned for pieces of her different dresses, that the fair copyists might obtain materials exactly similar: her very shoe was imitated, her Cinderella shoe, although there is not a foot, alas! in Longbrook that could find its way into it. Indeed Miss Donaldson's fashion was the prevailing theme for a whole month: "She divides her curls on the temple; she ties her sash on the left side; Miss Donaldson wears this and that and the other." Nay, I do not doubt but that the duplicates of every article of her attire may still be found in the wardrobes of most of our resident young ladies.

Every body agreed in thinking her a delightful creature: yet no one could tell precisely what it was in Rose that so charmed them. "She has not," said the gentlemen, "one feature that can be called beautiful, scarcely pretty, but she has the sweetest countenance! Her figure is too small to be dignified, too large to be minutely delicate: yet what an air she has! a perfect sylph!"—"Miss Donaldson," said the ladies, "is a proficient in nothing; her drawings are *médiocre*, her singing is the wildest melody, and the deficiency of her piano-forte accompaniment is generally acknowledged: still she contrives to put us all in the background; and while Rose is sure of listeners to her simplest ballad, Miss Nightingale, the scientific Miss Nightingale, warbles to the winds." But, wonderful to relate, her superiority did not bring with it the usual tax of envy and "all uncharitableness;" she had no occasion to "look down on the hate of those below," although she "surpassed" woman and "subdued mankind*."

The secret of her happy exemption from such evils was, that a natural *gaieté de cœur*, a sort of "take the world aisy" disposition, enabled her to tinge every thing with *couleur de rose*; like the bee, she could extract honey from the humblest blossom, and consequently was so easily pleased with every body, that every body was pleased with her. She came apparently determined to take us as she found us, and in a few days was so much at home that she could find her way to every house in

* He who ascends the mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds of snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Lord BYRON'S *Childe Harold*.

the neighbourhood, and had *made* her way to the hearts of their inmates. With hearts, indeed, she made sad havoc. It was known she was an only child, and conclusions were drawn which, as it often happens, proved wrong, that she had, or soon would have, a fortune at her disposal. The beaux were all eager to gain a prize in whom wit and elegance were combined with supposed wealth. Mr. Lovegold "marked her for his own." Poor man! how came *he* to fancy that he could ever make an impression on Rose Donaldson? *She*, the very emblem of whim, "taking no thought for to-morrow;" *he*, the image of "carking care:" for, notwithstanding all his arts, his studied lively manners, he cannot hide that love "delights not him," but Mammon rather. How it came about, I cannot tell; whether because his house was nearer to Fair-Hill than any other, or whether Rose was desirous of producing such an anomaly in nature as a miser in love, but it so happened that Mr. Lovegold accompanied her in her walks oftener than any other of her numerous admirers. Perhaps the true cause might be found in her love of fun, and the delight she felt in "fooling" her lover "up to his bent." It was soon reported that she was to become a permanent ornament to the neighbourhood; for be it known, that if two unmarried people are seen arm in arm in any of the walks surrounding Longbrook, it is immediately settled that they will *marry each other* sooner or later.

Mr. Lovegold imagined he was deceiving her, and that she was over head and ears in love; but she took an early opportunity of *un*deceiving him, of hinting that a half-pay army captain (such was her father) had few opportunities of acquiring fortunes for his children. I have since heard her remark, that this gentle intimation acted like an electric shock upon her swain; his habitual smile vanished, and his lips became compressed into a most Shylock-like expression; his soft flowing speech suddenly halted, and he became thoughtful and abstracted. "He raised his hat from his head," said Rose, "made me a cool bow at parting, and since that happy hour I have not been annoyed with any of Mr. Lovegold's particular attentions." The worst of it was, he had the audacity to say, "she was *au desespoir;* but it could not be—nice girl, but no fortune." Indeed, so much does credulity lean to the side of scandal, that Rose certainly laboured under a suspicion of "setting her cap" to no purpose. But she made no trouble of what she could plainly see through, and moreover she was wicked enough to favour such an idea herself. Time, however, which proves all things, presently convinced Mr. Lovegold that a young *militaire* might rival even his pretensions. Frederick G.'s arrival did dissipate the mists that obscured the optics of our match-makers; they put on their spectacles, and discovered that Frederick G. and Rose were born for each other. The fact was they had been *all but* engaged before Rose left town, and his visit to Longbrook was for the purpose of putting a finishing stroke to the business, as his regiment had received orders to embark for India. Then came the gossips' commentaries on the arrangement: "What a pity," said they, "that she should make such a sacrifice! He has only his commission,

and she is going to destroy her health in India, with no better prospect than to live on love and glory." Then followed prognostications of sickness and death, which the prophets were sure would be realized before she had been at Calcutta a month. But an old aunt made her exit, and the scene shifted: the value of these ancient family appendages is never felt till they are no more. "Nothing in her life became her like the leaving it," for she made Frederick her heir to an immense estate.

The intelligence of this unlooked-for *windfall* reached him during his visit at Fair-Hill, and it may be believed it was received as the consummation of all his wishes. As for Rose, she heard the news with perfect composure: she had determined to marry Frederick "richer or poorer;" and whether he was the one or the other was of no importance in her opinion. If she had any feeling on the subject, it was that of disappointment; the romance of her situation was over; there was no cause now for her leaving friends and country for Frederick's sake; and, worse than all, he must give up his waving plumes and his dashing red coat. She might now settle quietly at Old-Hall, ——shire, too far from London to ensure frequent visits. "Why this," said she, "will be dreadfully barbarous! I hope Frederick will not hunt much; for I shall have Aunt Bridget's ghost before my eyes daily if he leaves me much alone."

With the aid of a little poetical description, such as the unequalled beauty of Old-Hall and the charming society surrounding it, she became somewhat reconciled to her undesired riches; and the vast importance which they gave her in the eyes of her Longbrook friends amused her infinitely, so that she forgave Aunt Bridget for cheating *her* of her Indian trip and Frederick of his regimentals. Wherever she appeared now she was welcomed with the most profound respect, instead of the usual friendly familiarity, and she was treated with all the consideration due to a "lady engaged to a gentleman of large fortune."

"Come," she would say, "*poor* Rose did very well, but *rich* Rose does better—the good people worship me like the golden calf—O the Jews!—Well, I shall have my revenge on that dolt Lovegold, who they tell me is already repenting that he did not make me an offer (being sure of being accepted of course), since I have brought Frederick such good luck—I believe he thinks I am possessed of the philosopher's stone!" Weeks rolled on, when about the middle of December it was known that *Miss Donaldson* would leave Fair-Hill no more; that Christmas-day and its subsequent feastings over, she would be married at Longbrook church; and that her wedding would be more splendid than any that had been consummated in that ancient edifice since Sir Hildebrand Richold led the great heiress, Miss Cashaman, to its altar. "And that is a long time ago," said Mrs. Chronicle, "for I can but just remember old Sir Hildebrand; and *I* am not young." Well, it was as gay a wedding as the gayest could wish for; the sun shone as brilliantly as he could in our wayward climate through a December sky; and though there were but few flowers wherewith to strew the bride's path, there were unfading laurels and evergreens in plenty, amongst

which the misletoe made a conspicuous figure. I cannot tax my memory with the number of carriages that swelled the procession, I must leave *that* to Mrs. Chronicle; but I recollect that the bride was not attired *entirely* in white, to the great discomfiture of her elderly female friends, who considered it a bad omen: yet whether the dress was particularly becoming to her, or whether the elegance was a *set-off* to the dress, I cannot say, but I thought she outdid herself that morning.

Then we had a grand *déjeuner à la fourchette* at Fair-Hill—quite bridish—white—white—even the Westphalia ham was decorated with white satin ribbon; there was enough wedding-cake to bring plenty of fees to the doctor, packets of which were drawn through the ring to aid and abet the dreams of our fair candidates for matrimony; there were gloves, silver favours, and numberless other *prettinesses*, all of which Mrs. Chronicle has noted particularly in her diary. The bride's complimentary cards were allowed by our soverest critics to be strictly conformable to fashionable etiquette, and singularly elegant in their form, size, and ornaments—these are weighty matters!

Nobody complained of not receiving a proper proportion of cake at the proper hour; for not even Mr. Lovegold was forgotten. In short, Mr. and Mrs. G. "won golden opinions from all sorts of people," and started from Longbrook with the greatest *éclât*, and in possession of more friends and fewer enemies than any two people who ever before quitted it. Their example, I think, has somewhat improved our notions of matrimony; we begin to talk of "matches made in Heaven," of the insufficiency of riches alone to ensure happiness. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," is a passage now frequently quoted by Miss Prosy.

"Make your fortune before you take your wife," *used* to be the maxim of our bachelors; but on reviewing several matches now on the *tapis*, all of which had their beginnings at Rose Donaldson's wedding, I argue that they have discovered, that the way to "make your fortune is to *take a wife*."

Longbrook Lodge, April 1827.

HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME.

By W. C. Stafford.

INTRODUCTION—*continued.*

Origin and Progress of the Drama in Rome.

Of the great nations of antiquity, the Greeks and Romans alone, amongst the Europeans, afford us any materials for tracing the history of the drama previous to the Christian era; although among the Eastern nations theatrical amusements have existed for ages, and they have a dramatic literature, which goes back upwards of two thousand years. We have already given a brief outline of the progress of the Grecian drama; rude and imperfect indeed, but still sufficient for the object of these

essays, it now remains to take as brief a view of the drama in Rome. If we are unfortunate in having lost many of the master-pieces of the Greek dramatists, a still greater fatality has attended those of "the eternal city:" for "the only works of the good classical times, which have descended to us, are those of Plautus and Terence;" and they are, in fact, mere copyists of the Greeks. Indeed there is no kind of poetry which can be considered as national amongst the Romans: their original character was nearly lost amidst the alterations which an adoption of foreign manners had produced, before poetry was cultivated at all; and then, the Latin language, so different in its construction from the Greek, was "modelled into poetical expression" according to the "grammatical and metrical forms" of the latter.

According to Livy, the rude outlines of the Roman drama were formed during the consulate of C. Sulpicius Peticus and C. Licinius Stolo. A pestilence devastating the city during the time of the public feast called *Lectisternium**, "among other means," says the historian, "which were tried in order to appease the incensed deities, the magistrates are said to have instituted the games called *Scenici*†, which were amusements entirely new to a warlike people, who, before, had none but that of the Circus." The first actors were sent for from Etruria; they danced, not ungracefully, after the Tuscan manner, to the flute. In process of time the Roman youths began to imitate these dancers, intermixing raillery in unpolished verses, their gestures corresponding with the sense of their words. Thus were these plays received at Rome, and being improved and refined by frequent performances, the Roman actors acquired the name of *Histriones*, from the Tuscan word *Hister*, which signifies a stage-player. From the *Osci*, the original inhabitants of Italy, they shortly after derived the oldest spoken plays, the *Fabulæ Atellanæ*, or *Saturæ;* which were merely improvisatory poems, without any dramatic connection, and which took their name from the town of Atella. Livius Andronicus, himself a Grecian by birth, was the first who substituted regular plays for satires; he lived about five hundred years after the building of Rome; and by him the Grecian tragedy and new comedy were transplanted to Italy; not, however, without alterations, which were suggested either by necessity or caprice. The chorus was driven from the orchestra to the stage; and Livius, "in the monodies (lyrical pieces, which were sung by one person, and not by the chorus), separated the singing from the mimetic dancing, so that the latter only remained to the actor; and, instead of the former, a boy stood beside the flute-player and accompanied him with his voice." Livy says this was done in order to save himself from the fatigue of singing in his own piece. He was frequently encored, and the representation of his canticle or song occasioned a hoarseness, which impeded his further efforts. He therefore trans-

* From *sternere*, to spread or make; and *lectus*, a bed; the statues of the gods being taken from the niches on which they usually stood, and spread out or laid down on beds.

† From the Greek word *scene*, a shady place or arbour, made with branches or boughs of trees, with which the ancients covered their stages.

ferred the singing to a young actor, retaining to himself only the *dancing:* for the interpretation put upon this passage of the historian by Mr. Duclos and Dr. Burney seems more reasonable, than to suppose that the acting was separated from the singing. Hence singing and dancing, which were before united, became two professions. We have no remains of the plays which Livius translated and adapted to the Roman stage; nor do the productions of Nævius or Ennius, Pacuvius or Atticus, nor even those of the Augustan age, except ten tragedies attributed to Seneca, which are unworthy Roman literature, any longer exist. In comedy, we have been more fortunate: Plautus, who flourished about 184 B.C. and Terence, whose era is about twenty-five years later, have, in their works (which, however, are principally translations from Menander), left us a favourable specimen of the efforts of the Roman comic Muse; but, as we have lost the Greek originals, it is impossible for us to tell in what degree they have deteriorated or improved them. Nineteen of the comedies of Plautus have come down to our times; and though much absurdity and obscenity are to be found in them, yet they abound in excellent maxims for the conduct of life, and whilst the dialogue is full of humour, the characters are greatly diversified. The comedies of Terence, however, are superior to those of Plautus; they possess a refinement and delicacy which we look for in vain in the latter, and leave us little to desire. The comedies of Plautus and Terence were Grecian both in costume and manners; but the Romans had also a national comedy, or *comœdiæ togatæ*, so called from the Roman dress being worn by the actors. Afranius is mentioned as a celebrated writer in this walk; but his works are also lost.

Besides tragedy and comedy, the Romans had another species of dramatic performance, called *Mimes*. These were written in verse, and sometimes delivered extempore: the most celebrated authors in this department were Laberius and Syrus, contemporaries of Julius Cæsar; and, though no entire *Mimus* has survived the irruption of the barbarians into the empire, yet we "have still a number of sentences from the *Mimi* of Syrus, which, from their internal worth and elegant conciseness of expression, are deserving of a place by those of Menander." In time, the *Mimi* came to be represented entirely in dumb show; and the actors were most skilful in depicting the various passions of the human heart, and in expressing their thoughts and meaning by gestures, after the manner of our melodramatic and pantomimic actors. Indeed, we are told, that they attained to such dexterity in this art, that, during an exhibition in the reign of Nero, a foreign prince, who was present, was so struck with the ingenuity of one of the performers, that he requested leave from the emperor to convey him to his own country. The Romans were very fond of these amusements; and they were very frequently exhibited. The actors performed barefoot, and were considered, though administering so largely to the entertainment of the Roman people, as a degraded class, and unworthy of the rights of citizenship. Julius Cæsar compelled Laberius to perform in one of his own *Mimi;* a degradation which that author felt most keenly. Julius in-

deed afterwards restored him to his rank; but he was never held in the same estimation by the people. The Emperor Nero used frequently himself to perform in these exhibitions; several of his successors promoted public games and dramatic representations in all the great cities of the empire; and Commodus also appeared on the stage as a singer.

Music played during the whole of the performance, both in the Grecian and Roman theatres. The musician had two flutes, a bass and a treble, which had a certain agreement between them, like our 3ds, 5ths, and octaves. The music was often a prelude to the subject of the play, so that the audience could tell, from hearing the instruments, what the performance was to be. At other times it was adapted to the occasion. If the play was represented at a funeral solemnity, the music was grave and slow; if on a joyful occasion, it was brisk and airy; and for religious incidents, it was made to partake of the nature of both.

A description of a Grecian theatre was quoted from Fosbrooke's *Encyclopædia of Antiquities:* the same writer thus describes a Roman one: "The Roman theatre, as appears from the remains at Pompeii, was of the form of a D. Two lofty arched doorways entered into the pit. In the front of the stage, which is very shallow, is a modern pew-like orchestra. The proscenium is very narrow, and instead of the drop-scene is the *elisium*, a house, narrow, with a kind of bow-window front in the centre, and a door on each side; for Pollux says, that a house with two stories formed part of the stage, where old women and panders used to look down and peep about them. Within the house were apartments. Around the back of the stage was a porticus. At Herculaneum, on a balustrade, which divided the orchestra from the stage, was found a row of statues, and on each side of the pulpitium, an equestrian figure. Below the theatres was a large square, constructed for the reception of the audience in bad weather. It consisted of Doric columns, around an open area, forming an ample portico for this purpose. An inner logia was connected with a suite of apartments. There was also an exedra, or recess."

Both the Romans and Grecians were most sumptuous in the decorations and machinery of their theatres. They spared no expense to give effect to the performance, and their theatrical pageants approached much nearer to real life than any thing that can be produced on the modern stage. At first the scenery consisted of mere boughs, but afterwards they were constructed of tapestry. "To form parts of the scenes, there were prisms of frame-work, turning upon pivots, upon each face of which was stained a distinct picture, one for tragedy, consisting of large buildings, with columns, statues, and other corresponding ornaments; a second face, with houses, windows, and balconies, for comedy; a third applied to farce, with cottages, grottoes, and rural scenes." "Besides these, there were *scenæ ductiles*, which drew backwards and forwards, like ours, and opened a view of the house, which was built upon the stage, and contained apartments for machinery or retirement of the actors*." They had also their trap-doors, machinery for thunder and lightning, and for ascending

* Fosbrooke.

and descending in the air, as we have at this day.

Amongst the Grecians, the profession of an actor was uniformly held in high honour and estimation. Thespis and Æschylus were, like Shakspeare, performers in their own pieces; and at Athens the actors were always persons of good birth and education. Cornelius Nepos informs us, that poets, orators, and even princes, did not disdain to appear on the stage. In Rome, at first the profession appears to have been considered no degradation, as youth of noble parentage were often to be found amongst the *histriones;* but probably from the licentious characters of the actors, or from classing, as Sir Walter Scott suggests, the elegant amusement of the drama with those of the circus and the amphitheatre, which were performed by slaves and gladiators, a change was introduced from the ancient Grecian practice, which is still felt in every country in Europe, the actor being still, as it were, the member of a prescribed class, still considered as little better than a rogue and vagabond by those to whose amusement he so largely contributes. "The ancient Romans," says Augustine, "accounting the act of stage-playing and the whole scene infamous, ordained that this sort of men should not only want the honour of other citizens, but also be disfranchised, and thrust out of their tribe by a legal and disgraceful censure, which the censors were to execute; because they would not suffer their vulgar sort of people, much less their senators, to be defamed, disgraced, or defiled with stage-players;" which act of theirs, with something of puritanical prejudice, he calls "an excellent true Roman prudence, to be enumerated among the Romans' praises."

Those who appeared on the stage were accounted unworthy and disgraced, and publicly proclaimed so by a prætor's edict. The youth of Rome, however, were excepted who continued to perform the *Fabulæ Atellanæ;* and notwithstanding the unjust proscription of the actors, several of them rose to high eminence; and the names of Roscius and Esopus and Paris are as familiar to classic readers, as those of Garrick or of Kemble to our English ears.

In the reign of Tiberius, in consequence of the factions created by enthusiastic partizans of particular actors, the players were banished from Rome; and to this circumstance is attributed the extinction of the regular drama in that city. The progress of Christianity was also unfavourable to the theatre. The primitive Christians regarded it with a double dislike: first, upon account of its origin, as connected with heathen superstition; and, secondly, for "the beastly and abominable license practised in the pantomimes, which, although they formed no part of the regular drama, were presented nevertheless in the same places, and before the same audience."

"We avoid your shows and games," says Tertullian, "because we doubt the warrant of their origin. They savour of superstition and idolatry; and we dislike the entertainment, as abhorring the heathen religion, on which it is founded." These exhibitions, however, were never formally abolished, even when Christianity became the religion of the state*. Ter-

* See the article *Drama*, in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by Sir Walter Scott.

tullian and St. Augustine both speak of scenic representations as common in their time, under the distinct characters of tragedy and comedy; and although condemned by the church, and abhorred by the more strict Christians, the ancient theatre still continued to exist.

What, however, religion did not effect, barbarism and war and intestine division succeeded in accomplishing. By the invasions of the northern nations, and the domestic feuds which distracted the Roman empire, the amusements of the theatre, as well as those of the amphitheatre, were banished from the cities and the towns. The *mimi* were the last who quitted the stage; and these became so low and degenerate as to stroll from town to town, representing the most contemptible and low buffooneries. They itinerated from place to place, and spread over a great part of Europe. In this country they were known by the name of *mummers*, and they were suppressed by Edward III. Thus the stage declined; and, what is most to be lamented, the works of the Grecian and Roman dramatic poets, except the few we have mentioned, were lost in the vortex which absorbed every thing that was great and good and praiseworthy, and paved the way for what have justly been styled the dark ages; the Mysteries of which first introduced the modern drama, mingled with superstitious rites. But here I break off: it was a necessary prelude to the History of the Drama in England, to trace its origin in the classic ages, and to note its decline in those of barbarism; and I now proceed to describe the Rise and Progress of the English Stage.

AN ARMENIAN BETROTHMENT.

From *the Hon.* G. KEPPEL's *Narrative of a Journey from India to England.*

OUR travelling party went this afternoon to the house of an Armenian named Parsigh (the head dragoman of the British factory), for the purpose of being present at the ceremony of his betrothment to an Armenian lady whom he had never seen, now resident at Bushire. We were admitted into a long narrow apartment, fitted up in the Turkish style, where we found, seated with their backs to the wall, fifty Armenian ladies, who rose on our approach. At the top of the room was the *nishaun*, or betrothing present, consisting of a bottle of rose-water, sugar-candy, and oranges covered with gold-leaf; over the *nishaun* were thrown two or three embroidered scarfs. The Armenian bishop, accompanied by two priests, now entered the room, carrying wax-candles ornamented with gold-leaf. Their dress was simple and uniform, being merely loose black robes, clasped in front with a small silver crucifix. Their heads were shaved, with the exception of the crown, thus completely reversing the mode of tonsure practised by the Roman Catholic clergy. An officiating priest brought in a glass of wine, over which the bishop waved the crucifix, and dropped in a diamond-ring. Chapters from the Old and New Testament were then chaunted by the bishop and priests.

This ceremony of betrothing only takes place when the parties are at a

distance from each other. In this instance, the *nishaun* and ring are to be forwarded to the betrothed at Bushire. When the ceremony was over, we retired to another room to dine. Amongst a great variety of dishes, I recognised many of those mentioned in the Arabian Nights, in the imaginary feast of Hindbad the porter with the merry Barmecide lord. After dinner one of our party proposed the health of the bride elect, which was drunk with three times three, to the astonishment of our host, who did not know what to make of our noisy civilities; but as we were rulers at the feast we had it all our own way, and amused ourselves with joking the future bridegroom on the fertile subject of matrimony. In this we were joined by his relations, while the subject of our merriment sate blushing and smiling with all becoming modesty.

In the course of the evening one of the relations sang a song, with a loud nasal twang, to our national air of "God save the King." In the midst of this revelry, attracted by the sounds of music, we stole on to a terrace, where we found all the circles, with a slow measured step, with their little fingers linked together. This dance is the Romaic, which I have myself frequently danced in the Ionian Islands, and which is accurately described by Lord Byron:

"A group of Grecian girls,
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls,
Link'd hand in hand and dancing."

Two very pretty girls, with their hair neatly plaited down their backs, then danced a *pas de deux*. The step, though slow, was not deficient in grace. The females that we saw were handsome. Their hair, from the straggling specimens which escaped from out the handkerchief, appeared to be generally of a beautiful auburn. Of their figures no correct opinion could be formed, from the disadvantageous shape of a dress consisting of loose quilted robes, open in front so as to leave the chest quite exposed, and a large scarf tied negligently about the hips.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXVII.

Present, the VICAR, *Mr.* APATHY, *Mr.* MONTAGUE, *Mr.* MATHEWS, *and* REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

The Vicar. A MARVELLOUSLY small party to-night! the rest of our "Coterie" are dispersed in different directions, and playing their vagaries in some other locality than my study.

Reginald. Talking of vagaries, how like you Pierce Shafton's *Vagaries in Quest of the Wild and Whimsical?* a copy of which has only just reached me.

The Vicar. Why they contain some pleasing and innocent light reading; rather creditable than not to the author's talent. He is a poetizer as well as a proser; and sooth to say, some of his little effusions are not destitute of genius.

Reginald. I think his Address to the Soul decidedly good:

Life of this senseless clay, which but for thee
More vile, more worthless, and more foul would be
Than the ne'er-breathing earth on which we tread!
Sun of the human system! god of all,
Save what the Maker deigns his own to call!
Soul of this body! thought's clear fountain-head!

Oh! how in vain is thy rich glory shed
On beings cold and thankless as the dead!
There is no hour that might not shine with thee;
There is no point that fairy's eye can see,
Which on thy vigorous wing we might not gain,
Would we but wrench the sullying bonds in twain,
Which grief and sloth and sin have link'd together,
Making our days one night, one year of wintry weather.

And the following lines evince every mark of genius:

I WAS SAD.

I was sad in the days of my youth,
In the fresh-glowing morn of my life,
When around was all kindness and truth,
And I dreamt not of sorrow or strife.
There was all I could wish for on earth,
But my heart was on something above;
There was food for its wonder and mirth,
And for all of its feelings but love.

And the days of my youth are gone by,
And the hope that illum'd them is fled,
Like the hues of the sunset, which die
When the soul of their brightness is dead.
And now would I fain be at rest;
But I have not the wings of a dove;
And the grave's but a desolate nest,
When we fly not to any we love.

Mr. Montague. I recognise old acquaintance in several of the pieces.

Reginald. Yes; many of them have appeared in a well-conducted periodical, *The Literary Magnet.* Pierce is a contributor to that work; and his essays, &c. are amongst some of the best in the very able papers which form the monthly bill of fare of the editor.

Mr. Apathy. I have been reading *The Zenana, or a Nuwab's Leisure Hours;* a pleasing collection of tales, illustrative of Eastern life and manners, something after the manner of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The fiction which is made use of for introducing these tales is an ingenious one. A Persian captive, Zeefa, has attracted the notice and inspired the love of the Nuwab, or viceroy of Surat. The lady loves another; and being ignorant of his destiny, invents a number of expedients to delay her nuptials with the Nuwab, amongst which is that of having the heads of every profession in the city brought before the Nuwab, for the purpose of reciting some tale or adventure, the unfortunate wight whose tale possesses the least interest to be punished with death. The tales are all full of vivid interest, and the volumes are well calculated to afford amusement.

The Vicar. What is this *Crockford-House, a Rhapsody?*

Reginald. Oh, a humorous poem by Luttrell, descriptive of the presiding deity and of the recreations at one of the fashionable gaming-houses. Whatever Luttrell writes is always worth reading. The following is a specimen of his easy slip-shod rhyme, which is yet, easy as it seems, extremely difficult to hit off:

Crockford—but some gawk or quiz
Here may ask, who Crockford is?
Who, forsooth! The trump of Fame
Seldom celebrates a name
Through the country, or in town,
Of more exquisite renown.
All his coaxing manners praise,
All confess his *winning* ways.
Though 'tis plainly seen with one eye
He's a dab at making money,
Still his taste (one must commend it),
Next to getting, is to spend it.
Let them hoard their coin who love it,
Crockford has a soul above it.
Reckless he of *cons* and *pros*,
Lightly as it comes it goes,
Still ungrudged and unrepented,
So his *members* are contented.

He can boast of many debtors,
Every one among his *bette s*,
Never of a score afraid,
Always "blushing to be paid,"
'Tis a luxury to owe him:
None, if happening not to know him,
None their ignorance should own,
Arguing themselves unknown.

They, perhaps, who love him, wish
He had never dealt in *fish*;
But, excepting when he nabs
Higher prey, by means of *crabs**,
Ne'er he'll deal in it again,
Fisher *now* become of men;
One who still, I own it freely,
Hooks and nets them most genteelly,
That they feel it, as they ought,
Quite a pleasure to be caught.
There. You have your answer, quiz;
Now, you know who Crockford is.

Mr. Mathews. There's a description of the supper given by the hero of the poem, written in a vein of gaiety and ease:

Midnight sounds!—'Tis twelve o'clock!
See, like pigeons, how they flock
From the opera, or the play,
Or from t'other side the way.
Some, when gossip scarce requites
Those who linger there, from *White's*;
Others, little to the cook's ease,
From *the Travellers'* or *Brooks's*.
Pleased they ply the four-pronged fork,
Pleased they free the fettered cork,
Where, in rich abundance stored,
Every dainty crowns the board,
Heaped together, to entice
Squeamish tastes, at any price.

Some their hunger ill conceal,
Bent upon a solid meal.
Others carelessly discuss
Early peas or 'sparagus;
'Sparagus, which, passion-stricken
For the young and tender chicken,
And, by pitying knife set free
From the fields of Battersea,
Crowd, in hundreds, to be near
What they love so fondly, here.

Some, to slake their glass of sherry,
Dally with the hot-house cherry;
Some at strawberries take their fling,
Which the stout-built wenches bring,
While their arms in cadence swing;
While with firm yet cautious tread,
Nicely balanced on her head,
Each conveys her fragrant load
Safe along the Brentford-road.

Scarcely could the *gourmand* wish,
Or imagine any dish,
But 'twas here, at the command
Of his eager eyes and hand;
While Champagne, in close array,
Pride of *Rheims* and *Epernay*,
Not in bottles, but in dozens,
(Think of *that*, ye country cousins!)
Stood, of every growth and price,
"Peeping forth" its tubs of ice.

* By means of the *deuce-ace*.

Mr. Apathy. Such a description makes me long to be present at these *petit-soupers:* Luttrell writes with as much *gout* about the delicacies at Crockfield's as Kit North, the Shepherd, and Tickler talk of their oysters and glenlivet, in the delightful *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, decidedly the most successful attempts at sprightly and familiar dialogue the present generation has produced.

Reginald. Come, I am glad to find you giving Blackwood credit for ability, if you cannot agree with him in principle. That is not a very prevalent line of conduct with the liberal sect to which you belong: but I see you are ready "to do battle" with me, and I positively will not enter into a discussion on the subject to-night: so let's call up another topic. Have you seen *Scenes and Occurrences in Albany and Caffer-Land?*

Mr. Apathy. Yes; it is a curiously written book: the author is evidently a young hand, who handles his pen as awkwardly as a raw recruit would a musket. Yet there is mettle in him; and his book will amuse a dull half hour very well.

The Vicar. The Living and the Dead, though not generally friendly to works which treat of religion in the garb of fiction, is one that I think may be read with profit, and afford instruction as well as amusement.

Reginald. The author wanders, without much method, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" sometimes he trifles, at others preaches, but all "soberly," as Lady Grace says, and agreeably. An hour may be spent in a way much less pleasant-

ly than in devoting it to a perusal of *Living and Dead*, by a country curate.

Mr. Montague. The particulars he relates of Lord and Lady Byron, and the hints thrown out relative to the memoirs of the former, are not without interest, if they are authentic: but of course the great evil in the case of anonymous writers is, that you cannot vouch for the accuracy of their details, where they allude to matters of fact. It is affirmed, that large portions of Lord Byron's memoirs are still in existence: I have heard the same thing from other quarters; and whether the copy which Lady Burghersh avowedly took, but which was destroyed in the presence of Mr. Moore, was the only one taken, when he lent the work to that lady for perusal, is not yet decidedly ascertained, though probably no distant day will set the question at rest.

Reginald. I was pleased with the notice of Lord Byron's daughter. It is put into the mouth of a lady, who had been on a visit to Lady Byron;

Her daughter, Ada Byron, to whom such a touching interest attaches, strongly resembles her gifted father. There is, in particular, an expression about the mouth—a curl, when she is displeased, in her youthful lip—a fire and *fierté* in her eye—which those who had ever an opportunity of watching the poet's features in a moment of irritation, would instantly recognise. The likeness is singularly striking. It is hardly fair to judge of her at such tender years; but I thought I discovered germs of talent, and, shall I add? a spice of Lord Byron's disposition—a large leaven of self-indulgence and self-will. Lady Byron was passionately attached to her, and paid the most vigilant attention to those grand essentials in a woman's happiness, temper and disposition. There was one thing, in particular, which struck me very forcibly. It is a rule worthy the adoption of every mother. I had dined alone with Sir Ralph and herself; little Ada was with us at tea; but, at its conclusion, Lady Byron rose and said, "You must excuse me: I always give an hour to my daughter every night before she goes to bed, when we talk over the events of the day. I find it by far the best hour in the twenty-four for affecting and correcting the heart."

The Vicar. A most praiseworthy custom; and one which, if judiciously employed, cannot fail to lead to good.

Mr. Montague. It was once the complaint that military men would not write; and thus, it was said, we were left without the best accounts we could possibly have had of the war, and the transactions of that momentous period when the fate of nations hung suspended upon the event of a battle; and when the account of an "Extraordinary Gazette" excited a more stirring sensation in the multitude of English hearts which beat high for the honour of their country, than even the announcement of a miser's death to the expectant heir. That reproach, however, if it were one, is wearing away. We have now works from the pens of military men of all ranks and degrees; and a new one has been sent me by my bookseller, entitled *Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula during the War of* 1812-1813, by an officer late in the staff corps of regimental cavalry.

Reginald. Which officer, by the bye, is not exactly a military man, being attached to the commissariat, a sort of civil appendage to the army: but his book is a very amusing one. It consists of a series of letters, written at the time and upon the scene

of his adventures, and addressed to a friend in England, by whose death they have reverted to the author, and, through the agency of Mr. Murray, become the property of the public. There are some amusing anecdotes in the book; the personal adventures are well told, in a light and piquant style, which, without attaching too much importance to the events and incidents, makes them sufficiently agreeable for perusal. A few brief passages will serve for examples. At Amaranthe the writer was billeted on a convent. He thus describes his temporary abode and the town itself: On presenting his billet to a friar, who was enjoying the cool air at one of the small entrances of the building, he directed him to repair to an arched gateway, which, he said, should be opened as soon as the prior had given his sanction.

In a few minutes (he goes on) the great gates were drawn back, and another friar with a blazing torch in his hand presented himself as my conductor through a dreary descending passage, from the roof of which the damp was trickling fast, and which led to an inner court, where the convent-stables were. The prior soon made his appearance, and gave me a cordial welcome. I thought him, and still think him, to be the only Portuguese gentleman I have met with. Our conversation, owing to my meagre knowledge of the language, would have been very limited, had I not been able to scribble a little bad Latin on my memorandum-tables, to which he replied. The fraternity had taken their repast before I arrived, and the greater part had already retired to their cells. Descending to the refectory, I was presented with water in a silver bason; which custom, previous to sitting down to table, is universal in all good families. A civet of hare, roast partridges, and old wine, were duly appreciated, you may be sure, after a sufficiently long fast. In the morning, I found in readiness a regular English breakfast; viz. tea, coffee, with eggs and cold meat. After this, the prior was obliging enough to shew me over the convent. The founder of this religious house was St. Domingos. The corridors and dormitories are spacious, and, though of no order in architecture, are pleasing and striking. The church, in its exterior view, is disfigured by a conical dome roofed with tiles of a bright red colour, and which gives to the whole a sort of Oriental appearance. The convent-library is very indifferent. Soult, who is a bibliomaniac as well as Junot, had despoiled it of its most valuable books. The only ones which I saw worth coveting were a splendid History of St. Domingos, the founder, and the works of one Jerome Ossona, a learned prelate of the sixteenth century, who is proudly designated the Portuguese Cicero. Besides being a very great theologian, he was so good a patriot, that when the death of his sovereign, Sebastian, and the total overthrow of his army by the Moors at the battle of Alcasor, was announced as he was giving a lecture to the students of Coimbra university, like Eli, the judge of Israel, he fell backwards and immediately expired.

The town of Amaranthe is on the banks of a beautiful stream, called the Tamega, which is crossed by a remarkably neat bridge, within sight of the convent-gate. It has derived its name of Amaranthe from the Lamarantini, who were anciently settled here. Previously to quitting the convent I paid a visit to the kitchen, where such substantial preparations were going forward as fully asserted the claim of its hospitable inmates to the title of *bons-vivans*. Through the centre of the kitchen flowed a stream of water, grated at both ends, in which some fine carp were enjoying themselves during the short time they had to live.

The cooks were all friars of subordinate degree, and the effect of seeing these unshod sons of St. Domingos go through the manual exercise of the culinary art was irresistibly comic. As I mounted my horse, the waiting friar above-mentioned stood at the portal, and softly ejaculated, "Pel' amor de Deos." The hint was necessary, as I should never have presumed to insult the dignity of the order by depositing my mite with one of the meanest of its sons. I slipped a dollar into the friar's hand, received a flood of benedictions, and rode forwards.

Mr. Apathy. Lively and piquant; it is that species of easy reading which I think the Quarterly Reviewers call very hard writing; and, in truth, it is so difficult, that few of those who have the *cacöethes scribendi* most strongly upon them, can achieve the mastery of a style, which can be read off hand, as it were, and to understand which it is not necessary to recur to the dictionary every tenth word.

Reginald. Speaking is near akin to reading; and the author thus describes, and I think, justly, the effect of hearing the Spanish and Portuguese languages spoken by natives:

Here (*i. e.* at Almeida) I had an opportunity of comparing the two languages as far as regards the *sound*, being content to catch a tithe of the *sense*. There were at table officers of distinguished rank, as well Portuguese as Spanish. In hearing the language of the first spoken without understanding what is said, the temptation to laugh is irresistible, at least I found it so. Not so with the Spanish, which is grand and sonorous, and seems to confer an elevation of character upon the speaker. A Portuguese, besides his grimaces and high and low tones, is dilatory and even drawling in his speech; the Spaniard, prompt, energetic, and precise.

The Vicar. There is much truth in that remark: the same thing struck me on dining with a Spanish and Portuguese gentleman at the home of our mutual friend, H. the last time I was in town. But go on.

Reginald. Here is a most admirably characteristic anecdote of General Picton:

In the battle of Vittoria, Picton did not think that such a post was assigned to his troops as their oft-tried valour seemed to challenge. An aide-de-camp of Lord Wellington, riding up to him shortly after the engagement was begun, and about the time Lord Dalhousie was expected to debouche, inquired of the general, "Whether he had seen his lordship?"—Picton's voice was never very musical, and on this occasion it was absolutely hoarse.—"No, sir," was the reply, "I have not seen him: but have you any orders for me, sir?"—"None," said the aide-de-camp.—"Then, pray, sir, what are the orders you bring?"—"That as soon as Lord Dalhousie shall commence an attack upon that bridge, the fourth and sixth divisions are to support him."—Picton, drawing himself up and putting his arms a-kimbo, then said, "You may tell Lord Wellington from me, sir, that the third division, under my command, shall, in less than ten minutes, attack the bridge and *carry* it, and the fourth and sixth divisions may support if they choose!" Upon this the gallant general mounted his horse, and putting himself at the head of his troops, waved his hat, and led them on to the charge with the bland compellations of "Come on, ye rascals! Come on, ye fighting villains!" The bridge was carried in a few minutes. These particulars I had from Colonel ——, who was badly wounded in the battle, and is at present laid up in Vittoria.

Mr. Montague. That is so like that brave and gallant fellow.

Reginald. Yes; it was Picton all

over, who was as good a soldier as ever cried "Forward!" to a band of gallant hearts, panting for victory. But here is an extract of a different description, the account of some of the religious ceremonies of the Portuguese:

In the afternoon this solemn mockery began. The military being drawn up on each side of the street, a herald led the way, bearing a Roman standard, with the letters S. P. Q. R. He was followed by a miserable-looking naked wretch, flogging himself with thongs of twisted leather. Then came after him two more in as shameful a state of nudity, dragging massy chains, which were riveted on their ankles. A fourth followed, walking backwards, holding a naked sword between his teeth, and smiting himself with the blades of other two, having one in each hand. Next came a cross of prodigious size, borne by four penitents, and followed by a supported figure in wax, representing our Saviour. Behind him crept two naked wretches on all-fours, bedaubing themselves with the mud of the streets. Next came forward a number of children, gaily dressed out, powdered, frizzled, profusely painted, and having wings appended to their shoulders. These represented angels, and preceded the Gouvernador do Bispado, who advanced beneath a gorgeous canopy of silk, supported by two priests of inferior rank. The military governor, in a suit of sable, closed the procession, followed by the ecclesiastics of the town and a company of militia.

On Easter-Monday the women are accustomed to assemble in the streets, each bringing with her an earthen pan and a small stick. One of them is blindfolded, and being armed with a cudgel, tries to "romper as panellas," which the rest of the party din about her ears. The consequence is, that not only a great many pans are broken, but a great many heads also, which, of course, adds considerably to the festivity of the occasion. In the afternoon, figures of men, stuffed with straw and clothed in rags, are suspended in different parts of the town. These are all representatives of the traitor Judas; and, after being heartily pelted and execrated by the boys during the day, are at night committed to the flames.

And now I shut the book.

Mr. Apathy. I should like, Reginald, to direct your attention to this first part of a work devoted to the beauties of our county. *Yorkshire Scenery,* by my worthy friend Rhodes, is a just tribute to this important part of the kingdom, and ought to be patronised and encouraged by every Yorkshireman.

Reginald. Some spirit-stirring associations are awakened by the subjects on which Rhodes has employed his pen and his pencil in this first part. Conisbrough Castle recalls to our recollection the scenes sketched by the magic pen of Scott; and though I do not believe Athelstan ever resided within its walls, yet there are other circumstances that impart deep interest to the account of it. Tickhill Castle is another ruin to which considerable interest and no small share of importance are attached. Tickhill was given, together with forty-six mansions, by William the Norman to Roger de Bush, one of those knights who followed his fortunes when he invaded England. Roger "built the castle, surrounded the walls with a moat, and, on an elevated mound, erected with great labour and expense, he built a formidable keep, and established around it a fortress of considerable strength. His name was identified with the whole of this part of the country." This fortress was dismantled by order of the repub-

lican Parliament in the days of Charles I. and is now held by the Earl of Scarborough, on lease from the crown.

Mr. Apathy. And near it resides a veteran in literature, whom Mr. Rhodes visited, John Bigland, and of whom he gives the following account:

We found him (he says) in his garden, rearing flowers and cultivating vegetables. This veteran author lives a life of patriarchal simplicity, systematically dividing his hours between his books and his garden. Far the greater part of his life has been spent in the occupation of a schoolmaster in various parts of Yorkshire, and at no very remote distance from the village of Skirbaugh, in Holdernesse, the place of his birth. The pupils whose education he undertook were generally village-boys, who were taught reading and writing and some of the first rules of arithmetic, and were then sent from the school to the plough. Such an employment was far from profitable, but Mr. Bigland knew how to live upon little, and he continued to plod on from manhood to a maturer age without the hope of bettering his condition. Under these circumstances, and when

"Never heard of half a mile from home,"

he became an author, and published his first work in the year 1803. This was a *Treatise on the Ascension*, a subject which had long occupied his attention, and which he originally composed, not with a view to publication, but for the purpose of combating his own scepticism, and establishing his faith by incontrovertible deductions. This done, he committed his reflections to the public, not with the vain hope of attaining literary honours, but of convincing others as he himself had been convinced. The success of this little volume, and the flattering commendations bestowed upon it, made the writer of more consequence, both in his own estimation and in the estimation of others; and he shortly afterwards published his *Letters on Ancient and Modern History*. This second work of Bigland's was not only well received, but honoured with high and deserved approbation. His *Letters on the Political Aspect of Europe* succeeded; and from this time he became an author by profession.

Reginald. Bigland is one of my favourites, and I am happy Rhodes has made such honourable mention of him.

The Vicar. Mr. Buckingham has published another volume of Travels, more interesting, I think, than the last. Mesopotamia is not very well known, few travellers have penetrated into this region, which has an interest attached to it from being the scene of the retreat of the ten thousand, as well as of many of the exploits of Alexander. Mr. Buckingham should have travelled with more leisure, to enable him to have described it properly; and therefore, though we may rely on what he narrates as falling immediately under his own observation, we cannot as implicitly confide in other parts of his work. The country is infested with robbers, Yezeedis, or the Children of the Devil, as they call themselves, and travelling therein is not a very pleasant employment.

Reginald. The manners and customs of the people of the Asiatic provinces which Mr. Buckingham has visited, afford a fine field for investigation; and Mr. Buckingham has, in general, done justice to his subject.

The Turcomans (he tells us), on the borders of Turkey, seem to hold the same position as the Bedouins on the borders of Syria. They dwell chiefly in

the plains south of the range of Mount Taurus, and extend from the seacoast near Antioch, to the border of the Euphrates. They are, however, more wealthy than the Arabs, from having richer pastures and more numerous flocks, and from being cultivators as well as shepherds. They are, therefore, also more fixed in their stations, and live both in tents and villages. There are among them peculiar tribes as among the Arabs, some remaining almost stationary, and others mounted on fleet mares, scouring the plains, and living more by depredations on caravans and even on single passengers, than by agriculture or pastoral labours.

The Vicar. As of old, these people still consider it as a disgrace for a female to be seen talking to her affianced lover in the public streets till they are married. Mr. Buckingham relates a very tragical story, though it ended happily at last, connected with this custom. Two young persons of the same tribe were, with the knowledge and consent of all their friends, betrothed to each other. One evening they accidentally met, just spoke to each other, and were passing on; when the brothers of the girl saw them, rushed out, fired at their sister, who received five balls in her body, and they then mangled her with their daggers. Fortunately, the young man escaped, and returning with a party to recover the body of his love, he found her still breathing; and she finally recovered, was married, and had a large family of children.

Mr. Montague. Shocking prejudice!

Reginald. Horrible, indeed! but let us hope such scenes rarely occur.

Mr. Apathy. How did Mr. Buckingham travel?

The Vicar. With a caravan; and the following was the mode of their living:

As we were now reduced to our own resources, our supper consisted of boiled wheat, warm bread, baked on a fire of camel's dung and steeped in clear melted butter, and some wild herbs gathered from among the grass around us. This was followed by a pipe and a cup of coffee; and afterwards, about an ounce of brown sugar made into a hard round cake was served to us out of a little tin case. This was the travelling fare of one of the richest merchants of Mousul, who had property to the amount of ten or fifteen thousand pounds sterling, in money and goods, embarked in the caravan.

Mr. Montague. "After all, 'tis the pleasantest way" to live and die in Old England. Travelling or not, we have comforts here that no other country can match; and as for me, I shall be inclined to stick by the old vessel till my timbers or hers part asunder, and one or both of us founder in the ocean of eternity.

Reginald. "That is a vile phrase!" as the chamberlain of Denmark would have it. Prithee think there are livers out of Britain, and pleasant travelling in other countries besides our own.

Mr. Apathy. What! you, Reginald, turned heretic, and censuring those who deem that in England alone true happiness and true delight can be found? you, whom I have heard a hundred times declare, that the Englishman who did not love his native land better than any other country in the world is not only a knave, but a fool?

Reginald. And I still adhere to my creed; still love my father-land better, far better, than the sunny vales of Italia, or the vine-clad hills of France; and, like my friend Mon-

tague, I will live and die by the good tight vessel: but there are things worth seeing out of England.

The Vicar. Aye, even in Lapland. Mr. Capel Brooke has just published a most entertaining volume of travels in that country and Sweden, from which I have derived much amusement and no small share of information.

Reginald. Captain Brooke's *Winter in Lapland* is not inferior in interest to his former volume, in which he describes a summer in those northern regions; regions so inhospitable in climate, and, apparently, so rude in all the productions of nature and art, that they afford little inducement to the mere traveller for amusement: yet, to the observant inspector of men and manners, they are pregnant with matter, and afford most abundant food for meditation.

The Vicar. It is curious to witness the modes of living adopted by people so remote from the centre of civilization, and so destitute of the facilities to speed the acquirements of science, which are possessed in so much abundance by their brethren of the south. I should like a voyage to Lapland myself; but as it is rather too late in life for me to become a rover, Captain Brooke's narrative proves an admirable succedaneum for a personal visit.

Reginald. The northern nations appear to possess many common characteristics; and they have a great resemblance to our Saxon ancestors in many of their customs, particularly in their attachment to good cheer and hilarity. The Fins are as fond of smoking as the Hollanders, and drink punch as naturally as if they had been accustomed to it from their cradle: they are hearty convivial fellows, one of whom would drink as much at a sitting as would lay two or three men in England under the table. They are an hospitable race, too, and hospitality is a quality which, after all, exists in its greatest perfection, if not in an absolutely savage state, certainly in that condition which is about midway removed from barbarism and civilization.

The Vicar. Mr. Brooke notices the hospitality of the Fins, and tells us that it is the custom in Finmark, and, he believes, in other parts of Norway, for the females of the family to attend upon their guests. This was the custom also among the Celts and Gauls.

Mr. Montague. And it is a very pleasant custom, too, where the servants are such dirty dingy dowdies as they are in most parts of the north.

Reginald. The female servants are miserably off in that part of the world. Captain Brooke says,

> The dirty appearance of this numerous and useful class, and their degraded condition, are in the highest degree distressing, and but ill accord with the manly spirit in other respects so observable in the Norwegians. Who, that has a grain of spirit, can see, without indignation, a young and willing female toiling the whole day long, her clothes of the very coarsest materials, black from filth and wear, performing the drudgery of a man; and at night, instead of enjoying the comfort of a bed, after her daily task is done, left to get what repose she can upon a bench, or even the floor, without being able to take off her clothes? This is the general state of the women-servants, in many parts of Norway at least, which, from repeated experience, I am able to testify.

The Vicar. But if the female servants stand thus low in the scale of

society, the "highest class of females, the wives and daughters of the merchants of Finmark, are the best and most notable housewives in the world," in Mr. Brooke's opinion. He attributes this "to their constant practice of undertaking the management of every thing; being themselves the cook, and performing a hundred different offices, which, in other countries, would be intrusted to a domestic."

Reginald. The Fins—the higher classes at least—lead a most luxurious life. They take coffee in bed, which is brought to them by a young lady of the house; they breakfast, an hour after they rise, upon hashed or roast meat, either reindeer or mutton; take dinner at one o'clock, and supper at seven, both substantial meals. The Laps live on their reindeer, which furnish them with milk and cheese in summer, and venison in winter: they form their sole riches; a herd of three hundred to five hundred makes a Laplander a comfortable man; one thousand or fifteen hundred, a wealthy one. They are a different race from the Fins, and possess few desires for intellectual amusements, having neither poetry nor music, whilst the Fins have both.

The Vicar. Mr. Bowring should give us some specimens of Finnish poetry; we are much indebted to him for what he has already done to bring us acquainted with the poetry of the ruder nations of Europe; his *Russian Anthology* is a curious book; so are his translations from the Dutch poets—a nation amongst whom I should as soon have thought to find a man who could not smoke, as a poet; his *Servian Popular Poetry*, also just published, is a valuable addition to our literature.

Reginald. I recollect an admirable article in the *Quarterly* on the subject of *Servian Minstrelsy*, to which public attention was excited by the mention, in the *Hungarisches Magazin*, of the existence, in the Servian language, of a number of ballads, historical, romantic, and religious, capable of exciting as spirit-stirring associations as the "'Cancioneros' of Spain, our own 'Minstrelsies,' and the northern 'Kiœmpe Viser.'" That this praise is not improperly bestowed, the specimens in the *Quarterly*, and those in Mr. Bowring's volume, fully prove.

The Vicar. The translations appear to be very faithfully made: in most of them Mr. Bowring has rejected the shackles of rhyme, which enables him to adhere more closely to the original, and to present a more faithful picture of the manners and customs of the Servians, of which he gives us, as it were, the very form and body. To our English ears, the absence of rhyme is, at first, a disadvantage; but we soon become reconciled to the want of it, on reading a few of the specimens.

Reginald. Some of the translations are in rhyme, and the versification is very harmonious; for instance,

HEROES SERVED.

Upon the silent Danube's shore,
When ev'ning wastes, 'tis sweet to see
(Their golden wine-cups flowing o'er,)
Our heroes in their revelry.

A youthful beauty pours the wine,
And each will pledge a cup to her;
And each of charms that seem divine
Would fain become a worshipper.

"Nay, heroes, nay!" the virgin cried,
"My service—not my love—I give:
For one alone—for none beside,
For one alone I love and live!"

The Vicar. Yes, that is freely and spiritedly translated. But, without the rhyming termination, there are some equally pleasing. Take

THOUGHTS OF A MOTHER.

Lo! a fir-tree towers o'er Sarajevo,
Spreads o'er half the face of Sarajevo—
Rises up to heaven from Sarajevo:
Brothers and half-sisters there were seated;
And the brother cuts a silken garment,
Which he holds, and questions thus his sister:

"Brother's wife! thou sweet and lovely
dowelet!
Wherefore art thou looking at the fir-tree?
Art thou rather dreaming of the poplar,
Or art thinking of my absent brother?"

To her brother thus the lady answered:
"Golden ring of mine! my husband's bro
ther!
Not about the fir-tree was I dreaming,
Nor the noble stem of lofty poplar;
Neither was I dreaming of my brother,
I was thinking of my only mother:
She with sugar and with honey rear'd me;
She for me the red wine pour'd at even,
And at midnight gave the sweet metheglin;
In the morning milk, with spirit chasten'd,
So to give me cheeks of rose and lily;
And with gentle messages she wak'd me,
That her child might grow both tall and slen-
der."

Mr. Apathy. They are sweetly flowing lines, and give a very favourble idea of "The Popular Poetry" of the Servians.

Mr. Montague. From poetry to physic is an alliterative translation. Have you seen the *Gold-headed Cane?*

Reginald. Yes; and a very clever sketch, or rather series of sketches, it is.

The Vicar. What does it relate to?

Reginald. It appears that "a short time before the opening of the new College of Physicians, Mrs. Baillie presented to that learned body a gold-headed cane, which had been successively carried by Drs. Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and her own lamented husband." This gold-headed cane gives the history of its successive masters; and I assure you, as a biographer, the "Cane" is exceeded by few of its living contemporaries. It is, in fact, a most pleasantly written book; which, if you have not seen, I recommend you to procure and read with all convenient speed.

The Vicar. I will read it as soon as I have got through *The Voyage of his Majesty's Ship Blonde to the Sandwich Islands;* which, although not particularly new in its information, is yet agreeably written, and the particulars it gives of the late king and queen of those islands, who visited England and died here, are very interesting.

Reginald. Mrs. Maria Grahame is the editor or *editress:* it is compiled from the papers of the officers, and is no discredit to the talents for authorship—perhaps, in this instance, you would say mere book-making—of that fair lady.

Mr. Apathy. The most amusing book I have met with lately is *Nugæ Canoræ*, a series of sketches and anecdotes of eminent medical men. Some of the latter are excellent, and they are told in the most delightful conversational style. Thus of Dr. Lettsom:

When patients used to come to I,
'Twas, "I physics and I sweats 'em;"
When after that they chose to die,
It did not grieve J. Lettsom.

How far my mangel-wurtzel root
Was useful found in botany,
Will food supply them for dispute,
Whilst disputants we've got any.

In this, howe'er, you'll all agree,
And own it for a true thing,
To give it without price or fee,
In physic was a new thing.

In gen'rous deeds I gave my pelf,
And though the world forgets 'em,
I never shall forget myself
What's due to Coakley Lettsom.

The doctor was in the habit of carrying the produce of his fees carelessly in

his coat-pocket. His footman, being aware of this, used to make free with a guinea occasionally, while it hung up in the passage. The doctor having repeatedly missed his gold, was suspicious of the footman, and took an opportunity of watching him. He succeeded in the detection, and, without even noticing it to his other servants, called him into his study, and coolly said to him, "John, art thou in want of money?"—"No," replied John.—"Oh! then why didst thou make so free with my pocket? And since thou didst not want money, and hast told me a lie, I must part with thee. Now, say what situation thou wouldst like abroad, and I will obtain it for thee, for I cannot keep thee; I cannot recommend thee, therefore thou must go." Suffice it to say, the doctor procured John a situation, and he went abroad. Persons in trade in Camberwell were in some means supported by the doctor; for, were they short in their week's means and behind in their bills, it was only for them to make application, and their wants were supplied. Once a tradesman applied to him for a loan for a short time. "A short time!" said the doctor, putting his hand into his pocket, "I might as well give it thee; for that short time might put thee to great inconvenience. Go, make good use of it, and it will do thee a service; but if thou return it, it might require thee to borrow it again."

Reginald. Very good. In truth it is a pleasant book; and there is nothing in it more happy, or that contains more point, than the following, on

A WORM-DOCTOR.

——— of worm-destroying note,
With little folks who breed 'em,
Hath all his life been *poisoning worms*,
And now's consigned to *feed* 'em.

Thus, 'twixt our doctor and his foes
Accounts are pretty trim;
For many years he lived *by those*,
And now *these* live *on him*.

Mr. Montague. Amongst the other new productions of the month, I would recommend to you Miss Mitford's *Dramatic Scenes and Poems* and *Richmond*, which last professes to be *Scenes in the Life of a Bow-street Officer*. The first is a delightful little volume; the second possesses many good things in its way.

Reginald. Bernard Barton has published again. His *Widow's Tale* is fraught with that purity of principle and of feeling for which his former works have been conspicuous, and the minor poems are very pretty. I can recall only one to my recollection:

TO THE STARS.

Ye brightly beaming stars!
Have ye no music as ye roll along?
Or is it that to us earth's discord mars
Your heavenly song?

The music of the spheres!
Was it a fiction of the olden time?
Or are there not, who hear with wakeful ears,
That strain sublime?

Let thought still hear you raise
The joyful anthem which ye sang of yore;
And as the sons of God then joined your praise,
Let man adore!

Mr. Apathy. The author of *Tremaine* has been writing again, and in *De Vere* has produced a novel of a higher character and more general interest than his last. It contains no great variety of incidents, nor is there much novelty in the story: yet we are led from the title-page to the imprint at the end of the fourth volume, without feeling weariness or satiety; and this, by the mere force of the characters, which inspire us with feelings responsive to their own, and we follow their fortunes with an eagerness that admits of no pause till we are made masters of their destiny.

Reginald. I rather like *De Vere*, and I cannot say as much for *Tremaine*, which is a dull, heavy production; and the last volume I have not been able yet to wade through. In *De Vere*, however, the author has displayed more tact, a better insight into character, and greater skill in the adaptation of his materials to his design. I am partial to the character of his hero, which is only too highly coloured; he is admirably contrasted with his crafty, unfeeling, parsimonious brother; and the Ladies Eleanor and Constance are worthy—one to be the mother, the other the wife, of *De Vere*.

Mr. Apathy. De Vere is the personification of all those qualities which, in the author's mind, constitute an English gentleman. He is young, poor, and dependent on his exertions to earn, not a name, but distinction and fortune. He is in love, and the father of his adored mistress is a minister and his relation, one whose smile would confer honour, and whose patronage would lead to wealth and power: yet De Vere scorns to barter his independence for profit, and is at last rewarded by the hand and fortune of Lady Constance: the former attained rather in a clumsy way, by the discovery of a deed, bestowing half of it upon her lover: yet the incident is tolerably well managed too.

Reginald. The author of *Tremaine* and *De Vere* may now take his stand among our successful writers: his works will occupy a different rank from that of the Waverley novels; but it will not be one of low or equivocal character. Another writer has also appeared as a candidate for fame; at least I can trace *Hamel the Obeah-Man* to none of the practised pens of the present day. This is a book intended to shew the state of society in Jamaica; and the writer appears to be quite *au fait* to the subject, and must have resided some time in that island. There are some scenes in the book of deep and thrilling interest; but it is time to say "Good night!" and I shall leave Hamel at the vicarage for the amusement of the ladies on their return.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, *April* 12, 1827.

THE WAY TO GROW OLD HAPPILY.

HAD I quitted Paris after spending only a winter in it, I should certainly have declared that there was no such thing as an old woman to be met with in fashionable society. Chance, however, threw in my way, during the second winter of my residence there, that rarest of all the rarities of the French capital, an old woman. I may, without being guilty of rudeness, say, she is one, since she says it herself. I was charmed with her at first sight: her matronly dress, her quiet manners, and her unaffected good sense drew my attention at once. I was lucky enough to gain her good graces, and some of the happiest hours of my stay in that gay capital have been spent at her fire-side.

I found her always the same, of an even and cheerful temper; happy in herself and content with all around her. She was a widow, but had been, I was told, an excellent wife, and one of the best of mothers: neverthe-

less she was brought up by a woman equally heartless and dissipated. I know not how it happened that one day speaking to my respectable friend, I expressed some surprise, that such an education as she had received could produce such results. My observation led her to speak of herself; and as the subject of our conversation may be of use to such of my very young readers as would wish to know how they might become happy old women, I shall present it to them:

"Until I was about twelve years of age," said Madame A. L. de P. "I received an excellent education under the care of my mother; when I had reached that age my parents died, leaving me, by will, to the guardianship of my father's sister, who accepted the charge, and took me home immediately to her house, in order to finish my education. This would have been a very serious charge in the opinion of any thinking woman: it was very little trouble to Madame de P.; she engaged the best masters for me, and a governess, who was recommended to her from a very fashionable family: when she had done that, she had performed her duty, as she thought, in the most exemplary manner, for it never occurred to her that the most tender solicitude could exact any thing more.

"At that period Madame de P. was thirty years of age, but she looked much younger and was extremely handsome. She treated me kindly; I soon became attached to her, and as my temper was naturally open and affectionate, she took a liking to me, and, with more frankness than prudence, made me the confidante of what she called her misfortunes.

"No rational being could listen to her complaints with a serious countenance; for, in reality, her troubles consisted only in her imagination: yet they served to destroy her happiness. Her husband, who was about ten years her senior, was a man of an easy temper; no enemy to pleasure, but careful not to spend more than his income; and as that was not very considerable, my poor aunt was not able to vie either in elegance or expense with the greatest part of her fashionable acquaintance. This was what she called the heaviest of her misfortunes; but she had a great many minor ones, each of which in its turn made her, to speak in her own phraseology, the most wretched of beings. Her husband's refusal upon one occasion to suffer her to give a ball laid her up for a week. I have seen her in agonies at being disappointed by her hair-dresser or her mantuamaker; and though she was not naturally ill-tempered, I am pretty sure her tradespeople made a little addition to their bills for the scoldings which she was continually giving them.

"Childish as I was, I could not conceive the importance which my still more childish aunt was continually giving to the most trifling things. She was indeed a complete spoiled child, neither vicious nor virtuous; never doing either good or harm; weeping bitterly if her husband refused her a new dress, and regarding him as a monster if he denied her a box at the opera.

"'Will you never learn to be reasonable?' said my uncle.—'Will you never learn to be complaisant?' said my aunt. As he was naturally good-tempered, he generally tried to turn the matter off with a laugh, or else endeavoured to sooth her into good

humour; but he always remained firm in his refusal. My aunt would either fly out of the room in a transport of rage, or else burst into an agony of tears, and, turning to me, exclaim, 'Ah! Fanny, you see how unfortunate I am! Never, oh, never marry, if you wish to be happy!'

"I pitied her, because I loved her and because she wept; but, as I grew older, the nature and the extent of her troubles made me reflect. Nothing corrects more than example when it does not seduce: I saw clearly that my aunt might be happy if she would. She had an easy fortune, an amiable husband, who had married her for love, and who was also the man of her choice. She was handsome, well received every where, and enjoyed excellent health. The trifles that she magnified into misfortunes ought not to have ruffled the mind of any reasonable being. What was it that made her feel them so keenly? It could be nothing but her excessive indolence both of mind and body—an indolence which, as an accountable being, she carried even to a criminal excess. She never opened a book, nor touched an instrument; needle-work she had no taste for, and drawing was a bore. The management of her house she left to the care of her housekeeper. Thus she had no pursuit, no pleasure, but the gratification of her vanity, and the time which was not employed in adorning her person, or displaying herself in company, was spent in frivolous conversation or wasted in querulous repinings.

"Thus I saw her, with all her advantages, a prey to lassitude and *ennui*; and the fear of resembling her, and of suffering as she did, was, I really believe, the original cause of my giving a good deal of my time to studies of a more serious nature than young girls generally pursue. Time strengthened an inclination which reason improved as it expanded. My aunt laughed at my tastes; but she did not controul them. My uncle, who was a sensible and intelligent man, approved of them; but he took care to make me blend my studies with the employments suited to my sex: I sought in the one a relaxation from the other; my time passed usefully and innocently. I was employed and amused; and my aunt often noticed, sometimes with wonder and sometimes with envy, the constant evenness of my temper and the flow of my spirits. I had scarcely turned my seventeenth year when I lost my good uncle; I grieved for him sincerely, and I should have given way longer to the indulgence of my feelings, but for the injunctions he had repeatedly given me during his illness to persevere in the habits of study and employment. It was then I felt, for the first time, all the wisdom of the choice I had made when I saw my poor aunt, after the first violence of her grief had subsided, a martyr to *ennui* during the time that custom prescribed to be spent in privacy. She conducted herself with propriety; but what an effort did it cost her, and how severely did her causeless ill-humour make all those who surrounded her suffer!

"At last the day, the happy day, as she I am sure would but for shame have called it, when she could resume the delights of dissipation, came; and I am certain when she put on her rose-coloured hat and feathers, she

fancied herself as young and as handsome as ever.

"About the same time I married. All that I shall say to you of my married life is, that I had but little opportunity for the indulgence of my favourite pursuits. I was obliged, in compliance with the taste of my husband, to mix much in society; I was handsome enough to be the object of a great deal of flattery; and perhaps, had I not had before my eyes the example of my poor aunt, I might have become as frivolous and as miserable as herself.

"She was then about thirty-five, and she began to shew her age; but, with the assistance of dress and cosmetics, she was still a very fine woman, and bore away the palm occasionally even from the youthful beauties of the day. But if she sometimes triumphed, how much oftener was she mortified! and what words could paint the sufferings both of body and mind which her unfortunate wish to appear young cost her! For two years she endeavoured to persuade herself that her charms were not diminished. At the end of that time she made an experiment of their power, the result of which cost her her life.

"About fifteen years before, she had passed some months at Bourdeaux, where she was greatly followed and admired. Balls and *fêtes* were given in her honour, and her charms were celebrated both in verse and prose. Finding herself every day more and more neglected in Paris, she recollected with pleasure the scene of her former triumphs, and determined to return for some months to a place where she had no doubt of being as much admired as ever.

"She called to her assistance all the aids of the toilet, and appeared with more than her usual gaiety among her old friends, in the confidence of receiving again homage as flattering as that which had formerly followed her footsteps: but how great was her surprise, how bitter her mortification, at finding that she was hardly noticed!

"All eyes were fixed at that moment upon a girl of eighteen, who was just married. She was not handsome, not even pretty, every body said so, but unfortunately every body added, 'For all that, she is charming.' What a cruel word to the ear of an experienced coquette like my aunt, who well knew that it was worth all the eulogiums that could be given to the most regular beauty! But still blind to the ravages of time in her own person, poor Madame de P. pushed her forgetfulness of them so far as to appear at a ball in a dress fit only for a girl of eighteen. The men had the impertinence not to look at her; in vain did she condescend to play over all those arts which formerly were sure to catch their attention, all was in vain, she was never once asked to dance. She remained till morning endeavouring by a forced gaiety to conceal the chagrin which devoured her; but the effort brought on a fever, which hurried her to the gates of death, and laid the foundation of a lingering distemper, that afterwards brought her to the grave.

"No sooner did I learn her situation than I flew to Bourdeaux, where I remained with her till she was pronounced out of danger; and then I insisted upon bringing her back with me to Paris. She neither objected nor consented. She had become, in fact, indifferent to an existence which never had for her any pleasures but those of vanity. She saw clearly

that they were flown, and she could not support the tedium of a joyless, loveless old age. It was in vain that I endeavoured to reconcile her to life. She heard me either with apathy or indifference; and, after lingering for several months, I saw her sink into the tomb, unregretted by a single being save myself.

"It was while watching by the sick couch of this mistaken and unfortunate woman, that I learned to appreciate, at their just value, all the resources which an active and well-regulated mind presents in old age, and that I determined to render mine at least respectable by assuming in time the dress and the manners which would become it. No, my dear friend, Providence is not unmindful of our happiness; it gives to every age its pleasures; and those of our latter years, if less lively, are not perhaps less sweet than those of the morning of life. Ah! how can a mother regret her own youth and beauty when she sees them revive in a daughter more lovely, in her eyes, than she ever was herself! How can she regret the insipid compliments that were formerly paid to her charms, when she receives the sweetest of all homage, that of the heart, from those whom she loves, and to whose happiness she can contribute!"

She spoke in a voice of emotion, and, pausing a moment, added, in a more cheerful tone, "But I am forgetting what I was going to tell you. I resolved then, neither to break abruptly with the world, nor pursue its pleasures with too much eagerness. I strove to draw round me a quiet circle of friends, and I succeeded: but it was principally in the education of my daughter that I found my highest gratification; that daughter, as you know, is a happy wife and mother. Her husband is a son to me; I know their felicity is my work, and in witnessing and sharing it, I find a happiness which I often fancy greater than the possession of youth and beauty ever conferred."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*The Recollections of Ireland*," *a grand Fantasia for the Piano-forte, with Orchestral Accompaniments, composed* by J. Moscheles. Op. 69. Pr. (without Accompaniments) 7s.—(Cramer and Co. Regent-street, and S. Chappell, New Bond-street.)

THE performance, by Mr. Moscheles himself, of his "Recollections of Ireland" has justly excited the enthusiastic applause and admiration of the subscribers of the Philharmonic Concerts. The publication of the work must therefore prove a welcome treasure to the amateur of a superior degree of musical cultivation. It is a composition absolutely classic, and of considerable extent; in fact, it may be termed a piano-forte concerto, founded on several popular Irish airs, and breathing altogether a general spirit of Irish melody. The airs introduced are, "The Groves of Blarney," "Garry Owen," and "St. Patrick's Day." The digressions, amplifications, and modulations engrafted upon this Hibernian stock—but ought we to comment upon these, when proceeding from the pen of such a master? It may surely be enough to state, that Mr. M. appears to have summoned all his science, taste, and imaginative powers to pro-

duce something worthy of his name; he has done his best! and the player must be highly accomplished and do *his* best to render full justice to a composition like this. Among the displays of Mr. M.'s *sçavoir-faire*, we observe some *concetti* in accompanying one Irish tune by another, diversified in various ways. Such things have been done ere now, and in a fantasia we can see no objection to musical *jeux-d'esprit* of this description. We are fully aware of the care and ingenuity to which Mr. M. has had recourse, in several of these instances, to "make both ends meet," and in two or three places he has not scrupled to strain a point in a way which put us in mind of the saying of his countrymen poets: "Reim dich, oder ich fress dich."

The publication is so arranged, that the piano-forte may efficiently execute the whole without the aid of accompaniments; and the latter are twofold, either as quartett, or for a full band.

A Grand Overture for the Piano-forte, as performed at the Public Concerts, composed by E. Solis. Op. 15. Pr. 3s.—(Cramer and Co.)

Mr. Solis's overture (in C major) is written in a pleasant, sprightly, and easy style. It sets out with a neat motivo, proceeds to digressive matter properly analogous as to character, exhibits next a portion of melodious cantabile, after which there is some modulation through kindred major and minor harmonies, not very deep, but perfectly natural and satisfactory. The main subject is then resumed; the ideas before introduced recur in their proper places and with some variation or with additional matter, and the overture is brought to a good and striking termination. This composition may be well recommended to performers of moderate attainments. They will get through it satisfactorily, and we can answer for their being pleased with it.

Allegri di Bravura, &c. dagli sequenti celebri Compositori: Beethoven, Hummel, Weyse, Moscheles, &c. per il Piano-forte. Lib. 7. Pr. 5s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

The "Allegri di Bravura," published by Messrs. Boosey and Co. as their title implies, furnish the matured piano-forte player with classic compositions, more especially intended to lead him to a perfection of manual and digital mastery of the instrument. They may be said to stand between the higher order of exercises, and compositions written with a mere view to the amateur's gratification; and in the prior numbers of the Allegri di Bravura, as in the one before us, we have found both objects judiciously combined. In the present book Mr. C. Potter has furnished two movements, which, in reference, we presume, to their respective character, bear the titles, "Il Vispo"—The sprightly, and "La Fuggitta"—The Flight. The rapidity which their due performance requires may be inferred from the metronomic directions of 144 and 152 for crotchets; *i. e.* 144 and 152 crotchets in a minute. With regard to the composition itself, especially as regards "Il Vispo," we have only to add, that Mr. P.'s science and skill have been manifested in no ordinary degree. The ideas propounded abound in contrapuntal interlacement and a richness of harmonic colouring and treatment, which remind us strongly of the manner of Sebas-

tian Bach. Music of this description deserves to be highly valued and cherished; it is so seldom that one meets with its like in our days.

"*La Jolie Julienne*," *Polacca for the Piano-forte, composed* by Mrs. Miles. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)

We have numerous female poets—in their way—female painters are not rare, and even sculpture has its votaries among the sex. But female composers of music are almost unheard of in the history of the art: an attempt at a little ballad, which now and then meets the eye, cannot be ranked among the exceptions. This fact would almost seem to afford evidence of the greater comparative difficulty of fathoming the depths and the mazes of musical knowledge. The study is long and laborious, and, when it is accomplished, requires to be seconded by creative powers; an intensity of feeling and other peculiar gifts of mental organization, which are more rarely found in the fair sex; in the same manner as quickness of perception, lively sensibility, and other analagous faculties of the mind are found to be less decisively developed among our own. *Suum cuique;* all is as it should be.

Imbued from experience with these perhaps heterodox and very barbarous fancies—for which we may possibly have to smart some time or other—we confess the sight of a musical publication from a fair pen always creates a certain degree of uneasiness; and its perusal is generally followed by a conflict between gallantry and critical conscientiousness. More than once have these contending sensations been put at rest, without probably mending matters, by consigning the perplexing pages to the shelf of oblivion, which we keep for this purpose, and where there is no want of company.

In the case of "La Jolie Julienne," we cannot say that our gallant sensibilities were assailed by these qualms. On the contrary, the recollection of one or two pieces of Mrs. Miles's, that had come under our cognizance, made us open the book with a good heart and with a certain degree of confiding curiosity; and we found, to our great satisfaction, that our tenets, however founded on long experience, were liable to a strong exception, and, if a few more such exceptions were to present themselves, we should in candour feel called upon to abjure the heterodox doctrine hitherto professed. The publication consists of a short slow movement, somewhat florid in amplifications, but conceived in a select style and tastefully treated. The polacca which follows sets out with a lively and very agreeable subject, which, especially in the minor portion, reminded us of a French air very popular about ten years ago. Without mentioning every feature that has agreeably excited our attention in the succeeding pages, we may notice the tasteful cantabile passage, and the very satisfactory manner in which it has been modulated, p. 5. Further modulations of a very select character present themselves in the sixth page; and after a recurrence to the theme, and the introduction of new ideas of a very attractive stamp, Mrs. M. again enters, in p. 8, upon a series of highly interesting modulations. In the ninth page, which is altogether very good, the bass passages in particular deserve special notice, and the conclusion is well and effectively brought about. In fact, the whole of this

composition, without comparative reference to sex, calls for great commendation, and would do credit to by far the majority of our thoroughbred male professors and composers.

"*Telemaque*," *a Set of Quadrilles, composed for the Piano-forte* by Joseph Major. Pr. 3s.—(Clementi and Co.)

Mr. Major's quadrilles are not exclusively made up of original matter, but they are really very good for the ball-room, and not to be slighted in a mere musical point of view. The subjects are attractive, and the harmonic treatment extremely satisfactory; so that junior students may employ them in the way of lessons with unquestionable advantage.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *Boieldieu's favourite Overture to the Caliph of Bagdad, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniment of Flute, Violin, Violoncello, Tambourine, and Triangle (ad lib.)*, by J. N. Hummel. Pr. 5s.—(Boosey and Co.)
2. "*Kinloch*," *a favourite Scotch Air, arranged for the Piano-forte* by C. Neate. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)
3. *Hummel's Amusement à la Suisse, arranged, for two Performers on the Piano-forte*, by W. Watts. Pr. 5s.—(S. Chappell.)
4. *Bochsa's favourite Rondoletto arranged for the Piano-forte* by A. Meves. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)
5. "*Comin' through the Rye*," *a favourite Scotch Air, arranged, with Variations for the Piano-forte*, by G. Valentine. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
6. "*Duncan Grey*," *a Scotch Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte* by G. Valentine. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

1. All the world knows the overture to the "Caliph of Bagdad;" in France, in particular, it constituted not long ago as regular a musical standing dish as Steibelt's "Storm" had been in England some five and twenty years back, and Kotzwara's "Battle of Prague" in earlier times. Hummel's arrangement here, besides its general excellence, is remarkable in that all the auxiliary instruments are very efficiently provided for, and yet may all be dispensed with. This problem is more difficult than might be imagined at first view, and its solution has never been more completely accomplished than in the present instance.

2. Mr. Neate, as the title informs us, had the honour of performing his "Kinloch" before the King at Brighton. The composition bears many traces of the author's taste and ability, and, we make no doubt, received the approbation of one of the most cultivated musical connoisseurs in this or any other country. At the same time, we are of opinion that, on this very account, Mr. N. might, without difficulty, have made, from his own store, a choice likely to afford still greater gratification to such a judge.

3. Hummel's "Amusement à la Suisse" is a species of waltz in the Vienna Ländler style, intermixed with some Tyrolese melody, Ranz de Vaches, &c. very characteristic and highly fascinating. Mr. Watts's arrangement for four hands is well done, and merits the amateur's attention; while it retains all the features of the original, it imparts to it a richer and more forcible harmonic colouring.

4. Little as we are inclined to encourage the arrangement of harp-music for the piano-forte, we must own that, in the present instance, Mr. Meves's labour is likely to prove acceptable. Mr. Bochsa's rondoletto is so light and pretty in its texture, so neat and complete, that its translation to the piano-forte was an inviting undertaking, and it has been accomplished with much taste and

propriety. In some passages the character of the original instrument has been too closely preserved; but this circumstance can hardly come under the denomination of an imperfection. The piano-forte has gained an additional and a very pleasing piece, which, in point of execution, lies within the reach of the majority of players.

5. 6. Mr. Valentine's variations on "Comin' through the rye," and his rondo on "Duncan Grey," are devised with considerable taste and good musical tact. There is nothing very intricate in the variations, which are really meritorious; and the rondo combines attractive neatness with ease of execution.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. "*Oh! love, why not relieve,*" *Song, composed* by Signor de Begnis. Pr. 2s. 6d —(Boosey and Co.)
2. *The pretty Flower-Girl,* "*My fair young roses,*" *sung by Madame Vestris, composed* by Signor de Begnis. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)
3. "*Se un 'aura amorosa,*" *Canzonetta del Comte Andrea Carnaro, posta in Musica dal* Cavaliere Valentino Castelli. Pr. 1s 6d. —(S. Chappell)
4. "*El Pescador,*" *Letrilla de Don Jose de Mora, Musica del* Cavaliere Valentino Castelli. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
5. "*The Rainbow,*" *composed* by William Cornaby, Mus. Doc. Cantab. Pr 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell)
6. "*Come buy my garlands gay,*" *a favourite Ballad, composed* by Mrs. Miles. Pr. 2s. —(S. Chappell.)
7. "*Annette, or the Pleasures of Home,*" *an admired Ballad; the Music composed* by W. Kirby. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
8. "*Wreathe not my brow with roses,*" *a Cavatina; the Music composed* by W. Kirby. Pr 2s.—(S. Chappell.)
9. "*The Rose-bud,*" *a Canzonet, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte,* by Joseph Major. Pr. 1s. 6d —(Clementi and Co.)
10. "*The ruddy Maid,*" *a favourite Ballad, composed* by R. Beale. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Joseph Rollins, Crescent-place, Bridge-street)

1. 2. We have so often been delighted by the display of Signor De Begnis's taste and science as a singer, that the sight of the present two songs (the first compositions with his name that have come under our notice) greatly excited our curiosity. They are rather long, each extending to eight or nine pages. In going to such lengths, we are either liable to repetitions, which produce some degree of sameness, as is the case in No. 1. or we bring to market what would fairly make three songs, as in No. 2. and thus trench upon unity of design and symmetry. Both these songs are written in the modern Italian style, in which simplicity is rarely to be met with. No. 1. is replete with all kinds of vocal embellishments peculiar to the present school of Italy, and demands therefore a cultivated singer, familiar with the Italian manner and expression. It has two movements in G major. an adagio in $\frac{2}{4}$, and an allegro in $\frac{4}{4}$ time. Abating a variety of transient momentary modulations, the tonic and dominant prevail to a great degree, the only striking feature of exception being in p. 6, where, after the harmonies of E, 7; A, 3; D, 7; G, 3 $\flat$; a bold grasp of F, 7 $\flat$, leads to a period in B $\flat$ major, from which a sudden return to the key, G, takes place in the third line. The seventh and eighth pages are devoted to a florid and protracted winding up, quite in the Italian manner. The second of these songs, "The Flower-Girl," with the qualification above alluded to, offers more striking features of interest. We have not room to enter upon a detail of the great variety of attractive ideas which succeed each other; their diversity in point of tasteful melody deserves special

notice, and the numerous changes of harmonies, founded upon all kinds of tonics, sometimes rather extraneous—for we have, after a very strong enharmonic contrivance, as much as even seven sharps—shew both Signor de Begnis's unfettered boldness and harmonic knowledge. We would almost say, as has been previously hinted at, that in this respect there are too many good things at a time. The winding up, in which again Signor de Begnis takes his own time and leisure, is tasteful and highly decorative. Both these compositions merit the particular attention of the accomplished vocal amateur. They present a large field for beneficial practice.

3. 4. The first of these is an Italian air, the other a Spanish. From the style of accompaniment, which is very guitar-like, we should presume, that the Cavaliere Castelli is neither an experienced pianist, nor a thorough contrapuntist. But the little we could have to say in these respects is of a venial nature, and in no way capable of detracting from the gratification which, we are sure, his labour before us will yield to the amateur. The Italian canzonet, which begins somewhat like the allegro in Rossini's "Di piacer," is graceful and replete with feeling. There is a neat series of unaffected modulations in the second page; and, altogether, more variety of expression could not well be brought into so small a compass. To the Spanish song, "El Pescador" (in F major), we bear still greater partiality. It possesses a peculiar vein of fascinating originality. The commencement upon the dominant seventh, the alternations between major and minor, so truly Spanish, the very singular idea at "tu llevaras las redes," the bold subsequent modulation to the key of A ♭, and various other touches of genuine and original musical feeling, will, with those who partake of kindred sensibilities, render Signor Castelli's labour a permanent favourite, we make no doubt.

5. In "The Rainbow," by Dr. Carnaby, we could have wished for more unity of melodic design and greater analogy between the successive ideas, so as to combine into a simple and connected whole; but, barring this observation, the composition presents features of considerable interest. The import of the text has been well attended to, and the harmonic support and colouring display both the taste and science of the author. The effect of the ninth at "wild wave," is happy. The music of the second stanza deviates in part from that of the first, especially at the beginning, where, by a modulation quite similar to one of Mozart's in "Crudel' perche," a transition from E, 3♯ to C, 3 is effected. The period in the latter tonic is also very appropriate, but its abandonment somewhat abrupt. The terminating portion, in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, is in good accordance with the joyous feeling of the text.

6. Mrs. Miles's song is very meritorious. Its lively and pretty motivo is well told and well developed; and the subsequent ideas are clear and attractive: all is in good taste and keeping. In the second page the voice blends aptly with the melody in the accompaniment; the modulations are natural and properly introduced, and in the winding up considerable elegance is perceptible.

7. 8. Of Mr. Kirby's two songs, that of "Annette" is of rather a

neutral complexion. There is nothing striking in the melody, except perhaps the passage,

"There, on a calm and hallowed eve,
I've climbed the hawthorn tree."

But why these words should have called for a momentary change of time from $\frac{6}{8}$ to $\frac{4}{4}$, and for the stately unisono-expression, we cannot discover. No. 8. "Wreathe not my brow," is agreeable enough. There is a sort of recitative introduction, which is followed by a $\frac{2}{4}$ allegro. The motivo is pleasant, and the little of superstructure reared upon it is commendable.

9. Mr. Major's "Rose-bud" presents a melody in the usual style of ballads—smooth and proper, without any thing striking. The subject is afterwards closely imitated in the minor key, with a transient touch at the relative major, modulating back to the original major tonic. The harmonic structure of the accompaniment is meritorious, generally in four parts well interlaced.

10. Mr. Beale's ballad may rank with the preceding, except that the accompaniment is more plain and straight forward. The air is regular in all its rhythmical parts, and the melody simple, smooth, and satisfactory.

HARP-MUSIC.

Third Series of Twelve Fantasias, or Exercises for the Harp, composed by F. Dizi. Pr. 10s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

The third book of Mr. D.'s exercises is calculated for players that have arrived at a certain degree of proficiency on the instrument, and must, of course, be studied in successive small portions, and with persevering patience and zeal. In this manner it will not only lead to rapid further, and high improvement, but afford real entertainment: for melody is not neglected by Mr. D.; and, as to harmony, the support given to the melody is of the most select and full description, the score frequently consisting of four parts, two of which are assigned to the right hand. The work, altogether, may not unfitly be classed with Clementi's *Gradus ad Parnassum* for the piano-forte.

Beethoven's Grand Quintett, arranged as a Concertante Duet for the Harp and Piano-forte, with a Flute Accompaniment (ad lib.), by N. B. Challoner. Pr. 7s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

Those who have had the good fortune to hear this quintett cannot fail to applaud Mr. C.'s undertaking; and as to the manner in which he has accomplished it, an attentive perusal of the pages before us leaves us no hesitation in declaring, that the advanced amateur on the harp ought to feel obliged to Mr. C. for presenting him with an adaptation so carefully and skilfully devised, that it looks more like an original composition than a transformed copy. *O si sic omnes!*

The author of the original, alas! is now no more. Our readers, no doubt, are aware that poor Beethoven, after having been afflicted with almost total deafness during several years, had, for some months, been lingering under a dropsy. He expired on the 27th March, 1827, in his fifty-seventh year. A greater musical genius has probably never existed. Less smooth and regular than either Haydn or Mozart, Beethoven surpassed them both in intensity of feeling, mental energy, and, occasionally at least, in originality and sublimity of thought.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE *fourth* annual Exhibition of this Society has just been opened at their rooms in Suffolk-street. The Committee of Management for the season feel it their duty again to return thanks to the patrons and admirers of art, by whose liberal assistance this institution was established, and through whose protection it has proved, as is evinced by the annual increase of exhibitors, "of the most essential benefit to those artists who were previously unable to bring their works fully before the public."

Without entering into the merits or demerits of the imputed necessity of this new institution for making the public better acquainted with the works of our artists, we are unfeignedly glad to find that it has answered the expectations of its founders; and sure we are, that the more well-regulated Exhibitions of this kind are multiplied, within the scope of that national patronage which is devoted to such pursuits, the better it will be for the fine arts generally, and necessarily for the very meritorious, and now numerous, classes of our fellow-countrymen whose fate and fortunes are identified with their prosperity.

It is too late now to discuss the question, whether the increase of Exhibitions does not tend rather to multiply pictures than to produce good artists. It is the taste and spirit of our times to have many of these Exhibitions. We can neither controul nor prevent them, if we would; and we have already declared our favourable opinion of their utility, provided they are not pressed too frequently upon the public; and provided, also, they are conducted with liberality and propriety. The present Exhibition of the Suffolk-street Society has, like those which preceded it, much to recommend it to public patronage. We have not, it is true, the same brilliant and overpowering display which the walls of the Royal Academy shed from the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Turner and Calcott and Howard; but we have, perhaps, a better selected gallery of less pretending productions, which fully develop the extensive merits of that large class of our artists which is represented as not having found the facilities they sought from the great corporate body of their leaders, but as being, on the contrary, as Mr. Fawcett described them at the opening dinner of this institution,

"The young swarm driven from their parent hive,
To cater for themselves."

Whether driven or not driven, we derive satisfaction from their expanding merits; and we look forward to their, in due time, filling the places of the distinguished men to whose names and station we have just adverted. The selection is better, not because these things are unattended to at Somerset-House, but because the Suffolk-street Exhibition, not having yet reached its full maturity, is more limited in its sphere of action, and has a more compact and active body to enter into its business with zeal, and to give greater efficacy to its movements.

We have heard, that a number of the pictures in this Exhibition were

rejected at the British Institution, in the formation of the present collection in Pall-Mall. This rejection does not necessarily imply any fault of the artists; the rooms of the Institution can only receive a given number, and if many above the mark offer, many must consequently be excluded. It would be, under almost any circumstances and in any place, an invidious and, probably, a useless task, to inquire why certain pictures have been admitted and others rejected, at any Exhibition upon a large scale. The selection must always be intrusted to a few. Where the business is heavy, there will unavoidably be hurry, and sometimes errors of judgment, together with a little of what is called favouritism; and the last, which is in general the most severely arraigned, will, and indeed must occur, as long as human nature has partialities, whether laudable or otherwise; and temper and patience are the best weapons with which to encounter their operation.

We have not in this Exhibition many historical pictures; for in that, which is undoubtedly the highest department of art, patronage does not flow with a clear and steady current. Portraits, as we might expect, we have in abundance; some of them are unsightly, because Nature has not cast the originals in her most perfect mould, and partly because (in a few instances) they are painted carelessly or unskilfully. The collection is rich in landscape-painting, and in subjects both of still and humorous life. In some of these departments, it can justly boast of very beautiful productions.

In glancing more particularly at its contents, we must premise, that we are rather anxious to direct the public to think for themselves by a visit to the gallery, than to be supposed capable, within our limits, to point out any very considerable share of the merits in detail which it now furnishes. We must omit the notice of many pictures which pleased us on inspection, and generalize the praise of others well worth more elaborate attention than it is in our power to afford them. We ought, likewise, to mention, that we take up these pictures rather as they struck our eye in a hasty glance at the private view, than in the more regular order in which they will be found in the catalogue. To the merit of arrangement and classification we are not indifferent; but it would be wrong to affect what we have neither studied nor contemplated.

The only members of the Royal Academy who have assisted in the formation of this year's contribution in Suffolk-street, are, we believe, Mr. Northcote and Mr. Bailey. The former has contributed three pictures: *the Princess Bridget Plantagenet*, *a Man with a Hawk on his Fist*, and *a Portrait of a Dominican Friar*.

The last-named picture was, we have been told, painted by the artist while at Rome, fifty years ago; it is a striking and impressive portrait. But the man with a hawk is a painting of a superior kind, and does infinite credit to the skill of our venerable artist.

Jerusalem at the Time of the Crucifixion.—T. C. Hofland.

Mr. Hofland has four good landscapes in the present collection, particularly *a Moonlight Scene*; but that which we have prefixed to his name is a very superior, indeed a

sublime composition. It is superfluous to state that the subject is taken from the awful description in St. Matthew of the darkness which covered the land, the earthquake, and the supernatural occurrences which attended the Crucifixion. There is a fine feeling in the manner in which the artist has handled this subject. The view of the Temple is very grand, and the gloom which pervades the troubled atmosphere corresponds with the sublime tone of the tradition. This is a picture which would do honour to any collection.

Mount-Orgueil Castle, with the Valley and Bay of Grouville, in the Island of Jersey, the French Coast in the distance.—W. Linton.

This artist has only contributed three pictures this year: they are, however, good, and that which we have just named is excellently painted. There is a great brilliancy in the colouring, and the extensive prospect in the distance is very well painted. In parts of the picture the water wants transparency; the aërial perspective is skilfully executed.

Dieppe Castle.—Lago d'Orta, in the Milanese, Italy.—C. Stanfield.

The versatility of this artist's powers is truly astonishing. It was said of poor Barry, that he never could paint any thing except upon an acre of canvas; but Mr. Stanfield can either cover the acre or the foot, and paint upon either scale with a fidelity and effect which make his works truly valuable. The *Dieppe Castle* is admirably executed; every thing about it is real nature; and the little grouping on the beach, the boats, the nets, and even culinary articles, which are scattered loose to carry off and relieve tints of colouring, are as carefully finished as if each of them was the sole and separate object which the artist meant to imitate. The Italian scene is likewise excellent.

Calais Pier, a passing Shower.—J. Wilson.

A very good sea-view; the gloom of the sky and the rainbow are well painted. The grouping on the pier and the vessels in the harbour are equally well finished, and the general effect is pleasing.

Portrait of his Grace the late Duke of Norfolk.—J. Lonsdale.

Mr. Lonsdale has a number of portraits in this Exhibition; that of the Duke of Norfolk is the best. We have seen it, however, on a former occasion. *The Emperor of Russia's Portrait* is also a fine one. The *Portrait of Mrs. Calcraft* is spirited and good; and the others convey an adequate idea of this artist's skill in this branch of his profession.

The Shrine of Edward the Confessor — The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Antwerp.—D. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts has several very clever architectural drawings in this collection; that of *Notre Dame* is both picturesque and interesting.

Tapping a Beer-Barrel.—A. Fraser.

A homely subject well expressed, and with a little of the humorous. The tapster's attitude is excellent; and the tasting relish of "mine host" is capitally depicted in the expression of his countenance.

The Port of Venice, from the Terrace of the Public Gardens, during the Time of Carnival.—J. Cartwright.

"And there are dresses splendid but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,

And Harlequins and Clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankees, and Hindoos;
All kinds of dress except the ecclesiastical,
All people as their fancies hit may choose."

The whole of this description from *Beppo*, and more than Lord Byron has there celebrated, are represented in this picture. The artist has infused into it great richness of colouring, and given full effect to the gay and sparkling variety of the costume. The sunny effect is charming, and the day exactly formed for such hilarity. There are faults in the picture, but it can afford to have them, redeemed as it is by so many excellences.

Roslyn Chapel and Castle, Scotland.—J. Glover.

Mr. Glover has contributed twenty pictures. They represent Italian, Swiss, English, and Scotch scenery, for the most part highly picturesque. —*Roslyn Chapel* furnishes a very agreeable landscape. *Netley Abbey* is likewise a pleasing picture. There is a good deal of richness and a fine warm mellow tone of colouring in some of the Italian views. Mr. W. Glover has also two pleasing pictures.

Reedham-Mill, on the River Yare.—J. Stark.

This artist's works are always agreeable, from the suitable scenery which he selects, and the air of truth with which he represents it. The mill-stream is very well executed, and the grouping in the fore-ground drawn with freedom and correctness.

Mignard the Artist shewing to Ninon de l'Enclos the first Sitting of her Portrait.—J. Cawse.

There is a good deal of merit in the composition as well as execution of this picture. The figures are characteristic, and the drapery well arranged and coloured.

Falstaff retreating from Prince Henry and Poins at Gads-Hill.—E. Prentis.

This skirmish and escape of the merry knight, leaving his booty behind, is very humorously depicted. The figure of Falstaff is well conceived, and the expression of his features admirably ludicrous.

Will o' the Wisp.—D. T. Egerton.

"Forbear———
Nor tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom."

The fancied apprehension, which, in infancy and nervous age, the imagination embodies with or without the slight suggestion of a natural phenomenon, is here embodied by the artist in the form of a slight dwarfish figure, mounted on a "goblin horse," in full gallop through a bog, holding a lighted torch in his hand, luring the unwary to follow him; while the grim expression of the demon-spirit evinces the malignant delight enjoyed from this trick. There is a good deal of merit in the colouring of parts of this picture: the gleams of "unearthly light" are spread with considerable skill, and the gloom of the back-ground is well wrought.

The Puzzle.—G. J. L. Noble.

Some very rich colouring is here displayed; but the expression and drawing, though in many parts good, do not appear to possess corresponding merit.

The young Card-Players.—W. Gill.

A very interesting picture. The little group of children around the table, their calm and marked enjoyment of the game, and the general arrangement of the apartment, are very skilfully managed.

Hark away!—F. C. Turner.

An excellent picture of a hunting

group, taken from the fine old sportsman's song, "To bachelors' hall." It is full of spirit, and the colouring very agreeable. Mr. Turner's picture of *Patriotism*, representing the heroic sacrifice of *Marcus Curtius*, has likewise a good deal of merit; but the subject is a difficult one, and requires great powers, as well as their most mature and best digested application.

The Fisherman's Return, Evening.—H. Hawkins.

A very interesting subject. A mother and her children seek the return of their protector from his perilous harvest upon a stormy evening. The mingled suspense, anxiety, and delight portrayed in the countenance of the female, could not have been better expressed. The expression and figure of the boy have similar merit. The subject is well composed, and the colouring very judiciously selected.

Poachers watching.—H. P. Parker.

The game-laws render this subject familiar. Here we have a representation of that admixed cunning and boldness which enter into the mind of the poacher while intent upon his nefarious pursuit. It is very well painted, and the artist evinces in this, as well as in his former pieces, considerable skill and proficiency in his profession.

Poachers before a Magistrate.—R. B. Davis.

Here we have the culprits caught in the gamekeeper's toils. He has them before a steady sensible-looking justice of the peace, and the treadmill doubtless awaits them. They seem to expect their doom with the indifference of persons who could not be persuaded that catching a hare was a transgression. One of them is stupidly staring at the furniture and decoration of the room, while a sort of a fox-hunter stands near him at the table, who is evidently in love with a scene which illustrates the protection thrown by the law around field-sports.

The Gleaner.—J. Holmes.

There is a good deal of merit in the composition and execution of this picture. It represents an artist sketching the toying of a pair of rustic lovers, surrounded by the usual field-group of a gleaning season, while some children are amusing themselves behind his back with his pencils and pallet.

A Venetian Boy with a Parrot.—T. Y. Hurlston.

The boy is mischievously gratifying himself by provoking the parrot to peck at his reflection in a small hand-mirror. The colouring is remarkably good, particularly of the boy's head.

View on the Thames, near Lambeth Palace.—E. Child.

A very clever picture. The water is perfectly transparent, and the boats, &c. which are scattered over its surface, have a very good effect. The perspective is well preserved.

Terrier-Puppies.—S. Taylor.

This little picture is a perfect copy from nature. If fidelity of execution can redeem a subject which in itself is not very inviting, here we undoubtedly have it.

L'Eglise de St. Leu, Amiens.—C. J. Scott.

A good representation of architectural scenery, and the perspective carefully attended to.

Young Rebels shooting a Prisoner.—T. Webster.

Four or five children are exploding a toy-cannon at a child's doll. Some

humour is infused into the composition, and no small share of skill is apparent in the colouring and handling of the subject.

Work settled.—L. Cosse.

This little picture is full of interesting expression. A working man is receiving his wages, but his cautious and plodding countenance denotes that he is somewhat sceptical as to the amount which is dealing out to him, at the other side of the table, by his employer, who appears, however, to be computing the sum with a good deal of earnestness. A girl behind is engaged in filling out a glass of clear inviting ale, as if to put the clown into good humour. The picture is undoubtedly a work of merit.

Dead Game.—G. Stevens.

Mr. Stevens displays uncommon skill in the delineation of subjects of this kind; they are executed in the closest imitation of nature. Some people praise the intrusion of the cat through the window, but we really know not why; for we think the picture would have been better without Puss, unless she had been more skilfully painted.

The young Catechist.—H. Meyer.

The subject is interesting—the infusion of the truths of Christianity into the mind of "a tawny Ethiop." The pious work, too, is performed by a child:

"'Tis a simple Christian child,
Missionary young and mild,
From her stock of script'ral knowledge,
Bible-taught without a college,
Which by reading she could gather,
Teaches him to say, "*Our Father*,"
To the common Parent, who
Colour not respects nor hue:
White and black in him have part,
Who looks not to the skin, but heart."

The expression of the Ethiopian is fervent and impressive, and the hands clasped in prayer are very well drawn. Mr. Meyer has also some good portraits in this collection.

Reading the Goblin-Story.—J. Knight.

An excellent illustration of Thomson's lines,

"While well attested, and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round."

A large family group listen to the story, with the several characteristics of youth and age. The expression of the figures is in general well portrayed, and the light is managed with a good deal of effect.

The Babes of the Wood.—A. Morton.

A well-painted picture; the figures are very agreeable, and their expression quite innocent and natural.

The paintings in the department of Water-Colour, the miniatures, the drawings and engravings, are in general very creditable to the artists; and we regret that we cannot make them the subject of detailed notice. Our limits absolutely deny us this gratification.

To this Exhibition we are proud to say the ladies have been more than usually assiduous in their contributions. On beholding their productions, we are almost tempted to exclaim with the poet,

"Hail, colours, which with nature bear a strife,
And only want a voice to perfect life!"

The ladies have attempted and adorned every department of art in this Exhibition. We have some very beautiful portraits and miniature drawings from Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. J. Robertson, Mrs. M. Hose, Mrs. J. Hakewill, Miss. J. Ross (a very beautiful miniature), Miss Wroughton, Miss Kearsley, Miss Beaumont, Miss C. Thomson, Miss J. Drummond, Miss J. Jaques, and other ladies. There are likewise some

sweet fruit and flower paintings by Miss Scott, Miss C. Forbes, Miss C. Tomkins, and Miss E. Hay. The landscapes are really in the best style by Miss Gouldsmith, Miss H. Reinagle, Mrs. M. Johnson, Miss Dujardin, Miss Halliday, and Miss Hague. *The Suspension of Payment at a Country-Bank*, by Miss Sharpless, is well executed; *a White Horse*, by Miss de Michele, is also good; Mrs. Henderson's *Hagar and Ishmael* has much merit; *the Mother and Child*, by Miss M. A. Sharpe, deserves similar commendation; Mrs. L. Horton's *Madonna*, from Guido, is a soft and beautiful work; Miss G. James's *Pigeons Drinking* is well drawn and coloured; Miss Wroughton's *Group from the Village Feast* is full of vivacity and merit; *Spanish Boys*, after Murillo, by Miss Taylor, is a very pretty picture. *Edith Plantagenet dropping the Rose-bud*, by Miss E. E. Kendrick, is a good composition; an original drawing of the *Homeric Hero*, by Miss H. Salmon, is also good; *Rose d'Amour*, by Miss Hayter, is uncommonly pretty. In fact, we rarely remember to have seen so good a collection of pleasing pictures from our female artists. The variety of subjects and scenery from nature places the spectator almost in the same attractive position in which the fancy of the poet fixes the swain who is fascinated with the rural beauties of nature:

"Before his footsteps winds the waving walk,
Here gently rising, there descending slow
Through the tall grove, or near the water's brink,
Where flowers besprinkled paint the shelving bank,
And weeping willows bend to kiss the stream.
Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now
Beneath the hawthorn's secret shade reclines;
Where purple violets hang their bashful heads,
Where yellow cowslips and the blushing pink
Their mingled sweets and lovely hues combine."

SCULPTURE.

The sculptural models are this year very good indeed.

Apollo—E. H. Baily, R. A. is a noble figure: it would be an affectation of display to describe beauties which have for ages been the theme of persons of skill and taste when beholding the original. *Eve at the Fountain* is a delicate and poetical figure; and *Hercules throwing Lichas into the Sea* displays considerable anatomical knowledge of the muscles of the human figure, and the manner in which they are brought into forcible action. *Maternal Affection* is a pathetic personification; and Mr. Baily's busts are also good.

Mr. West's models are very clever productions; and Mr. Physick's works are very successful exemplifications of his skill. Mr. Heffernan has a beautiful bust of a lady; and there are likewise good busts by Mr. Garrard and other artists. The fancy subjects of Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Hopper, and Mr. H. Rossi are very clever. Mr. Hennings' equestrian bas-relief of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York is a creditable work.

Indeed we were glad to find, that in every department of this Exhibition there was a striking exemplification of the progressive improvement of our artists; and we were equally, if not still more, pleased to observe, that the sale of the pictures was encouraging. There are still a number of fine works unmarked by purchasers, and particularly among those of rising students, who perhaps want this encouragement the most. Before this Exhibition closes we trust there will be no room for a repetition of this remark.

PANORAMA OF GENEVA.

A most beautiful panoramic view of the *City and Lake of Geneva*, together with the surrounding scenery, has just been exhibited by Mr. R. Burford of the Strand. The delusion is so well sustained, that the spectator almost feels himself transported to Lake Leman, and in the immediate vicinity of its richly cultivated banks, as well as overlooked by the immense ranges of Alpine mountains in the distant boundary. The city itself has little to recommend it, except the picturesque beauty of its situation: indeed it looks better upon canvas, than when we stand in contact with its irregular and uncouth architecture. Like all old fortified cities, and particularly those of the Continent, convenience, and that in "times long syne," has been studied, rather than uniformity and proportion. But nothing can be finer than the rich expanse of the lake, relieved, as it is, by the varied lines of the shore, in which

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

The rich country of the Canton de Vaud, with the glowing verdure of its vineyards and luxuriant meadows, rises with a gentle slope towards the long line of the Jura mountains, and finely illustrates Lord Byron's just description of

"Those palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirits, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to shew,
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

Nothing can, in every respect, be better adapted for panoramic representation than this scenery. It affords every thing which an artist could wish to have to interest the spectator. By the suitable introduction of passage-boats, and the grouping on their decks, Mr. Burford has relieved the monotony of

"The waveless lake, blue as the heavens it reflects,"

and given the same air of life and animation to the waters which the shore derives from the cultivated and architectural variety of its surface.

As a work of art this painting deserves to be praised, independent of its obvious power of pleasing, from the agreeable representation it conveys of foreign scenery. Its execution belongs to a department of art which is not thought very highly of by artists generally, from the mechanical dexterity and sort of knack which is considered to form so large a share of its merit. Many of the best and most studied rules of art are, however, necessary for its perfection: a considerable knowledge of perspective, much judgment of colouring, a good eye, and a correct hand, are among the indispensable requisites for the artist who tempts this pursuit; and all these are combined in the painter of this Panorama. The different objects which crowd upon this view are well brought out and distinguished, and the rich and varied tints of colouring, which gild the mountainous prospect on three sides, are delicately and beautifully portrayed. This Panorama is in every respect well entitled to the public attention, both as a work of art and a view taken from nature.

THE DRAMA.

ITALIAN OPERA.

We promised in our last to give some account of the ballet to which the great master-conjuror and contriver, Mons. d'Egville has been pleased to give the soft, touching, languishing, melting, euphonious, and classical title of the *Siège de Cythère!* The Siege of Cythera! says our gentle reader, what is it all about? it must needs be pretty and sentimental. Pretty and sentimental it assuredly is, we promise thee, most gentle reader; but what it may be about fairly surpasses our weak and mundane intellect; and we might make answer, in the words of the honest knifegrinder, "Story? God bless you, I have no story to tell, *ma'am!*"

But this answer, though given in the honesty of our hearts, will, we rather suppose, prove little satisfactory. So we obtest the fair Cytherean beauty to quicken our fancy, that we may unravel this very Gordian knot of plots. One Master Adonis, an idle truant, and much celebrated by poets, from the time of that naughty wight Ovid to Shakspeare, and even to poor Johnny Keats, is entrapped by Venus; and then they spend their time in all manner of "frolic light and revelrie," in the groves and other pretty places in the Isle of Cythera. An old French poet, one Piron, who was a little knowing about these matters, has left the following sage-like stanza; and, all youths and maidens, hear and treasure up the admonition!

"L'Amour est un dieu léger,
Autour de qui vole le danger.
Toujours ses ris
Sont suivis
De quelque larme,
Plus le calme semble heureux,
Plus on le doit croire dangereux!"

And so, in sooth, befel it to the pretty Adonis; for, in the midst of their merrimaking, in stalks a frowning gentleman, one Squire Mars, her *cavaliere servente*, but now so no longer; for however, in time past, he might be willing

"Coach, servants, gondola, to go and call,
And carry fan and tippet, gloves and shawl,"

he now looks big with passion at the curly-haired usurper of his offices, and without more to do, wishes fairly to let daylight through his body with his stout rapier. This frightens Madame Venus, and she whisks him away in a cloud; and then, with the most provoking laugh, snaps her finger at the angry gentleman, and so leaves him to vent his ill-humour as he may, Mars, not being just at the moment in one of his valiant fits, runs to a gentleman of the name of Brontes, who, with his Scythian companions, promises to avenge the wrongs of the blustering and jilted god of war.

Forth then come the dancing Savages before the ramparts of Cythera (though how they got there is not made very clear), and their arrival calls together the Smiles and the Graces and Pleasures and the Loves, and all the body-guard and soldiery of the gay goddess, who, true to the tocsin sound, come rushing forth in a panoply of *rose-wreaths*. The Savages attack the citadel, and are repulsed with a shower of flowers; again they assail with sword and lance, and "catapult" and ladder; again are they foiled and forced to make a hasty and shameful recoil, leaving the field ensanguined with "the dead and dying." A parley is sounded, or supposed to be sounded, and a cartel of challenge, in the true spirit of ancient chivalry, is sent to the great Brontes by the enemy's general, the beautiful Calista; and forth she comes, beautiful indeed in her panoply as a radiant star, with "breastplate bright and morion plume," and a fierce combat ensues to a quick lively tune, through which the enchanting and gentle Brocard dances in the prettiest manner; and the universal joy is complete when she fairly dances down the huge Brontes, and, standing *on his haunches*, like a young Achilles

on "dead Hector's body," waves aloft her empurpled sword in the plenitude of triumph. Thus Brontes and his crew are made prisoners; and the little Smiles and Loves, after manacling their hands with "garlands gay, with roses twined," fairly dance off with them to prison.

Thus end two acts of the ballet. The third opens with the Scythian prince immured in "dungeon dark," where

He slept.—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
His foes are gone — and here he hath no friends:
Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?

Ask no more questions, reader; it is no less a person than the coy-eyed, yet cunning, Calista, who now comes to achieve a conquest of *another* kind. Need we say that the soft blandishments of the lady are not lost on the gentleman, though of northern blood? his heart is won, his hand is given, and they are joined with the Smiles and Pleasures and Graces, with each a sturdy Scythian by her side; and they conclude by dancing a general reconciliation, according to the old motto, that "None but *the brave deserve the fair!*"

Thus ends the eventful ballet; and thus we end our notice of it by saying, that nothing could exceed the grace and beauty of Brocard, Fleurot, and Buron, *cum multis aliis*, whom it were superfluous to name.

The operas for the month have been *Il Turco in Italia*, *Ricciardo et Zoraide*, *La Schiava*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Pietro*.

Miss Aytoun assumed in the first the character of the Lady Fiorella, who is the abstract of all Italian ladies; witness her own description:

"Cento amanti i piu galanti
Vo quest' oggi conquistar,
Io sou volubile,
Sou capricciosa
Non sento repliche,
Non sento critiche;
Vuo' divirtirmi
Voglio goder,
Viva la moda!
Viv 'il piacer!"

If Madame Fiorella be the type of Italian ladies, the above quotation will, in its few words, describe the nature of the opera: A Turk lands on the beautiful shores of Italy, and he becomes enchanted with the fair prospect,

L'aria—il suolo, i fiori, e lónde;
Tutto ride e parla al cor.

But part of the prospect is the beautiful Fiorella; and need we say that the Turk is more enchanted than ever? Il Don Narcisso figures as another of the fair syren's admirers, and the poor henpecked Don Geronio, the husband, though the moment before he has valorously denounced all the Turks to the very devil, is fain to kiss his robe the while the gentleman is toying with his lady's hand. Matters proceed until the Turk absolutely offers to purchase the old man's wife, according to the Eastern fashion; but the latter's courage is at last roused, and the answer staggers the other:

Sarà l'uso molto buono,
— Ma in Italia è piu bell uso
Il marito rompe l'muso
Quasi sempre al comprator.

After all, however, the beautiful coquet is brought to reason—that is, to her senses; or to speak more correctly, to avow her *light* iniquities, and vow never, never, to do the like again, and all ends amicably and well; but the Turk, absolutely bent on matrimony, carries off an old flame, whom he romantically meets among a romantic set of gipsies.

Miss Aytoun's acting was exceedingly clever, and she ably sustained our former opinion. Since that, she has appeared in *her own* character of Ninetta as charmingly as ever. The principal alterations were Galli for Zucchelli, and Madame Brizzi for Vestris. The latter was certainly for the worse, and without any disparagement to Madame Brizzi. She is inadequate to any great effort, and her voice, though sweet, is absolutely lost in

the large scope of this theatre. Madame B. has not youth on her side; nor is her manner, appearance, or *tournure* to be compared for a moment with those of Vestris. She will prove very attractive as a concert-singer, but will never on these boards produce any decided effect.

Galli is the finest singer of his kind the country ever witnessed. With him *art* has little to do; the fulness and force of nature and truth achieve every thing. As in Shakspeare's plays, the beginnings are faint and moderate, and the feelings acquire warmth and the fancy brilliancy by *progress*, until at length the poet gradually works himself into the intensity of poetic fervour: so with Galli; his efforts appear at first cold and languid, unimpassioned and unenergetic, until he is fairly launched *in medias res*, and then comes the deep tone, the flowing cadence, the enthralling utterance, and the unqualified achievements of the finished master. We have been led into this observation by the fact, that, with all, and in all, the workings of nature are uniform, consonant, and always in their various characters to be identified. Galli's perfection was in the judgment scene, when he hears the awful sentence uttered on his young and beautiful child. The steady look, the impassioned, and therefore still and deathlike, manner, the hollow tone, the quivering lip, the fixed upraised eye, presented such a portraiture as we have seldom beheld, and which human power, even in the most celebrated masters, has never excelled. The effect was enthusiastically hailed by an enraptured auditory; and we now know that the fame of Galli is equal to his merits, and those merits rank him with the first in his art.

Mademoiselle Toso, in *Pietro* and *Ricciardo*, is adding to her credit, and, by practice, fulfilling what novelty and inexperience rendered it necessary she should acquire. Her form and appearance nothing can improve; but she now gets more accustomed to the size of the house, and therefore produces a decidedly better effect with her voice, the mastery over which she is thoroughly acquiring.

FRENCH THEATRE.

At this theatre our readers will be sorry to hear that we have lost Perlet. His last performances took place on the 7th of April, and the following have been their order: *Bertrand et Suzette, ou la Marriage de Raison, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Les Anglaises pour rire, L'Ecole des Vieillards, L' Ambassadeur, Le Voisin, L'Homme Gris, Frederic le Grand, Werther*, and, for the benefit of the pretty little Constance, *L'Homme de 60 Ans, La Bouffe et le Tailleur, Le Duel*, and *Les Inconveniens de la Diligence.*

To see Perlet on the stage, he appears to be a man well stricken in years, who, from the constant practice and exercise of his art, has rendered himself its perfect master; to that degree indeed which practice and exercise can alone give. What his opportunities have been we know not, and of what may have been his education we are equally ignorant; but our readers will be surprised to hear that so much proficiency is allied to such youth, for we understand that Perlet has scarcely attained his 28th year. Those who remember and regret the efforts of Munden, whether in the low drolleries of the *Turnpike-Gate*, or when he portrayed the anguished feelings and eloquent look of the broken-hearted and ruined Dornton, and those who run to witness, for the fiftieth time, the excellency of Dowton in his personification of Dr. Cantwell, will be surprised to see and hear testimony to their combined talents in this inimitable performer. True to nature, he never exceeds the bounds—sometimes indeed almost indistinguishable—which she prescribes. To every word he gives



its full weight and due meaning, and every action instantly testifies the real feeling which prompts it; and yet this is not in one or two or any peculiar parts, but in every one which he undertakes, whether the deep, insinuating Jesuit, the eccentric Monarch, the sensitive Werther, or the low Buffoon. As to the manner in which he dresses his characters, they are perfect models, sedulously exact and accurately in keeping. Those of our readers who have seen him will remember him with regret, and those who have not been so fortunate will, we are confident, lament their unlucky fate.

The greatest of all great treats (could the manager of this theatre be ever enabled to accomplish it) would be to give the people of this country the opportunity of witnessing the conjoined excellences of Perlet and Mademoiselle Mars. Even in Paris the play-going people have never been so favoured; nor is there any chance, as they are bound, with one reprieve, to two such different theatres. We much doubt, however, whether Mademoiselle Mars could be induced to visit us for the above purpose.

We did intend to have given a critical analysis of the two best of Perlet's past performances, *The Marriage of Reason* and *The School for Old Men;* but the Printer's Devil pulls us by the ear (little impudent rascal! but he says, Apollo did so of old to the poet—without offence), and tells us there is absolutely no more room: so we must defer this our intention until our next Number.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.

Dress of white *gros de Naples;* the *corsage* cut bias, and trimmed with *crèpe lisse* in small folds from the top of the bust to the waist. Short full sleeves of *gros de Naples,* with long ones over them of *crèpe lisse,* but not so full as have been worn, confined at the wrist by gold filigree bracelets, with cameo clasps. The shoulders are ornamented by a cruciform bow of gold-colour satin ribbon, from which two pipings of the same colour extend, one forward, the other backward, and are each terminated by a small triangular bow. Tucker of blond, attached to the dress by a gold-colour satin rouleau. The skirt has a deep border of very full *crèpe lisse,* in large puffs, ornamented with cruciform bows placed at regular distances, every two being united by gold-colour satin pipings, which, passing one within the other just above the *crèpe lisse,* seem pending from a bow beyond. Broad rouleau at the bottom of the dress. Gold-colour satin sash. The head-dress consists of a gold-colour satin close or skull cap, pointed in front, and edged with a single row of pearls: large double plaits of gold-colour *crèpe lisse,* stiffened and edged with a narrow band of white satin, surround the head like rays; and behind is a long ornament of platted ribbon, terminating in a bow similar to the net worn by the Neapolitans to contain the hair. Ear-rings, necklace, and cross of amethysts. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Turkish satin dress of pale blue; the *corsage* made close to the shape, and trimmed round the bust with embroidered blond; shallow in front, but deep and full on the shoulders and back. The sleeves are short,

and composed of perpendicular rows of blond set in a blue satin band round the arm. The skirt has a very deep flounce of scolloped blond lace of a new and elegant pattern, headed by an open diamond-shape satin trimming, with a band passing longitudinally through each space, and forming a St. Andrew's cross at every change. Beneath the flounce are narrow rouleaux entwined. The head-dress is a toque of garter-blue satin, with a train band of various coloured stones. Three ostrich-feathers are placed in front, and two, falling very low, on each side. The ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets are of filigree gold, with medallions of different coloured stones. Gold chain and eye-glass, watch, chain, and trinkets. White kid gloves, trimmed; white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

DESCRIPTION OF A BUREAU.

The annexed plate is a bureau decorated in the Gothic style. It is appropriate either for a library or study, and is generally used for containing papers.

The centre part is divided into three equal compartments, terminating in pointed arches, and divided by buttresses, terminating in crocketed pinnacles, and above them the same divisions with very flat-headed arches; between these two tiers of panels are sliding drawers, the handles of which are formed out of the ornament in the quatrefoils.

The openings of these six compartments are filled up with silk, which should correspond with the colour of the apartment. At each extremity is a wing adorned with more complicated tracery, which is filled up with wood instead of the silk: these wings, which are terminated at each end with a buttress similar to the others, are surmounted by traceries in the form of flying buttresses. The ground-work may be of rose-wood or light oak, and the moulding and ornaments either gilt or in or-molu.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Miss Edgeworth has in the press, a volume of Dramatic Tales for Children, intended as an additional volume of *Parent's Assistant.*

Mr. James Bird, author of "The Vale of Slaughden," "The Exile," and other poetical productions, is preparing for publication, a *Poem* founded upon, and illustrative of, the history of the ancient city of Dunwich, in Suffolk.

Shortly will be published, *Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren*, a Tale; embellished with an elegant frontispiece, from a design by Wright.

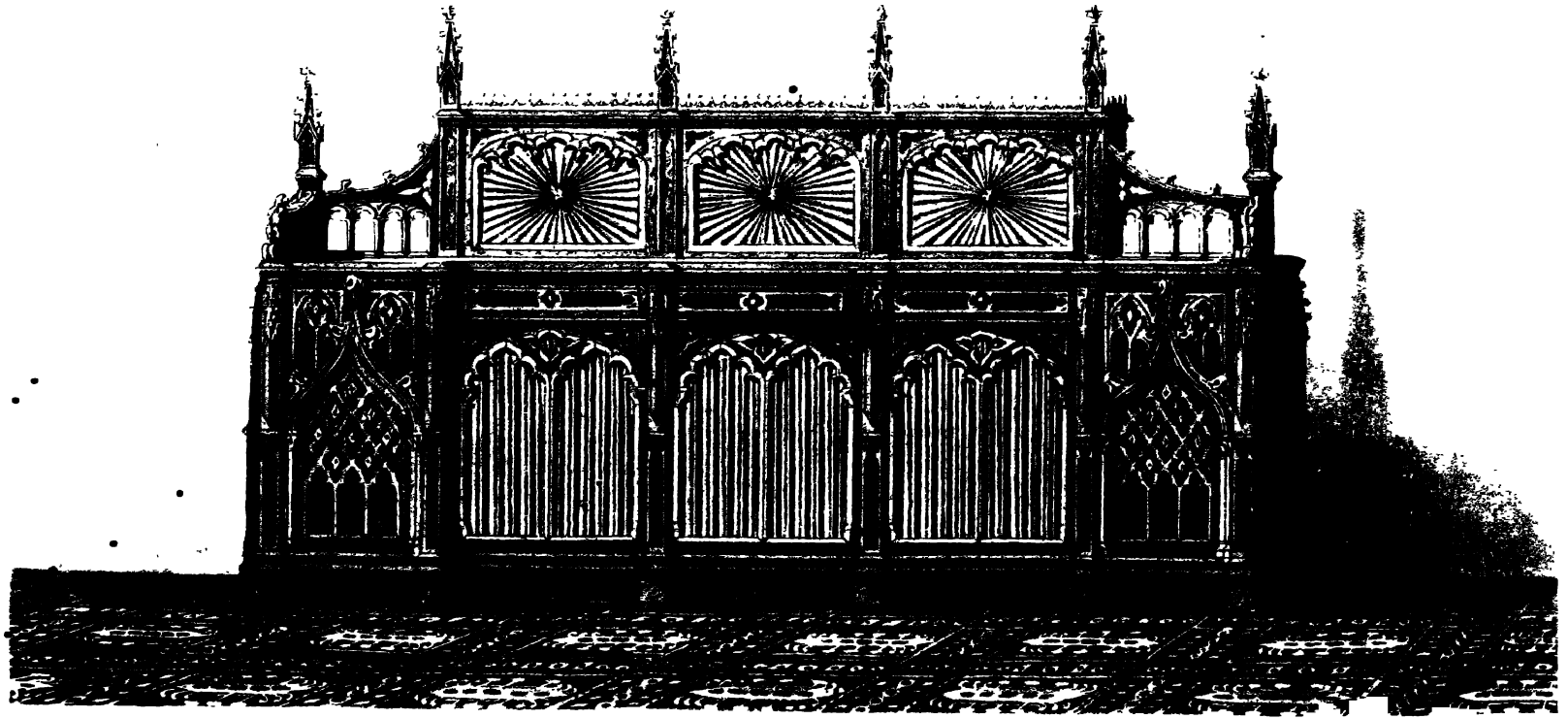
A translation of some of the most popular Fairy Tales from the German is in the press: they will be illustrated by Cruikshank.

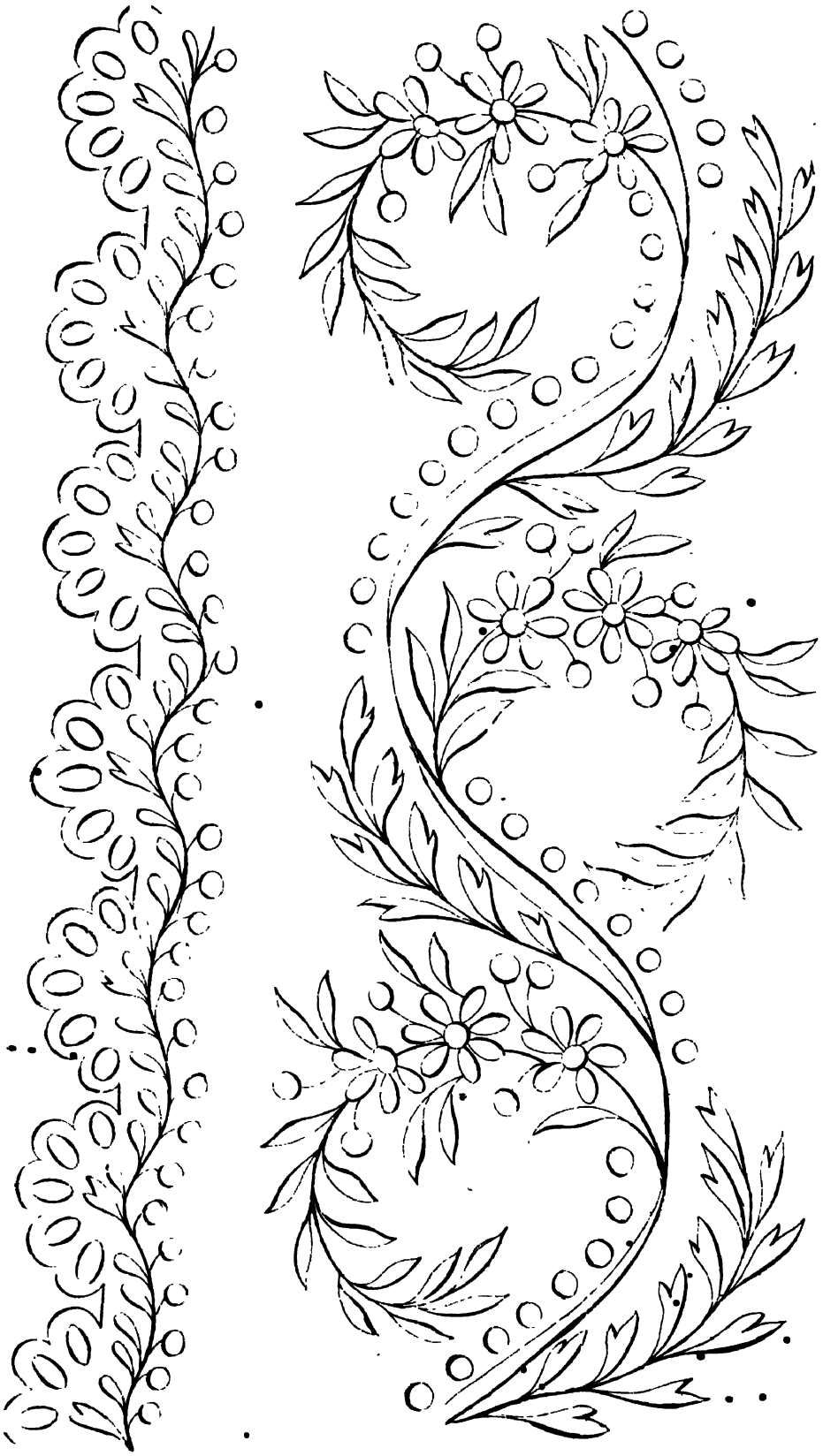
Mr. John Hawkesworth is preparing *History of the Merovingian Dynasty*, being the first part of a new History of France.

Mr. Clark is preparing for publication, *A Series of Practical Instructions in Landscape-Painting in Water-Colours*, illustrated by fifty-five views from nature, descriptive objects, &c.

Early in May will be published, in one vol. 12mo. *The Every-Night Book, or Life after Dark*, by the author of the "Cigar."

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.





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[*To be continued Monthly.*]

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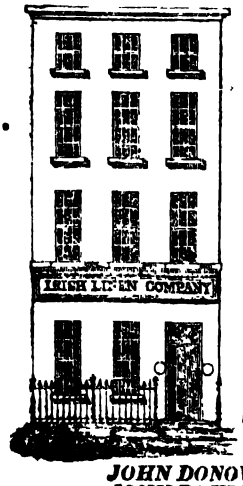
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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review.

Such Authors and Publishers as wish their Works to receive an early notice in the Literary Coterie, *shall have their wishes complied with, on sending a copy, addressed to* Reginald Hildebrand, *to the care of Mr.* Ackermann.

The great length to which some of our articles have this month extended, and the large space occupied by the Reviews of the Exhibitions, have compelled us to defer several communications intended for insertion in the present Number; among others, the Continuation of Mr. Stafford's History of the Drama, *and* A Country Gentleman of the Old School. *The whole of the Poetical Contributions, and even a portion of our Literary Intelligence, have been excluded, from the same cause. We solicit the indulgence of all who may be concerned in these omissions, for which we hope to make early amends.*

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IX. JUNE 1, 1827. NO. LIV.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

WESTDEAN-HOUSE, SUSSEX, THE SEAT OF LORD SELSEY.

AMONG the many beautiful mansions which adorn the county of Sussex, Westdean-House stands pre-eminent for elegance of external appearance, and a happy combination of every thing appertaining to internal comfort, refinement, and display. The alterations in the ancient residence of this noble family were commenced by James Lord Selsey, and completed by his son John, the father of the present peer. The whole was effected under the professional skill and cultivated taste of the late Mr. Wyatt, whose judgment was even extended to most of the interior decorations and furniture. On the accession of the present peer to the honours of his ancestors, little therefore remained to be done with reference to the mansion; and his lordship's attention has been therefore chiefly directed to the improvement of the grounds and of the magnificent estate by which it is surrounded. The plantations made by this nobleman already cover eight hundred acres, and are beginning to present a most splendid sylvan appearance.

The gardens of Westdean still retain their ancient celebrity for the extraordinary fineness and profuse variety of rare fruits; and the flower-garden, which is altogether the creation of the present Lady Selsey, and is of very considerable extent, is perhaps equalled only by that of Lady Grenville at Dropmore.

Westdean has been long the residence of the noble family of Peachey, who, previous to their elevation to the peerage, were frequently representatives of the county of Sussex. They are descended from the ancient Barons of Peché of Kingsthorpe, in the county of Leicester; from which house also sprung Hamon Peché, summoned to Parliament from the 28th of Edward I. to 10th

of Edward II. as Lord Peché of Brume, in the county of Cambridge. Henry, the present Lord Selsey, succeeded his father in 1816, and married, the year following, the Hon. Anna Maria Louisa Irby, youngest daughter of Frederick, the late Lord Boston.

JUNE.

I PROPOSE this month to deviate from my usual plan, and be a mere matter-of-fact contributor. Morality, sarcasm, sentimentalism, I shall altogether dismiss, and contrive, for once, to give the reader some information: but now-a-days every body is so very wise, that he is a bold man who undertakes to make people wiser; and it may indeed be very well asked, "What have you, Mr. Contributor, to tell us about the month of June that we don't know already? None of your evasions, sir, or digressions; stick to your subject; June is your text, and we insist upon your keeping to it." So I will, gentle reader, only bear with me. Much you no doubt know of June. You know, I dare say, that it is the sixth month in the year; that it has some connection with *Juno;* that May comes before it and July after it; and that June skies are said by poets to be blue. Perhaps you also know that the 21st of June is the longest day in all the year throughout the northern hemisphere; and that if you will only go far enough north, you may write a *billet-doux* by the light of the sun at midnight. Now, it is of this very fact that I am going to speak; a phenomenon which I suspect none of you ever saw, and of which, although you entertain a speculative belief, you have a strong desire to be assured by an eyewitness. Listen then to me, ye sceptics, and you shall know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Three hours before midnight on the evening of the 20th of June, 1822, I left the house of an hospitable person in Tornea (who had received me two days before as a stranger), to witness the phenomenon of which I have been speaking. I took no guide with me; for company is a sad intrusion upon those contemplative feelings which the spectacle I was about to witness must necessarily excite. Tornea, as my readers probably know, is a wretched little place, although the reputed capital of Lapland; its streets are neither long nor intricate, so that I was soon clear of the town. In the environs of Tornea there are attempts at cultivation and inclosure; there are some small fields of rye, some patches of oats, and some scanty pasturage, and a number of small gardens, the productions of which include only the most hardy vegetables, but abundance of those quick-blowing flowers which are called into life and beauty even by a Lapland sun. The change indeed which is created in the aspect of nature by but a few days of summer in these northern regions is miraculous:

For, Lapland, though thy region barren be,
And cold the wind that whistles o'er thy lorn
And cheerless plains, where here and there a tree
Stands lone and desolate; and though thy morn,
Day after day in snows and darkness born,
Ushers few tedious hours of struggling light;
Yet does the spring a little while adorn
Thy barren land. The sun looks out of night,
And Nature smiles around, and gladdens at the sight,

And, oh! the summer of a northern land,
Short as it is, o'erfloweth in delight;
For, like the work of an enchanter's wand,
The rapid change seems to the gladden'd sight.
How sweet it is when the cold robe of white
Nature has worn so long, turns into green!
When darkness flies, and earth and heaven look bright,
And thousand flowers of various hues are seen,
As if the melting snow heaven's summer-dew had been!

Every one has heard of "Tornea's hoary brow." But it was not hoary on the evening of the 20th of June, 1822. The Hill of Tornea is but a low hill, not higher, nor I believe so high as many in the northern counties of England, but extremely rugged and difficult to climb. A little after ten I arrived at the foot of it, and proceeded slowly to ascend. The lower part affords pasture for some goats, and perhaps for deer, at some periods; but in the month of June there are few deer to be seen in this district, the greater number having been sent to the summer fair at Drontheim.

As I ascended, the sun continued to sink, and when I reached the summit, which I did about a quarter past eleven, it had descended nearly to the horizon. There was a dead stillness; the sky was perfectly unclouded, but curtained as if by a pale film. Upon earth, all had the appearance of coming night and darkness; no human being was to be seen; no bird was on the wing; there was no cry of any animal. The fowls of heaven had covered their heads with their wings, and the beasts of the field were couched in sleep; it was the *feeling* of night, too—the chill of night, and the breathless calm of midnight. But above, the sun was yet in the sky, dull and deathlike, and seemed on the eve of leaving the world to the shadows of night. I stood and gazed upon him; slowly he sunk, lower and lower; at length his rim touched the horizon—it dipped below it—but for an instant, and then emerged again upon the azure. In a few moments the seeming of night was no longer visible; it was morning; and as I descended from my elevation, I heard the chirping of the early bird, and saw the goats rise up and begin to crop the herbage.

LETTERS FROM AN ARTIST IN ITALY.

No. IV.

NAPLES, *Mar.* 4, 1827.

THE Carnival is at length over; and to the season of riot, noise, confusion, and dissipation, has succeeded that of *sackcloth and ashes*. The people of fashion, instead of dancing and masquerading till six or seven in the morning, are content to sit quietly and play at cards till two or three; and instead of voluptuous dinners, and still more voluptuous suppers, are satisfied to have their tables supplied with only a dozen dishes, consisting of every delicious fish of the season, dressed in all the luxury and variety of the most inventive cookery, with an after-course of pastry and a dessert of fruit and sweetmeats. Thus they fast!

I had no idea of the extent to which the Carnival was carried, till this year. The first winter I was in Italy was Jubilee, or Holy Year; in Rome there was no Carnival: last winter it was Holy Year here, and

although the Carnival did take place, it was kept greatly within bounds: but this season there has been a reaction, in revenge for the abstinence which the Holy Year had imposed upon them; and they have, indeed, entered with more than double ardour into all the amusements consequent upon the Carnival. Night after night, at one house or other, there has been a fancy-ball or masked ball; till, at last, the king and all the royal family, dressed in the splendour of Eastern luxury, covered with brilliants and jewels, presented themselves in the rooms of the Academy, and paraded up and down amongst the company in their assumed and costly disguises; after which, seating themselves on a temporary throne, they surveyed at leisure the other masques got up for their entertainment. These were in many respects highly interesting and beautiful. The four Italian poets, Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, and Ariosto, led the way, followed by the most conspicuous characters in their several poems. The singular assemblage of valiant knights in armour, beautiful ladies in the costume of the middle ages, with attendants, Troubadours, &c. formed a most interesting spectacle. The poets each presented verses to the king, and the other characters went through a stately figure-dance of high and lofty bearing, not inconsistent with the characters assumed. This was followed by the *tarantella*, or national dance, by eight of the most beautiful young ladies amongst the Neapolitan nobility, dressed as *contadini*, or peasants; and then another set, in what they call *costume Scotteze*, but which has no other resemblance to the Highland dress than being chequered. This masque was composed of persons of the highest rank, Italian, German, French, and English, who happened to be here; and I must say, for the credit of English beauty, that two of the ladies, Miss Talbot and Miss Beresford, the Bishop of Ossory's niece, were among the handsomest of the party. This took place at the *Academia Nobile*, where only persons of a certain rank are admitted; but so delighted was the king with this spectacle, that he was determined to have it all exhibited before the public. The theatre, the immense theatre of San Carlo, was covered with planks and turned into a ball-room; and the king, queen, and royal family, followed by all the above-mentioned noble masks, paraded in theatrical state round and round the pit; and the people were admitted to see the performance, and share in the pleasure, at six *carlini* (two shillings) per head. In this way do the English pass their time at Naples: indeed, this season has been the spring-tide of dissipation, and so entirely has my quiet occupation been broken up by it, that I have had to sit still and do nothing.

How long one may be in a place without seeing all its shows and knowing all its customs! I have just been to my dinner, which at this season of the year I do not get till dark; returning, I followed the cavalcade of the Host, which, though I had often seen it before, I had never seen in quite so much style. Besides the ordinary umbrella carried over the priest's head, there was an additional canopy, supported by four men, covering priest, host, umbrella and all. The whole was preceded by a number of lantern-bearers and torch-men, and others carrying

whole faggots in a state of blazing combustion. As it proceeded down the *Strada di Chiaja*, under the gloomy bridge which leads to the upper part of the town, it had a most picturesque and solemn effect. At the moment of the Host's passing, the people from the ground-floor to the fifth and sixth stories bring lights to the balconies and fall down on their knees. The lights are as suddenly removed when the canopy has passed, leaving all behind in a state of gloom and darkness, which you, accustomed to gas-lighted streets, will hardly be able to conceive; but it adds most wonderfully to the effect. The lights, seen at a distance, may be supposed an emanation from the deity, whose little wafer-form would be worth nothing without all this pomp and blaze.

When the procession reached the palace of the sick man, the larger canopy stopped at the gate, and the wafer and umbrella were carried up to the chamber: this was another piece of theatrical effect. The lights were seen winding up the steps of the palace, and the gloom of the court-yard contributed to its imposing splendour. As soon as it reached the chamber, the mob in the street lighted the faggots and made a blaze of illumination around the house. I assumed the character of a stranger, and asked a man what all this meant. He said, "Jesus Christ was in the house, and the bonfire was made to do him honour." Still there was a mystery that puzzled me. I perceived that the majority of the people bearing lights and kindling faggots were not in the employ of the church, but voluntary contributors to the parade and ceremony. On referring to a book of indulgences, I find this explained: there it is set down, that "Pope Innocent XII. in the year 1695, granted seven years and forty days remission of the pains of Purgatory to all who accompany the Host to the houses of the sick with torches or lighted candles; five years and forty days to those who follow it without lights; and three years and forty days to those who, legitimately prevented, procure or hire other persons to carry torches, &c. and by this means contribute to the splendour of the ceremony."

I have just got a letter from ——, at Rome, in which he says, "Wilkie is painting here with great spirit. He has done a confessional scene with stuff in it equal to Rembrandt." He has also done a picture of the *Calabrian Pipers*, and one of the *Washing of the Pilgrims' Feet*; so that his health must be greatly improved, at which I am sure R——, as well as all his other friends, will rejoice.

The Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg is recovered entirely from his lingering illness. His disorder was bilious. He was attended by Drs. Eden and Quin.

IGNATIUS DENNER.

(Concluded from p. 264.)

Ignatius Denner was the son of this doctor, who, through his arts, had been saved from the flames, along with a box of his most precious valuables. From his earliest youth his father had initiated him into the mysteries of his infernal art, and his soul had been devoted to Satan be-

fore he had attained the use of reason. When Trabacchio was thrown into prison, the boy had remained in the secret chamber among the spirits whom the magic of his father had confined there, and when the charm was destroyed by the sanctity of the Dominican, he let loose the powers of the hidden chemical preparations, fire was generated, and in a few minutes the dwelling was wrapt in flames, whilst, unhurt by its fury, he escaped from amid the conflagration and sought the recesses of the forest, which his father had designated as his asylum. Soon joining him there, they hastily fled three long days' journey from Naples, till they arrived at the ruins of an ancient Roman temple, which concealed the entrance to a spacious cavern. Here Trabacchio was joyfully welcomed by a numerous band of robbers, with whom he had long been intimately connected, and to whom, by his secret intelligence, he had often rendered the most important services. To prove their sense of his abilities, they resolved to elect him their chief, thereby committing to him the supreme command over the numerous parties dispersed through Italy and the south of Germany. Trabacchio, however, declared his inability to accept the honour, alleging that, from the preponderance of constellations inimical to him, he must henceforth lead a wandering life, nor could he bind himself by any tie of companionship. The robbers then resolved to elect his son, though scarcely twelve years of age, for their chief, at which Trabacchio expressed his satisfaction, and left the boy with the band, whose leader he actually became when he arrived at manhood.

His life from this period was a tissue of crimes and cruelties, to which his father, who often visited him, sometimes staying whole weeks, incessantly prompted him. The active measures, however, pursued by the King of Naples against the banditti, and still more disagreement among themselves, ere long dissolved this formidable combination under one leader, and scarcely could the infernal arts which the youthful Trabacchio had learned from his father protect him from the dagger of his followers, exasperated and alienated by his pride and severity. He fled to Switzerland, assumed the name of Ignatius Denner, and, under the disguise of a travelling merchant, visited the various fairs in Germany, till he had collected from the scattered relics of his former band a few of the boldest spirits who were willing to acknowledge him as their chief.

He added, that his father was yet living, had visited him frequently in prison, and promised to rescue him from the fate to which he was condemned. Now, however, as it appeared plainly to him, from the providential deliverance of Andrew, the power of his father was circumscribed, and yielding to his destiny, he renounced his connection with Satan, and would expiate his crimes and prove his repentance by patiently submitting to an ignominious death.

Andrew, to whom these circumstances were related by the count, doubted no longer that it was the old man who had visited him in the prison, and enticed him to make his escape and join his career of wickedness. He now perceived in what peril he had lived ever since his first acquaintance with Denner, but could not comprehend what could have so much interested the latter in the fate

of Georgina and himself, the benefits he had conferred on them being incontestible.

Andrew now found himself once more in quiet after safely weathering the storm, but it had assailed him with too much violence not to have a powerful influence on his future life. Besides, though formerly a stout, healthy man, grief, long imprisonment, and the dreadful tortures of the rack, had shrunk his limbs and impaired his constitution, so that he could scarcely endure the fatigues of the chase; and moreover his beloved Georgina, whose delicate frame could ill support the trials to which she had been exposed, was evidently sinking into a decline. No assistance availed to ward off the impending danger, and a few months after these events she was no more. Andrew's grief approached despair, and but for his lovely boy, the very image of his mother, he had followed her to the grave. For his child's sake he still bore the burthen of existence, and his exertions were successful; he regained his health, his former vigour returned, and he once more took his share in many a noble chase.

The trial of Denner was now concluded; he was condemned to the flames, as his father had formerly been, and his sentence was to be carried into execution in a few days.

Andrew was returning from the forest one evening, before twilight had closed in, accompanied by his son; he was already near the castle, when his attention was excited by a low moaning, which seemed to come from a neighbouring ditch. He hastened to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and perceived a miserable object, who, stretched at the bottom of the ditch, was apparently at the last extremity and suffering acute pain. Andrew threw down his gun and bag, and with some difficulty extricated the poor wretch; but what was his horror on examining his countenance to recognise the accursed Denner! He drew back shuddering; but the agonizing cry of the expiring wretch recalled him. "Andrew, Andrew, is it you? For the sake of a merciful God, to whom I recommend my soul, take pity on me! If you save me you save a soul from eternal damnation; for my death is fast approaching, and my crimes are yet unabsolved."—"Cursed monster!" exclaimed Andrew, "murderer of my wife and child! what fiend has brought you hither to complete your malice by my destruction? Die—if indeed your present condition be not some new device of your infernal hatred to me and mine?" At these words he was about to cast him back into the ditch, when Denner faintly uttered, "Andrew, will you destroy the father of your beloved Georgina, who is now a suppliant for me at the throne of grace?" Andrew hesitated—the name of his Georgina unmanned him. Compassion even for the destroyer of his happiness penetrated his heart; he raised the fainting Denner in his arms, and bore him with difficulty to his house, where proper restoratives soon recovered him from the swoon into which he had fallen.

The night before his execution the fear of death overcame the firmness of Denner; he was convinced that no hope of escape from the dreadful torments of the stake remained for him. In the agony of despair, he grasped the iron bars of

the window of his dungeon, which yielded to his strength and broke in his hands. A ray of hope burst on his mind: His prison was in a tower adjoining the ditch of the ramparts, at that time dry; the height was not very great, and in a moment his resolution was taken to leap boldly down, and escape or perish in the attempt. His chains were with some difficulty filed asunder—he sprang from the window—his senses forsook him, and when they returned, it was mid-day. He had fallen among some high grass, which had saved him from being dashed to pieces; but his limbs were so benumbed and bruised that he had scarcely strength to raise himself on his feet. A prey to the insects which swarmed around him, and which he was unable to drive away, he passed the day in torture. When night darkened, he crept slowly to the edge, and fortunately discovered a small pool of water, at which he quenched his burning thirst. He felt revived, and, exerting every effort, he climbed to the level ground, and gaining the forest, wandered to the neighbourhood of the castle of the Count Bach, to the spot where Andrew had found him nearly at the last gasp. The exertions he had made had utterly exhausted his strength, and had Andrew arrived a few minutes later death had closed his career.

Without considering what was in future to be done with this unfortunate wretch, Andrew conveyed him carefully and cautiously to a small room in his house, omitted no means for his recovery, and observed so much secrecy that no one suspected the presence of the stranger. Andrew now inquired if he were really the father of Georgina. "It is truth," replied Ignatius. "Whilst residing at Naples I wedded a lovely girl, who became the mother of a daughter. One of the most important secrets of my father was the preparation of that most wonderful medicine, of which the chief ingredient is the heart's blood of a child nine weeks, months, or years old, and who must be freely intrusted by its parents to its destroyer. The nearer his relationship to the victim the more powerful the properties of the medicine, which not only restores youth, but will even convert baser metals into gold. My father sacrificed with this object all his children excepting myself, and it was my intention to devote my infant to the same fate. I do not know what led my wife to suspect my purpose; but, before the ninth week had elapsed, she had disappeared, and it was not until many years after that I heard she had died in Naples, and that her daughter Georgina had been brought up by a miserable and inhuman mistress. I afterwards learned her marriage with you and the place of your residence. Now you may guess why I felt so much attachment for your wife, and why I strove so hard to induce you to resign your child to my care. But to your wonderful deliverance from all my snares I owe my tardy, but sincere repentance and remorse. As to the box of jewels, it is the same I saved from my father's house, and you may keep them for your child."—"That box," exclaimed Andrew, "is no longer in my possession; Georgina gave it back to you on that fatal day when our darling was murdered by your accursed hand."—"Yet," replied Ignatius, "without her knowledge, I returned it to her: search in the great black trunk, and

you will find it." Andrew searched and found the box, exactly as it had first been given into his charge.

Andrew could not prevent an unaccountable feeling of dread from hanging on his mind, and often wished that Ignatius had perished before his arrival. The repentance and sorrow of the latter seemed it is true to be sincere; he spent his time in acts of devotion or in playing with young George, to whom he appeared passionately attached. Andrew, however, resolved to be on his guard, and, on the earliest opportunity, discovered the whole to the count, who was not a little astonished at the singular decrees of fate.

Some months passed away; the autumn approached, and Andrew was again employed daily with the chase, leaving his boy in the care of an old huntsman, to whom the story was confided. One evening, as Andrew returned from hunting, the old man met him, and bluntly observed, "Master, beware of yon bad man; some evil spirit visits him every night invisible to me." This news fell on the heart of Andrew like a thunderclap: he knew but too well who this mysterious visitor might be. The old huntsman further related, that for many evenings past, about twilight, strange voices had been heard in Trabacchio's room, as if disputing; and that very afternoon, for the second time, on suddenly opening the door, he fancied he saw a figure clothed in a red mantle, which had immediately darted out of the window and disappeared. Full of terror and rage, Andrew hastened to the chamber of his guest, reproached him with his conduct, and threatened, if he did not wholly forsake his evil ways, to give him up to justice. Trabacchio answered with every appearance of grief, that it was but too true his father, whose powers were not yet destroyed, had begun again to torment him, and urge him to abandon his present innocent life; but that he had invariably repulsed his endeavours, and was resolved to spend the short remainder of his days as a sincere penitent. In fact, the mysterious visits apparently ceased; but Andrew observed that the eyes of Trabacchio glowed with a wilder expression, and that he occasionally resumed his strange and contemptuous manner. During their family prayers he was remarked to shudder convulsively, and the service was not unfrequently interrupted in an unaccountable manner. Strong blasts of wind would turn over the leaves of the book, and the book itself was once forcibly struck out of the hands of Andrew. "Accursed fiend, avaunt! thou hast no power here!" cried he aloud, and a hollow laugh echoed through the room, and a sound like the flapping of wings was heard outside: still it was only the wind and rain of a stormy night, according to Trabacchio; but his argument failed to convince Andrew, who now expressed his fixed determination of surrendering him to justice. Trabacchio wept bitterly, implored his compassion in the name of all the saints; and poor little George, without comprehending what was the matter, joined his entreaties. "Well," said Andrew, "stay here then one day longer. We will see whether these interruptions are repeated at the hour of prayer this evening, after my return from hunting."

The following day was clear and fine, and Andrew set out hoping for success. Before he returned it grew

dark, and he felt an unusual sense of undefined terror come over him. His own singular fate, the memory of his dear Georgina and of his murdered child, were recalled so vividly to his mind, that, wrapped in melancholy abstraction, he missed his way, and struck into the recesses of the forest. Suddenly he perceived a dazzling light, which flashed from a neighbouring thicket, and, excited by a strong presentiment of some impending danger, he made his way to the spot and approached the fire. Beside it stood the form of the elder Trabacchio, habited in the same red cloak, worked with gold, his sword by his side, his hat surmounted with a red feather, and his wondrous casket under his arm. He gazed stedfastly on the flame, which burst from a retort in blue sulphureous flashes. At his feet lay little George, bound and senseless; whilst Ignatius knelt over him, and prepared to strike a dagger to his heart. Andrew's scream of agony caused the murderer to look round; but at the same instant a bullet from Andrew's rifle crashed through his brain, and stretched him upon his victim. The other form vanished. Andrew sprang forward, pushed the corpse aside, and, snatching his child in his arms, stopped not till he reached his own home. His boy was unhurt; terror alone had rendered him senseless, and as soon as he was recovered Andrew returned to the forest, anxious to convince himself of Trabacchio's death, and to bury the body. He roused the old huntsman, who lay in a deep sleep, his food having been drugged by Trabacchio for that purpose; and both departed from the house with lanterns, and spades, and reached the spot where lay Trabacchio mortally wounded, but yet alive. His strength sufficed only to utter deep and fiend-like curses upon Andrew, and then his spirit fled to his infernal master. A deep hole was quickly dug, and the corpse deposited in it. "Lay not his blood to my charge, O merciful God!" exclaimed Andrew; "it was spilt to save my only child! yet will I pray for his soul, dig and place a little cross above his grave." Returning, however, for this purpose on the following day, he found the grave opened and the body gone: whether this was the work of wild beasts or of any other power was doubtful. Andrew hastened with his child and the old huntsman to the Count von Bach, and related all that had occurred. The count approved his conduct, and ordered the whole strange tale to be entered among the archives of the castle.

These awful events had deeply affected Andrew, and it may be well supposed sleep did not visit his eyes the following night. While he lay in a state between waking and dreaming, he heard a rustling sound in the room, and a glimmer of scarlet flashed through the darkness. He raised his head, but could distinguish nothing. A voice, however, murmured distinctly, "The treasure is thine! the treasure is now thine; use it as thine own!" A sudden feeling of joy came over him; but, rising, he prayed earnestly, as the day broke, that he might be enlightened to act according to the will of God. Rising from his knees, he cried, "I know now what my duty is, and how I may banish yon fiend and avert evil from my house." He snatched up the chest of jewels and flung it, without opening, into a deep cleft of the rock. No further molestation was ever afterwards offered him, but he lived to a happy and vigorous old age.

SLAVERY IN LONDON.

SLAVERY has employed many eloquent tongues and pens in its discussion; I mean the slavery of the poor Africans, both in the West Indies and in *free* North America, that foul blot in her else bright escutcheon. Aware as I am that all this is no novelty, and that to some it may be "tedious as a twice-told tale;" still, as I am in a *scribing* and *transcribing* humour, I hope to be borne with for a few moments.

My thoughts were turned into their present channel by accidentally taking up a scrap of a newspaper, which proved to be part of a Charleston Journal, and which had just been sent to my house as an envelope for some small article. It was chiefly covered with advertisements of very various descriptions; and immediately following a very tempting one, in which was recommended a lot of superior jewellery and nicknacks to the fair sex of Charleston, came a very staggering one to John Bull, in which fifteen women and children were offered for sale with as much coolness and *sang froid* as the before-mentioned jewellery. Thus it ran:

VALUABLE NEGROES AT PRIVATE SALE.

Fifteen prime negroes, in three families; viz a woman, about thirty-five years old, an excellent cook and house-servant, of warranted character, and her five children.

A girl, thirteen years old, sews handsome, and is handy about house; a girl, eleven years old; a boy, eight years old; two girls, six and three years old.

Another woman, an excellent pastry-cook, washer and ironer, of warranted character, with her five children; viz. a girl, fifteen years old, an excellent seamstress and house-servant; a girl, twelve years old, handy about house; a boy, nine years old, handy about house; a girl, three years old; a boy, three months old.

Also a wench, about twenty-five or twenty-six years old, accustomed to the country, and to field and house-work; with her two male children, about four and one year old; is willing to go again into the country.

For price and terms, which will be accommodating to approved purchasers, apply to

ISAAC C. MOSES and Co.

Nov. 7. *Vendue-Range.*

Now, however awful all this is to the feelings of a well-disposed slavery-hating Englishman, it is pretty well authenticated, that, in very many instances, the black slaves of America and the West Indies are treated well; having their regular hours for labour, and as regular hours for rest and recreation; with not unfrequently a small garden allotted to them, and other advantages, *said to be* superior to those of most English day-labourers at the present time. However, be this as it may, it is no excuse for the cold-blooded transfer of human beings, as offered in the advertisement I have copied; nor for the degrading fact of there being any one country, at this time of day, whose laws allow one set of men to be the absolute property of another, like "the beasts that perish."

But it is not my object to enlarge on this part of my subject: I wish to call the attention of every Briton, who feels a proper indignation at the circumstance of his fellow-creatures being thus passed from one farm or one family to another, with the same indifference as a flock of sheep or a drove of oxen would be, to a something at home very like slavery, aye, *white slavery;* and that, too, in this very overgrown London of ours: and moreover it is practised towards the fairest portion of God's creatures; to those who are intended to form, and do form, man's dearest so-

face in those weary and bitter hours when the world has lost its charms, and misfortune or calamity has overtaken him; and whose joyous smiles in brighter moments give every pleasure an additional zest. Incredulity may affect to doubt the truth or the possibility of this; but it is "an ower true tale." I allude to the shameful way in which hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the most respectable young women are treated, both as workwomen and apprentices, by the mantua-makers and milliners of the metropolis; and especially by those at the west end of the town. Male labourers, be their business what it may, have their regular hours of employment, and as regular periods of the day allowed for meals; their time of work seldom exceeds twelve hours a day, and if it does, the men are paid extra for it; and, indeed, their general emoluments, however murmured at, are infinitely superior to the pay of females for any work they perform. But look at the tender girl fifteen or sixteen years old, taken from her comfortable home, her kind attentive parents, and bound to some *fashionable* dress-maker for two, three, four, or even more years, as the case may be. Here she is expected to make a genteel appearance, and although from 100*l.* to 200*l.* premium may have been paid with her, she is expected to work nearly twice as long as the poorest Irish labourer who ever carried a hod. Early morning sees her labours commence, and late midnight does not behold the termination of them; while very short portions of time are allowed for still shorter meals; as it is generally another maxim of these task-mistresses, to take care that in proportion as the labour of their young women is hard, so shall their food be common and scanty.

Glad, indeed, as is a bird of its liberty, are the *fags* of the mantua-maker when Sunday dawns upon their aching heads and fingers; when a day, not only of quiet, but of plenty and good treatment awaits them.

The only reason pretended to be given for this excessive labour is, that ladies of rank and fashion seldom allow much time for the getting up of their dresses. If such be the fact, then ladies of rank and fashion should be ashamed of being the cause of young females, many of them as tenderly brought up as they have been, and some who have entered life with almost as brilliant prospects, working closely with the needle, in a constrained sitting posture, from six in the morning till one, two, or three, on the succeeding one. This is well known by thousands to be no exaggerated picture; and it is constantly occurring. But the real fact is, that the fault is not with our ladies who employ the dress-makers; but it lies with the latter, who, instead of hiring additional hands—and there are but too many unemployed—rather choose to compel their regular apprentices, &c. to turn night into day, for a length of time together, so that the order may be completed without any increase of expense to themselves.

But too many of the victims of this slavish system—for certainly there is not much free-will about it—after they have passed the ordeal of compulsory needle-work, come forth into the world, many of them with broken constitutions; some, alas! with morals not improved; and all with a complete hatred for that which

their friends had paid so much and they had sacrificed so much to learn: for I may confidently appeal to all who know much of the world, if they ever saw a female who in her youth had been *fagged* in the way I have described, that did not in her heart detest needle-work.

I have often thought that our legislature would do well to regulate the hours and the price of female labour: for not only in the businesses I have spoken of, but in every other where females are employed, it is notorious how ill they are paid. The man who purchases a ready-made linen shirt would blush for poor human nature if he knew, what is a certain fact, that a very good shirt is made, *for the shops* (as they call it) for *one shilling!* the workwoman finding out of that needles and thread; and as to what is called *slop-work*, a blue jacket and trowsers are made for even less than a shilling. People may say this is not slavery, because they are not obliged to do it; but what then, it may be asked, are they to do? The workhouse or worse, stares them in the face if they do not; and indeed, with such miserable pay, the parish has but too often to assist them: and the melancholy consequence of all this needs no comment. The lost and degraded state of many females in our crowded streets speaks volumes on the subject.

To the *Repository of Arts*, as a work more especially appropriated to the amusement and instruction of the fair sex, I have ventured to send this trifle, in the hope that some amelioration of the prolonged and unhealthy labour I have spoken of may be brought about through the intervention of those of your gentle readers, whose situation in life may enable them to say to a milliner or dress-maker, "I will not employ you again, if I know that a female in your establishment is kept longer at the needle than twelve hours in one day, or that she is employed at all during any of those hours of the night that should be devoted to rest."

J. M. LACLY.

VILLARS: A TALE.

GEORGE VILLARS, a young Englishman of good birth and large fortune, inherited from nature all the qualities which, properly cultivated, can render man happy. Unfortunately for him, that was not the case; his education was very defective, but his heart and his understanding were excellent. Life opened upon him in dazzling colours; rich, amiable, and handsome, he was universally courted. Wherever he went the hand of friendship was extended to him, and the smile of welcome hailed his approach. Warm-hearted and confiding, he trusted entirely to appearances, and soon became the dupe of an unfaithful mistress and a false friend.

Fortunately for him, his eyes were opened in time to prevent his taking pollution to his arms; but the discovery was a dagger to his heart. Pride sustained him outwardly under the blow, but it preyed upon his spirits; he became disgusted with life, and lost all confidence in his fellow-creatures. Had he consulted his inclinations alone, he would have buried himself in solitude; but his

pride forbade; a step which would have proclaimed his wretchedness. He must live in the public eye; he must shew his contempt, his indifference for her whose remembrance was still agony. He went to Paris, was seen constantly in the best society, and in all fashionable public places; and while every day deepened his disgust of life, he was envied and admired as the favourite of nature and fortune.

One night he was returning home earlier than usual, and on foot; in passing the Pont Louis XVI. he perceived a man seated on the parapet holding a dog upon his knees, which he seemed to be fondling, for he was stooping over it. Just as Villars came up, he suddenly rose and threw the animal into the river; but he had scarcely done so, when he staggered and fell. Villars hastened to the spot, and found him in a swoon. He tried, for some moments ineffectually, to restore him to his senses; at last he had the satisfaction to see life slowly return, and at the same instant a dog dripping with water ran up to the sufferer and began to caress him. It was, indeed, the faithful creature whom he had attempted to destroy; but the stone, which he tied round his neck with an unsteady hand, was so badly fastened that the dog shook it off without difficulty.

It would have moved a harder heart than that of Villars, to see the caresses which the affectionate creature lavished upon his master, as he strove by plaintive means to call him back to life. At last he opened his eyes, and fixed them wildly upon the dog. "Azor! my poor Azor!" cried he, bursting into tears, "have I not then destroyed thee?"

"He has escaped a death which you do not appear to have inflicted willingly."

"Willingly! ah, no, indeed! But I have no means, none, none on earth! I could not see him die of hunger, and I have offered him in vain to different people. Will you take him, sir? Do, I beseech you, do!"

Touched at once by the wretched appearance of the poor sufferer and the despair of his tone, Villars said, in a soothing voice, "I would not refuse your dog, did I not think you would like better to keep him yourself; and I will enable you to do it, at least for the present."

He drew a louis-d'or from his purse and placed it in the old man's hand. Words cannot describe the burst of gratitude with which it was received. "You have saved my life!" cried he. "Mine! did I say? Ah, my God! a life a thousand times dearer than mine. My child, my poor Julia, will now have food." He attempted to move, but he tottered and would have fallen had not Villars supported him; nor would he leave him till he had conducted him to his dwelling, which was at no great distance; and as he went, he took the precaution to provide a bottle of wine and a few biscuits. Never did succour come at a more seasonable moment: the daughter of the old man, reduced at once by sickness and famine, was nearly exhausted; in a few hours relief would have been too late. Villars left his purse, and taking the direction of the old man, hastened to send a physician to his suffering daughter.

Villars had that night a sound and tranquil sleep, the first he had enjoyed for a long time. The next

day he visited the old man, whom he found greatly restored; and he heard with extreme pleasure that the physician had declared, that quiet and good nourishment were all that was wanting to complete the young woman's recovery. In spite of the wretchedness of his appearance, the manner and language of the old man were those of a gentleman. His gratitude had in it nothing servile; it seemed the frank emotion of a generous mind; and before Villars quitted him, he determined to secure his old age from the attacks of penury. But on returning home, he found a letter which, for the moment at least, drove every thing from his mind: his mother, whom he tenderly loved, was taken suddenly and dangerously ill, so dangerously that it was requisite for him to set out immediately, if he hoped to find her alive.

He lost not an instant in obeying the summons; but just as he was on the point of departing, he recollected the poor old man. He wrote a hasty line to account for not seeing him again, gave him his address in England, and desired to hear how he went on. He inclosed also a bank-note of a thousand francs, and sent the letter by his valet, with directions to deliver it to the old man himself.

The crisis of his mother's disorder was over when he arrived; she was pronounced out of danger. He staid till he saw her perfectly recovered, and then, unable to remain in a place which brought to his mind the most painful recollections, he returned to France.

Although surprised and, in some degree, offended at not hearing from the old man, Villars still felt an interest in his fate. He went to inquire after him, and was told that he had quitted his lodging suddenly, and no one knew whither he was gone: his daughter accompanied him, and both were in perfect health.

"He is like the rest," said Villars to himself, "no sincerity, no gratitude. What a fool was I to expect it!" and for some days he was more gloomy than usual. Some months elapsed, and he had nearly forgotten the adventure, when one day, in crossing the gardens of the Tuileries, he saw a lady drop a handkerchief; he stooped to present it to her, and as he did so, a little dog which was running on before her turned back, and springing up to Villars, began to caress him with great fondness.

"Come away, Azor!" cried the lady.

"Azor!" repeated Villars, "can it be?" He looked up as he spoke, and met the eyes of a beautiful girl fixed upon him, with a look in which joy, timidity, and surprise were blended. She advanced eagerly, as if to speak, but stopped short suddenly and remained silent.

"I cannot be mistaken!" cried Villars, "this dog belongs to a person I have once known."

"I knew it, I was sure of it!" exclaimed the young lady: "you are my father's benefactor!"

"Julia, my dear!" said the other lady, in a tone of reproof: but her accents were alike unheeded by Julia and Villars, who were each too eager for an explanation not to be quickly satisfied that their conjectures were just.

"O how happy will this make my father!" cried the delighted Julia:

"how often has he lamented that he could not discover one to whom he owed so much!"

"How! has he not received my letter?"

"Never, sir; from the moment you quitted us, we have never heard of you: but will you not go now to see my father? We live so near, so very near!"

Villars wanted no second invitation; he accompanied his fair guide to her habitation—but what a different habitation from that in which he had formerly found her!

In an elegant apartment of one of the handsomest hotels in the Rue Rivoli, Villars was received by the object of his bounty with the most lively joy and the most touching gratitude. Far from having forgotten his benefactor, Delmont had made every effort to discover him, though he had never received the last proof of his regard; for the valet had kept back the letter, for the sake of appropriating to himself the bank-note which it contained.

They passed the day together, and in the course of it Villars learned from Delmont the vicissitudes of his life. We shall give them in his own words.

"A few years ago I was one of the richest merchants in Lyons, and one of the happiest men in France; perhaps I ought to say in the world. Every thing prospered with me; I enjoyed excellent health, had, as I thought, many sincere friends, and a dutiful and affectionate child, who was at once the pride and the joy of my life. Next to that dear daughter was a friend in whom I placed implicit confidence; I had known him more than thirty years; I had often served him, and I always found him punctual to his engagements. One day he came to ask me for a sum of money much larger than any I had before lent him. I complied without hesitation, and he went away, promising to return to supper.

"We waited for him for some time; at last we sat down to table, and just as we did so, one of my neighbours entered with horror in his countenance. 'Ah, my God!' cried he abruptly, 'poor Mercier has just shot himself!'

"Never shall I forget my feelings in that terrible moment: the fatal news was indeed true. The unfortunate man had been for a long time secretly addicted to gambling. Seeing himself on the brink of ruin, he determined to make a desperate effort to retrieve his affairs; he failed, and, wanting the courage to face ignominy in this world, he rushed into the presence of an offended God.

"This was the beginning of my misfortunes; grief and horror overwhelmed me; I sunk under the weight of my feelings, and a violent fever reduced me to the brink of the grave. While I was suffering under it, losses came thick upon me, and with the return of health, I found myself a beggar; nay, worse, for I owed a large sum, which I could not pay. My Julia inherited her mother's fortune; it was settled upon her out of my power to touch; but no sooner did she learn the state of my affairs, than, unknown to me, she surrendered every shilling to my creditors."

"Noble girl!" cried Villars.

"Noble, indeed! but how was her conduct appreciated where it ought most to have been felt? She had a lover; they were brought up together, and I believed him truly attached to her. I knew that her af-

fection for him was only that of a sister; but she ceded to my wishes, and consented to give him her hand: the day was fixed, when my illness delayed the marriage; but neither Julia nor myself ever doubted of his truth. No sooner did he learn that she had given up her inheritance, than he wrote her an eternal farewell."

"The scoundrel!"

"So I called him. Julia uttered no reproach: her cheek was pale; but her voice did not falter when, throwing herself into my arms, she exclaimed, 'Father, from this moment we have nothing in the world but each other!' We quitted Lyons. I sought employment in Paris; I found it: my salary was scanty, but Julia's industry at needle-work added a little to it; and if we were not happy, we were at least content.

"But Fortune had not done persecuting me; the loss of my place and the illness of my daughter reduced us to the state in which you found us. Your beneficence relieved us from certain death. Ah, never from that hour have we addressed a prayer to Heaven in which you were not remembered!

"A few days after Providence had sent you to our assistance, we received intelligence of a most unhoped-for reverse of fortune. The lover who had so cruelly deserted my girl was dead, and, repenting of his conduct, had left her the whole of his immense property. He had no near relatives, thus nothing hindered us from profiting by his will; but we lost no time in returning again to Paris, where only we could hope to discover you: till to-day our researches have been unavailing. Thank God, we have at last found you; it was the only thing wanting to our felicity."

Villars replied only by grasping with fervour the hand that Delmont extended to him, and from that day they were inseparable.

Treated by Julia with the easy freedom of a sister, Villars believed, during some time, that he regarded her with an affection merely fraternal. Happy in her society, he never thought of asking himself whether he could be happy without it; but the moment came in which he was obliged to put the question to his heart.

One morning when he went as usual to Delmont's, he found him alone and more thoughtful than common. "Have not you something on your mind, my dear sir," said he, "which renders my company just now rather importunate to you? If so, tell me at once to be gone."

"On the contrary, I shall tell you to stay, for I want to consult you about a proposal I have just received for Julia."

"A proposal for Julia!"

"Yes, what is there in that to surprise you?"

"Nothing, nothing," stammered Villars, "only I thought—that is, I did not think——"

He stopped; Delmont looked at him inquiringly, and finding that he did not proceed, he finished the sentence in his own way: "You did not think," I presume, "that my girl ever meant to marry. Well, what her determination may be I can't tell you; but at any rate the Count St. Maur is very anxious to learn it. You know more of him than I do, tell me what you think of him."

Villars hesitated; he knew nothing but good of the count, and yet he

could not bring himself to say so: at last he uttered, with effort, "I believe him to be a worthy man: but who is there that can deserve Julia?"

"You are partial, Villars; my daughter is a good girl, but there are many who deserve her."

"I don't know one," cried Villars warmly.

"I do: there is a man whom I should select for her from all others; but I do not know that she would be his choice, and I own it would hurt me that my child should be refused."

"Refused! Julia refused! impossible!"

There was no need of more; the look and the tone were sufficient. "She is yours," cried Delmont. "Why did you not ask me for her at once?"

But what said Julia? Her tongue said nothing, but her eyes and her blushes spoke sufficiently. Villars received her hand, and declared himself the happiest of men. It is what all newly married men say; but the husband who repeats it, as our hero does, at the end of ten years, has a right to be believed.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

The changes that time has made in a place to which early memory has attached us, are never or but rarely welcomed. Those which are called improvements by the young are looked on as losses by the old. We miss people and habits and objects endeared to us by long familiarity, and we feel too acutely and too constantly that want of which may be hardly a living trace remains to greet freely the alterations that years cannot fail to produce.

When I was a boy at school I spent much of my time during the holidays with an uncle and aunt, who, for a long period, had continued to reside without interruption on their estate in ———shire. They were old people even then; they were attached to old ways, and they had retained in all their freshness the manners with which they began life and the customs they had been taught in youth. They had no children yet, though they considered this a calamity, they did not repine at it; they were not rendered either hard or selfish by the want of objects at home on whom to exercise their kindest feelings. On the contrary, their affection seemed to expand as their lives lengthened, and it clung to all of human kind. My aunt indeed I recollect once or twice to have heard sigh as she caressed an infant of more than ordinary beauty; but this shade of sorrow only gave it additional interest in her eyes, and towards older children I never remarked even this slight regret mingle with her attention to them. In my uncle no feeling of the sort was apparent; he pursued his course of life evenly, cheerfully, often gaily—the valued companion of the old, the friend, the playmate of the young. I was not the nephew to whom the lands which had been so long in our family were to descend; they fell to my cousin George, the orphan of a brother older than my father; and perhaps if there were an error in the conduct of my uncle, it was his overfondness for this favourite nephew, whom he never could bring himself to disappoint, seldom to contradict. Next to my aunt, George was the

being he most loved on earth. Strangers might have guessed he was preferred to her, for my uncle yielded to him what he never yielded to my aunt—his opinion.

Years, long busy years, have passed away, and the memory of their goodness is all that here remains of my kind uncle and his wife. Since their death I have been but once at Ellingford, and that was on an occasion of such melancholy as left me little leisure for more than one sorrowful reflection. Poor George had run through his giddy life in less time than it commonly takes to get quit of so fine a fortune; and he left to his younger brother in India little but the name of possessions which were mortgaged far beyond their value. A feeling of deep regret always filled my heart when I thought of the gay sunny banks of Ellingford, as I had known them in the days of my happy youth; and amidst the hurry of a life passed far from its quiet scenes, memory, unbidden, often wandered back to those lovely haunts of my childhood, where hearts, warm with every generous feeling, had beat in sympathy with mine; and I saw it now ruined, desolated, and deserted, and I could have wept in bitter grief at the change.

It is now some time since my cousin, the colonel, has been returned from India. He almost immediately fixed himself with his family in Scotland, and report spoke well of the improvements which he was making round his home. I saw him frequently; for whenever business brought him to Edinburgh he always made his abode in my house. He never left it without renewing his entreaties that I would spend part of a summer with him in ——shire; I always promised, and I believe I always intended to keep my word: yet, when the time came, some slight excuse was sufficient to warrant my delaying the visit, for an indescribable sensation made me dread more than desire a return to those scenes of my childhood. However, this last summer, having been again pressed, and in the kindest way, to perform my promise, by a strong effort I conquered a reluctance which I felt to be a weakness, and, setting about the few preparations that were necessary, with an activity hardly demanded by the cause, I ordered horses for the following morning and set out. During the early part of the day I read with great intensity from a pile of new books, with which I had provided myself, hardly even looking out as I changed horses; but as evening came on the country grew familiar to me, and my book was closed. I watched each field, each tree we passed; and I gazed on the long line of changing country, where every hamlet held a friend, till a turn in the road brought me at once in view of Ellingford.

The old house or castle stands on a terrace of some extent, overhanging one of those clear and rapid streams which rush through the thickly wooded banks and rich fields of the west of Scotland. It is screened from the northern and eastern blasts by a high bank of oak, while along the river-side a magnificent row of limes almost conceals the grass-parks that separate the policy from the public road. Very closely below the house a steep, narrow stone bridge, of a single arch, is thrown across the little river; and lower still, receding gently from its banks, is scattered through a shady dell the

village of Ellingford. The warm evening sun glowed over all the well-known objects on which I gazed in quick succession. I turned from side to side, that I might lose none of the marks which had been endeared to me in childhood, while my carriage whirled rapidly on through the lane, the fields, the lawn, crossed the steep bridge, ascended the terrace, passed under the old archway, and landed me at the door of my cousin's residence.

I was welcomed most heartily by the colonel, and received with kind politeness by his wife. She is a handsome woman, pale and genteel, and with easy rather than polished manners. She did not understand that regret could mingle with my observations of the changes which they were effecting, and she thought to divert the time, while the luggage was unpacking, by sending me with her husband to view their improvements. We confined ourselves at present to the house and the grounds immediately round it. No one room could I recognise. The wall between my good aunt's bed-chamber and the little square parlour where she used to pass her mornings, was thrown down, and the two apartments converted into a billiard-room. The narrow winding passages of the old castle were widened and shortened, and connected by anterooms, leading to buildings new to me. An entire wing had been added towards the east, with a garden-front to the high terrace above the river, stretching from verandah to conservatory, from conservatory to greenhouse, colonnade, and Grecian temple. The kitchens were all degraded to an excavation made below, concealed by the high paling of the shrubbery from the windows of the principal apartments, and approached by a road under a Roman arch cut deep into the bank of the river. Even my uncle's library was changed: it was still long and narrow, but the large recess window at the end was carried down to the floor, filled with stained glass, and it opened on a flight of steps, which we descended to gain the terrace. The terrace had always been a favourite spot with my uncle, and in his time it had been kept in perfect order. The grass was always neatly mown and smooth and green, and the few shrubs which grew near its extremities were nurtured carefully. Now these shrubs encroached to the very windows, and walks branch off in every direction to shrubberies and flower-gardens and dressed woods. Steps are cut in its smooth sides down towards the river, where once the rugged stones were all-sufficient to assist descent; and the broad green turf where my uncle and my aunt used to step so stately, after dressing for the day, towards twelve o'clock, is crowded with plats of flowers of every form, massed, as the colonel's wife called it, so that at every point they may group pleasingly.

The colonel has no melancholy in his disposition; I almost think no tenderness. He walked on briskly, pointing out all the luxurious improvements of his dwelling; and I followed, glancing with a sort of shock at the entire change in all the objects I had loved, thinking of the days when he and I had wandered in our childish sports about the wild and lovely banks which now were nearly strange to me. We parted at a low door, which, in former years, had often led us into the back court

of the old castle, as the chiming-bell told us we were late for my uncle's early dinner. It now opened into a small entrance-hall, through which my cousin made his way to new intricacies, while I slowly ascended a narrow spiral stair, up which I had often in gayer hours run lightly.

In the drawing-room I was introduced to the colonel's three daughters, all showy-looking, well-dressed, lively young women; and to his only son, who sat on a hassock at the feet of two ladies of some consequence in the party, a mother and daughter, whom he seemed to quit with much reluctance for a moment to rise and make his bow to me. There was other company, some staying in the house, others arrived from the neighbourhood to spend this one evening at Ellingford; they all talked and laughed with an air of intimacy, that threw me, who am any thing but a man of the world, still more entirely back to my own thoughts. The dinner was long, handsome, noisy; the room was a blaze of light, the table-decorations rich and beautiful, the dishes well-dressed, the wines fine, the attendants numerous. There were plenty of jokes, some flirtations, a little scandal, news, and great good-humour. The colonel, happy himself, brightened all within his influence. His wife, kind and indolent and comfortable, took the world as it went, and luckily it went well with her. The evening was passed, as evenings are mostly passed now, in various idle occupations. There was music, one card-table, what was called conversation, great ease, no quiet.

It was the beginning of September; summer was still lingering with us, and the moon, near the full, was glancing on the water below, as I stood at one of the open French windows listening to Adeline's singing. Had she breathed some melody, the gentle soothing of which would have accorded with the feelings I was experiencing, I should have been charmed with the clear tones of her voice, which was both sweet and full; but the rapidity of her execution in a buffa style suited ill with the state of my mind. It was too like the flimsy brilliancy of the change round me; I pushed the window still wider open, and went out upon the terrace. The air played lightly round me as I wandered on alone in the moonlight; all was still but the rippling of the little river dashing below my feet, and the distant sound of Adeline's fine voice, wafted at intervals through the trees behind. I turned just as I was leaving the terrace, and looked for a moment at the gay stream of light breaking from the windows of the apartment I had quitted; then slowly unclasping a little gate, I entered a narrow walk that led up the bank through a thicket of oak and hazel.

I was not so much displeased at the alterations my cousin had made as at the taste displayed in making them. The house seemed too much spread out and the grounds too much closed in; there was a littleness in the dressing-up, to which I felt I never could be reconciled. Instead of the venerable old castle, there was a modern villa; instead of the wild grand enlarged beauty of scenery, there was the fribbling neatness, the affectation of the acre of garden ground on the banks of the Thames, and this brought forward into the midst of a wild west Highland glen. The manners, too, of the family suited as ill with my fretful fondness for the past. I had never expected to meet in the pre-

sent generation the stateliness, the simplicity of the last, but the glitter of the present mode was new to me here; and as I stepped leisurely on up the course of the noisy stream in the uncertain light of the moon, I sighed for the times that were gone. There was an air of proud easy cheerfulness about my uncle, an unembarrassed, yet slow, quiet manner, that made him look, as he stood in his red gold-laced waistcoat, full-skirted coat, and plaited stock, quite like the representative of a distinguished family. There was a little ceremony too in his manner to my aunt; and there was a sort of respect in her fondness for him, which added dignity to her gentleness. Ellingford, in their day, took a firmer hold of the heart than it does now in its greater splendour.

The little path I was climbing, and which my cousin's improvements have not yet reached, was the more lovely to me from its wildness. I followed it till it stopped on the summit of a projecting rock immediately in front of a narrow gap, down which the little river dashes with the fury of a mightier stream, sprinkling a thousand hanging birches with its spray, and pouring on the black pool below with a weight and noise that shake the banks which stem its progress. Here I paused. Here, resting on a low turf-seat beneath a rugged birch which I well remembered, I staid to indulge the recollections I could not controul. I gazed all round me, and far below, through the thick wood, I caught in the moonshine a dark line stretching from tree to tree across the torrent. It was the bridge of plank which often in my boyish days had vibrated to my springing bound. I hailed it as a friend most dear to my heart, looked on its dusky outline with all the transport of youth; and, while the dull heavy noise of the waterfall sounded deep in my ear, I felt I was still among the scenes of my earliest, my happiest days.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXVIII.

Present, Dr. Primrose, *Mrs. Miss, and Miss* R. Primrose, *Mr.* Mathews, *Mr.* Montague, *Mrs.* Montague, *Counsellor* Eitherside, *Mr.* Apathy, *and* Reginald Hildebrand.

Counsellor Eitherside. Once again, my dear sir, I join your snug little party; I have been bustling in the courts since we met, not professionally, but with a young friend of mine, whom I have been taking round the circuits for the first time. Poor boy! the sight of the briefless big-wigs has almost alarmed him; but "Courage, my lad!" was my advice to him. "I had no briefs myself," I continued, "for the first two or three years I travelled: before I retired, however, and took to chamber-practice, my brief-bag was as corpulent as that of any of my brethren of the bar. So—*nil desperandum:* you will climb up to the top of the tree, if you have only patience and perseverance."

Reginald. It is the first time I ever heard it urged, even by implication, that either of these qualities belonged to Counsellor Eitherside.

Counsellor Eitherside. You are a saucy fellow; and were it not that there are ladies present, when it savours rather of cowardice than courage to bluster overmuch, I would

so trounce you, that you should not be able to look up again for a month.

Reginald. On more occasions than one, then, I may rejoice at the presence of my fair friends; they will not only spread "light and life" through our circle, but save me from the terrible effects of your anger.

Miss Primrose. Which last reason I suspect is that which gives the greatest value to our company in your estimation.

Reginald. As I know that is merely a hook to catch a compliment upon, I shall not accommodate you so far as to gratify your anxiety for praise.

Mrs. Primrose. I hope, Reginald, *you* are not about to turn a woman-hater: we have had such a delectable specimen of that species of animal where we have been visiting, "that indeed and in truth" I never wish to see another.

Reginald. I should as soon turn Radical, as become a hater of that sex, from whom much of our happiness and of our pleasure arises. But who was this woman-hater?

Miss Primrose. Sir Abraham Gronet, a neighbour of Archdeacon Treslove's. He is a man now about sixty years of age, of the most saturnine and unsocial habits: the archdeacon's is the only family he visits, and there he does not go oftener than once a month; whilst they return the visits at still longer intervals. He has a spacious house and grounds, the latter of which are kept in good order; but the former is in a terrible state, as he only keeps one woman-servant; and he is very loath to do even that, but there are some menial services which the male domestics will not perform. He has a man-cook; for he is sure, he says, a woman would poison him: and when thrown into the society of females, as he occasionally is at the archdeacon's, he says the most bitter things against them. He is a great admirer of Sir Walter Scott's works, and his favourite character is Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns, who, he says, shewed a proper contempt for "woman-kind."

Mr. Montague. I should set Sir Abraham down for a very silly sort of a personage; for it shews no good sense to rail at those to whom we owe our being, and whose tender care is the support and safeguard of our infancy. But to turn to another subject—what new works are lately published?

Reginald. Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life, are very amusing; but not so elaborate a production as *The English in Italy*, which is the work of the same author, who is said to be a lady.

Mr. Montague. But why could not the writer give it an English title? There is something so affected in *Historiettes*. *Novel* would have sounded much better.

Reginald. Yes: but that is a minor fault, and one that is redeemed by many excellences; the greatest of which perhaps is the truth and correctness displayed in the portraiture of foreign characters. Florville, for instance, in the tale of "Six Weeks at Tours," which will be at once recognised as a genuine picture of a French officer, though very unlike what many novelists, and even tourists, depict as such. The scenes abroad are also described with that vivacity and spirit, and that adherence to nature's colouring, which proves that the author has really travelled over the places she describes; that she has seen the people whose

habits and manners she portrays: such tales could not have been written by one who had never crossed her own threshold.

Mr. Apathy. What do you think of Hogg's *Two Hundred and Nine Days, or the Journal of a Traveller on the Continent?*

Mr. Montague. It contains some information—and but little—much of what appears in it having been in our possession before, and that given in a better style. Still it is a book not to be thrown by without notice, though the author may be somewhat of a coxcomb. His account of Rome is that part of the book which, to me, is the most interesting.

Reginald. Mr. Hogg spent his Christmas in the "city of the seven hills;" and it is remarkable how little fuss or bustle is made there about that festival. The author went at one in the morning to the church of S. Maria Maggiore, expecting to witness some fine ceremonies. He was, however, disappointed: he found some pilgrims lying on the steps, huddled together like sheep, the church being shut; and there were four or five carriages, filled with English as gullible as himself. The night was cold, and the sky threatened rain: still these sight-seers waited. At length Mr. Hogg asked an old woman what was doing; and was told, that they were making a baby Jesus in the church, which would not be open till three o'clock. Mr. Hogg's curiosity was not warm enough to allow him to remain any longer in the cold; so he returned home, and went to bed.

Miss Primrose. But what took place during the day?

Reginald. Mr. Hogg shall tell you what he witnessed. He says,

"I repaired at eleven to St Peter's, to witness the papal benediction. The Piazza di S. Pietro, the large open space before the church, was filled with spectators; the *loggia*, the gallery, or box, over the principal entrance, had been lined and fitted up with crimson, and a large sail or awning was extended above and in front; some men and cardinals were there. At noon, punctually and precisely, the persons in the box were in motion, and presently the pope appeared, borne aloft on a litter; he was dressed in white satin robes, and wore the tiara, or triple crown, as king of earth, of heaven, and of hell—of all three equally, no doubt; there were two large white fans, like the tails of white peacocks, one on each side of him: the whole appearance had much of barbarian magnificence. He remained perfectly still a few moments, then crossed himself slowly and with much action; and pulling up his petticoats majestically, he rose gradually to a great height. I should imagine that he contrived to get up backwards into his chair, and to stand where he had before been sitting: his manner of rising had a grand effect; if I were a player, I would study this stage-trick; it would be of great use in the way of my trade. Having thus risen to a godlike stature, his highness gave the blessing with much solemnity and theatrical gesticulation. Two papers were thrown down; some say that they were the bills of indulgence for Lent, others for concluding the Holy Year; and he was carried away.

In the afternoon he went to some other churches; but there was nothing remarkable, except the lighting up of the altars; and he says,

"The ceremonies in Rome at Christmas, like many other much-vaunted things, are but trifling; I am sure that Christmas-day causes a greater sensation, and that more is done and suffered, even putting the turkies out of the question, in London

on that festival, than here, in the metropolis of Christianity.

Mr. Montague. So much for Mr. Hogg. Have you read the *Military Sketch-Book*, by an officer of the line?

Mr. Mathews. I have read only a part of the first volume. That strikes me as being rather clever; better than the *Naval Sketch-Book*, though the writer had not so good a field to work upon, the army producing decidedly less of original character than the navy. The sketches, however, are remarkably lively and piquant; and the scenes, both pacific and warlike, which it notices, are vividly portrayed.

Miss Primrose. The sketch of the young ensign, on his first joining his regiment, is excellent. It reminds me of many dandy officers whom I have occasionally encountered; beings who, like our author, appear to think that the world and all that is in it was made for them, and them only.

Mr. Montague. But the author's merit does not consist merely in his playful and light sketches.

Mr. Apathy. By no means: the narrative of the ill-fated Walcheren expedition is singularly felicitous; particularly the account of the operations of a brigade of sailors, who served with the army on shore. These brave fellows were never so much delighted as when "hunting the *Munseers*," and, "armed each with an immense long pole or pike, a cutlas, and a pistol, they annoyed the French skirmishers in all directions by their irregular and extraordinary attacks." In a skirmish, one of these odd fellows was hit in the leg by a rifle-ball, which broke the bones and he fell: it was in a hot pursuit which he and a few others were engaged in after a couple of French riflemen, who had ventured a little too far from their position; when, seeing that he could follow no farther, he took off his tarry hat and flung it with all his might after them, saying, "There, you beggars! I wish it was a long eighteen for your sakes." The poor fellow was carried off by his comrades and taken to the hospital, where he died.

In cannonading Flushing, the sailors worked one of the batteries, and fired in broadsides; but you shall hear the author speak for himself:

The Sailors' Battery, containing six twenty-four-pounders, almost split our ears. These enthusiastic demi-devils fired not as other batteries did, but like broadsides from a ship. Each discharge was eminently distinguished by a terrific noise, for the guns were all fired at once, and absolutely shook the earth at every round. So vehement were these seamen in their exertions, that they blew themselves up at last! This was done by a little squat fellow who served the guns with ammunition: he placed a cartridge against a lighted match, in his hurry; this exploding, communicated with a quantity of powder, and the natural catastrophe followed. About twenty of the brave fellows, among whom was a young midshipman, were severely burnt and bruised; out of which number, were I to judge from their appearance as they were carried past us, I should suppose not more than half a dozen recovered. They were all jet black, their faces one shapeless mass, and their clothes and hair burnt to a cinder. In the midst of their suffering, the only thing that seemed to ease them was swearing at the little sailor who was the author of their misfortune; while he, poor creature! in addition to his wounds and burns, patiently suffered the whole torrent of his comrades' abuse.

Reginald.--I like the lively pictures best; they seem to be written *con amore*. The pathetic ones are too much laboured; but this remark does not apply to all. "The Punishment," and "The Biscuit," for instance, are both excellent; the pathos is pure and unadulterated, and the interest excited is intense.

Mrs. Primrose. Do you not think the author is somewhat given to caricature? Do you believe that in the higher ranks of the army such men as Colonel Diamond, for instance, are to be found?

Reginald. Yes, occasionally, though rarely. The author's fault is, that he has made these characters too prominent in his sketches; not that he has drawn characters which do not exist, but that he has given too great a predominance to the vain and the insignificant, in proportion to their actual number.

Mr. Apathy. You may find as much fault as you please, but I will maintain that the book is a good book—an excellent book—and few better have been lately written.

Reginald. Well, you shall have it your way; I have no wish to disparage the merits of the *Military Sketch-Book*; the writer shall be a second Washington Irving, if you please.

Mrs. Primrose. Here is a volume of poetry, *Sibyl-Leaves*, by Edmund Reade, Esq. and containing pieces of no ordinary merit.

Reginald. Yes, but disfigured by a preface which invites the utmost severity of criticism for its impudent pretensions. Had Mr. Reade no kind friend at his elbow to recommend him to cancel those passages in which he talks, by implication, of the "Sibyl-Leaves" stamping his name with a "fixed and established recollection," which is to produce a wish in the public for a drama with which he threatens us, and others of a similar description? Take away the preface, and the book is readable enough; though some of the critics, in their wisdom, have thought it worthy of blame alone, and have seen in it nothing to praise. The "Address to the West Wind" is, at all events, worthy of being rescued from oblivion:

TO THE WEST WIND.

O thou West Wind! thou breath of life decaying,
Slowly and mournfully o'er yon red sky,
Where the far Day, her steep course delaying,
Sinks in the bosom of eternity:
Her hues of beauty fade, her cheek is cold,
And light and warmth are gone, and you pale star
Watcheth her rest, and darkness like a fold
Mantles around her, and first heard afar,
Then nearer, o'er the waters hush'd and dim
Thou raisest o'er her couch thy gentlest requiem hymn!

Hear me, even now, thou spirit of the air,
Thou viewless thing, that as a presence dost give
Life and elastic gladness! O that I were
Like thee a bodiless essence, and could live
All freshness and all purity, and leave
The passions that do waste this clay behind,
Sorrow and pain and hopelessness; and grieve
No more for aught of earth, but like thee, Wind,
Revel before the path of that bright sun,
And pass away at last like melody when done.

Child of the Elements! who so blest as thou?
When the rich twilight fades along the skies,
Steeping in hues of heaven the earth's wan brow,
Thou wanderest from the gates of Paradise,
The flowers give thee their perfume, from above
The dews sink on thy wings; and thou goest on
Hallowing each spot thou visitest, while Love
Breathes to thee, bower'd in his deep haunt alone,
A blessing when thou comest, a sigh when thou art gone.

I hear thee now—the scatter'd leaves are sighing
To thy sweet breath they never more shall feel!
From the sear'd woods a voice is heard replying,
Where the last lingering tints of autumn steal:
All breathe decay and sadness—they are dead,
And hope with them lies buried—unlike thee,
Who, while man's mightiest works as leaves are fled,
Still wanderest o'er the bright earth, wild and free,
Like Love, the awakening soul, that liveth on eternally.

Requiem of melody! chanted as from heaven,
Which through great Nature's temple swells along!
Now, while life rests in holiest commune given,
I sit and listen thy unwoven song:
What dost thou teach me? nothing can be known:
Then let me dream awhile, from thought oppress'd,
Lull'd by the murmurs of thy dreamy tone:
Enough that on this bright day I am blest,
That I, like thee, at last shall find my place of rest.

Counsellor Eitherside. Very pretty, and very poetical; but Mr. Reade must not "hold the flattering unction to his soul" that he will be enabled to step into the shoes of Byron, or to shove Scott or Southey from their stools. He is one of the average rate of poets; something like John Clare, only the latter has the merit of being self-taught and having less presumption.

Reginald. Clare has just published another volume, *The Shepherd's Calendar, with Village-Stories, and other Poems*, which contains, notwithstanding your plea in abatement, counsellor, some delightful writing; though of course there are many faults, which a critic would detect and take delight in exposing. I confess, however, I would rather foster and encourage humble genius, when it is united with modesty, than chill its energies and damp its aspirations by the merciless inflictions of critical acumen, usefully employed as it may be in detecting and exposing the mere pretender to literary honours, and correcting the errors and controuling the licentiousness of a too powerful press.

Mr. Apathy. But this tirade has nothing to do with the poems of Clare, who is a very clever and deserving man in an humble situation of life—a second Bloomfield, though not so highly gifted as Burns, of whom it may with truth be said,

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

But I have purchased all Clare's publications, merely for the purpose of encouraging his unpretending efforts.

Miss Primrose. I have been much pleased with the present volume. There are some beautiful wild flowers of poesy in it; for instance, the verses

TO THE COWSLIP.

Once more, thou flower of childish fame,
Thou meet'st the April wind;
The selfsame flowers, the very same,
As those I used to find.
Thy peeps, tipt round with ruddy streak,
Again attract mine eye,
As they were those I used to seek
Full twenty summers by.

But I'm no more akin to thee,
A partner of the spring;
For Time has had a hand with me,
And left an alter'd thing;
A thing that's lost thy golden hours,
And all I witness'd then,
Mix'd in a desert, far from flowers,
Among the ways of men.

Thy blooming pleasures, smiling, gay,
The seasons still renew;
But mine were doom'd a stinted stay,
Ah, they were short and few!

The every hour that hurried by,
To eke the passing day,
Lent restless pleasures wings to fly,
Till all were flown away.

Blest flower! with spring thy joys begun,
And no false hopes were thine;
One constant cheer of shower and sun
Makes all thy stay divine:
But my May-morning quickly fled,
And dull its noon came on;
And happiness is past and dead
Ere half that noon is gone.

Ah! smile and bloom, thou lovely thing,
Though May's sweet days are few;
Still coming years thy flowers shall bring,
And bid them bloom anew.
Man's life, that bears no kin to them,
Past pleasures well may mourn;
No bud clings to its withering stem,
No hope for spring's return.

The Vicar. Have you any thing further new in the way of travels, besides Mr. Hogg's *Hundred Days?*

Reginald. The Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China, and Residence in Peking, in the Years 1820-21; and Hamilton's *Travels through the Interior Provinces of Colombia,* are recently published; and both may be classed under the head, "Works of interest." The former, in particular, contains some curious details. It is not generally known, I believe, that there is, and has been for the last hundred years, a Russian church at Peking, with a resident priest and assistants, who are renewed every ten years. In 1819 the mission, of whose travels we have here an account, left St. Petersburg to relieve the one then at Peking, where it had been since 1808. George Timkowski, the author of the *Travels,* was appointed to take out the mission, which consisted of an archimandrite, five other ecclesiastics, and four young men, of from 22 to 27 years of age, and to bring back those persons who were to return, after nearly twelve years' absence, to their own country. The mission arrived at Irkutsk in February 1820; and on the 31st of August crossed the Chinese frontier, whence it proceeded in a S.S.E. direction, traversing the space included between 51° to 40° of latitude. The journey was enlivened by some incidents, the narrative of which serves agreeably to diversify the descriptive sketches of the habits and manners of the people. The following extract will give you an idea of the style and nature of the work. It is an account of one of their evening halts:

Some of the Mongol sentinels sang their national songs. I called two of them, and treated them with brandy; and, to please us, they continued to sing, the one in high tenor, the other in bass. The airs of all their songs are nearly the same; they are in general plaintive and harmonious. The horse, the friend and companion of the inhabitants of the steppes, acts a predominant part in these songs. "In this vast plain was brought up a cream-coloured courser, swift as an arrow, the ornament of the herd, and the glory of the whole Kouchoun. When the bogdo summons to the chase, Idam hastens to the forests of Karatchin, overthrows the goats and the stags, the ferocious wild boars, and the terrible panthers; all admire the boldness of the rider, and the rapidity of his courser. There is the young Tsyren armed for the service of the Khan; he flies to the Russian frontier, to the post of Mendzin: he addresses his prayer to the bourkhan (domestic divinities); he takes leave of his father, his mother, and his wife; with extreme grief he saddles his coal-black steed. With a melancholy and pensive air, the warrior hastens to the north: silent is the steppe around him; the wind of the desert scarcely agitates his feathered arrows; the elastic bow strikes against his Soloman saddle. Tsyren traverses

gloomy and unknown forests; he perceives in the distance blue mountains, with which he is unacquainted. The friendly behaviour of the neighbouring brave Cossacks sometimes calms his melancholy; but his thoughts always fly back to his paternal mountains. The young Mongol, whose soul is uneasy, and his mind oppressed by an unknown power, beholds in his nightly dreams the shades of his warlike ancestors. Where is our dreaded and intrepid Genghis Khan? The songs of his mighty deeds re-echo mournfully amidst the rocks of the Onon, and on the verdant banks of the Keroulun. Who is that riding on the smooth bank of the Shara, singing in a low voice beloved words? Whose is that bay courser which runs so swiftly? ---- - - - cheerful warrior seek who passes by the white tents? His heart well knows who is she that lives in them. He will soon cease to roam about these mountains: his fiery courser will soon obtain him a wife. This bay courser, rapid as a whirlwind, is ready for the chase. The Obo is covered with spectators. He neighs; his light foot stamps on the pointed stones; he bites the ground in his impatience. The signal is given; all dart to the goal. Clouds of dust envelop the racers; and the bay courser, always victorious, arrives first, leaving his panting rivals far behind, &c." Such is the substance of most of the Mongol songs.

The Vicar. I shall pay my respects to Mr. Timkowski the very first opportunity. What character have you to give of Mr. Hamilton's book?

Reginald. That, notwithstanding the want of classification, and the indistinctness of many of the details, it affords some curious particulars relative to the new world and its inhabitants, both rational and irrational. To those who possess Humboldt, the two modest, unpretending duodecimos of Mr. Hamilton will still be worth attention; whilst those who have not that celebrated traveller's works will find them still more interesting.

Mr. Montague. Who is Mr. Hamilton?

Reginald. He was chief commissioner from the English government to Colombia; and of course possessed facilities of obtaining information which are not in the way of every traveller. He has availed himself of these facilities, and stored in his work a mass of anecdotes, chiefly relative to the natural history of the provinces, which are very entertaining. There are a variety of wild and savage animals in Colombia, of which the jaguar or tiger, and the cayman or crocodile, are the most destructive. The snakes are also extremely troublesome and dangerous. I will read you one or two anecdotes respecting them:

On returning home through a large chocolate plantation, the slave pointed out to us a snake coiled up, and apparently asleep. I told the doctor I should like to have a shot at him, which I did with my left barrel, in which I had swan-shot, and only wounded him in the tail. The moment I fired he sprang up, and looked round and espied us; on which he came directly towards us, sweeping along, his head erect, and about three feet from the ground. We all now began to be alarmed; and the doctor ordered us to retire a few yards behind a large tree, while he advanced to give him the contents of two more barrels, which movement was immediately executed; and when the snake was distant about ten yards the doctor and myself fired, and cut him nearly in two, each barrel being loaded with seven or eight small slugs. We then shouted victory, and M'Cade, and the rest of our party who had re-

treated, being unarmed, came up to us. We examined our fallen enemy, and it proved to be a snake called the aques, from having a black cross like an x all along its back. This snake is considered by the Creoles one of the boldest and most venomous in South America. He measured about six feet and a half in length, and was as thick as my wrist. Had I been aware that this had been so bold and venomous a snake, I certainly should not have disturbed his *siesta*. The doctor stated, that several persons in the province had lost their lives from the bite of the aques; and that he had seen them considerably larger.

In a conversation I had with Colonel Mosquera respecting the province of Buenaventura, of which he was governor, he said, that there were a great many venomous snakes in the woods and savannahs, and one particularly bold, and dreaded by the inhabitants, called the guascaina, which frequently attains the length of nine or ten feet, and nine inches in diameter. The guascaina has the power of raising itself upright by the aid of two fangs which he has below the head, and in this position he waits for his prey near the roads and paths, darting with great velocity on any thing that passes. A negro, who was just married, and had been dancing the whole night at his wedding, went early in the morning a short distance into the wood, when suddenly the people in the house were alarmed by hearing him shriek dreadfully. On going to the spot, they found a large guascaina snake had seized him by the neck. They attacked the guascaina with their manchettes, and killed him; but the poor negro died of the wounds inflicted by this venomous creature. Another negro of that province had displayed considerable strength and courage when attacked by one of these snakes. He seized him round the neck with both his hands, and prevented the monster biting him, roaring loudly for assistance to some of his companions, who were at no great distance cutting wood. Some of them ran with their long knives, and soon ended the contest; and the negro, by his wonderful presence of mind, escaped being bitten.

On another occasion, Mr. Hamilton says,

As we were going to cross a stream, we observed a large snake swimming towards us; and when he arrived near the bank he stopped, apparently to watch our motions, with his head and part of his body out of water. I then observed the black cross on his neck, and knew it was the snake called the aques. A negro, who was passing on foot at this time, agreed for a dollar to endeavour to kill the reptile. For this purpose he went a short distance in the rear, and cut a large long bamboo with his manchette, and advanced to the attack of the snake, who had remained quiet in his position, with his eyes fixed on us. As the negro approached the aques, he put out his forked tongue, and raised himself higher in the water, as if preparing to make a dart at his enemy, which the black observing, retired a few paces, and then told me he was afraid to attack it, as it was prepared to spring on him. In this position the negro and snake remained for two or three minutes, watching each other, when suddenly the aques turned round to swim to the other side of the river. The moment the negro observed its head turned from him, he rushed to the bank, and gave the aques two or three blows with the bamboo, which made him turn on his back, and the negro followed up his attack, and succeeded in killing his enemy. This aques measured six feet in length. The black brought it to me on his bamboo, and appeared much elated at his victory, and not less so when he received his reward.

Counsellor Eitherside. The *Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone*, written by himself, and just published, ought to be read by every Englishman.

They shew of what stuff many of our *ci-devant* patriots were made; and will afford a useful lesson to future generations how they trust the professions of politicians. Tone was just the character for a rebel; restless and dissatisfied with all around him, and having a high opinion of his own talents and importance. Great events often spring from trifles. Cromwell and others were about to sail for America, when the king's mandate detained them in England. Had they gone, it is probable that the unfortunate Charles would have died in possession of his kingdom; and probably Tone became a traitor from a feeling of personal resentment at what he deemed an unmerited slight. Soon after Mr. Pitt came into office, he proposed to the ministry to found a colony in one of the South-Sea Islands, to be "a bridle for Spain," as he terms it. The minister did not reply to his memorial; and Tone says, in his diary of the time,

I made something like a vow, that if ever I had an opportunity, I would make Mr. Pitt *sorry*; and perhaps Fortune may yet enable me to fulfil that resolution.

The Vicar. Such a feeling has produced many a traitor besides Tone; and if we were to trace rebellion to its source, we should seldom find it originating in a sense of patriotism, or springing from overbearing oppression.

Reginald. The Tones, Despards, and O'Connors, of all nations, are, nine times out of ten, broken-down adventurers, spendthrifts, men who are a disgrace and a pest to society, and who need reformation themselves, instead of setting up as the reformers of others. But to have done with politics, let us advert to poetry. Mr. Neele has republished his poems, with additions. Among the new poems* are some delightful little *morceaux*, such as the following:

Oh! pale is that cheek,
Where the rose flourish'd brightly;
And cold is that heart,
Which beat warmly and lightly;
And that lip I have clung to
The loathsome newt presses;
And the cold earth-worm strays
'Midst those dark flowing tresses.

Yes! the earth-worm's the lover
That twines round thee now!
The rank grass waves over
That heav'n-beaming brow:
The night wind is sighing
Its dirge o'er thy head;
And the screech-owl replying
In shrieks for the dead.

Yet thy soft image never
My bosom forsakes:
For thee my heart ever
Shall beat 'till it breaks.
This wreath I am braiding
To deck thy grave-stone!
Oh! would it were shedding
Its leaves o'er my own!

Mr. Montague. There are two volumes more of autobiography, the *Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin.* I thought this sort of thing had had its day, and that the failure of some recent speculations of the kind would have prevented any more being attempted: however, I have been mistaken. I did indeed anticipate something better from Tom Dibdin, who certainly has written some good farces, but who was never cut out for a writer of lives.

Reginald. The use of these works, dull and uninteresting as they may be, *per se*, is, that they furnish materials for the history of the stage; the value of which can only be appreciated by those who have had to

* Reginald Hildebrand seems not to be aware that the piece which he has quoted appeared originally in the *Forget-Me-Not* for 1824.—EDITOR.

search for similar materials in the earlier periods of our dramatic annals. What a *bonne-bouche* to a dramatic antiquarian would be the Reminiscences of Shakspeare, or Ben Jonson, or of glorious John! They would save him a world of trouble and conjecture.

The Vicar. They would indeed. But then they were a different sort of men altogether, I should think, from Mr. Dibdin.

Reginald. Why, as to talent the difference is immense, I grant you; but, in other points of view, I question whether Mr. Dibdin has not had opportunities, if he had properly employed them, of making his *Reminiscences* as valuable, in some respects, as those great men could have rendered theirs. That he has not done so will of course render, the book less valuable to the mere reading public, but of consequence to the dramatic historian.

Mr. Montague. One of the most amusing passages in the book is the author's *naïve* account of the disappointment his vanity met with, when in Wiltshire, on a visit to his wife's relations. A portion of their time was always passed at Stourhead, Wiltshire, near the seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare. One day Mr. Dibdin took it into his head to scribble the following verses on a conspicuous tablet in front of the temple of Flora in the grounds of the worthy baronet:

For many a reflective hour,
Enjoyed around thy lovely banks,
Reject not, silver-headed Stour,
A wandering minstrel's humble thanks.

Ye too, of Nymph and Dryad train,
Who, unbeheld, around me play,
To you I dedicate the strain—
The grateful, though unpolished lay.

And thou, the master of this scene,
Where Attic and Lavinian taste
Adorn alike the alley green,
The grot retired, or mimic waste,
Could but my glowing thoughts appear
With wish'd-for force in every line,
A second Maro thou should'st hear,
And more than Mantuan praise be thine.

The poet expected that Sir Richard would be highly flattered by this elegant tribute to his taste from an unknown hand; and he frequented the gardens "big with hope" of "coming fame," if not of fortune, from the effect which this effusion of his pen would have upon the classical mind of the baronet. Hearing nothing from head-quarters, however, he endeavoured to fish out something from the gardener, with whom he entered into conversation one day about the beauties of the place. The gardener having pointed out the temple of Flora, he observed,

"Oh! yes, I admired it much two days ago, and I——"

Gardener (interrupting). "Why then, zur, I never did zee Zur Richard zo angry as he were yesterday. He ha just had that ere temple new done up; and smart it do look too; and one of the cockney customers at Missus Hilliar's inn ha been and scratched a parcel of d—d nonsense on it, and spoiled the clean stonework wi all manner o' balderdash; and Zur Richard ha told his gentleman to tell Mr. Davis, the house-steward, to tell Mr. Hilliar, that if that ere chap do scrawl any more of his Lunnon stuff on *our perry stiles* and *vesty bools*, that the garden shall be shut up to all as comes to Stourhead inn again."

Reginald. Then home went Mr. Dibdin to sup with what appetite he might; and as I seem now to have a very good appetite for my supper, why let us adjourn.

This proposition was carried *nem. dis.* And so, Mr. Editor, till next month, adieu!

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, *May* 10, 1827.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Studies for the Piano-forte, as Finishing Lessons for advanced Performers, consisting of twenty-four characteristic Compositions in the different Major and Minor Keys, fingered, and elucidated with Notes explanatory of the Author's Design and the proper Mode of executing each Lesson; composed, and dedicated to his esteemed master and friend, Frederic Dionys Weber, Director of the Conservatory of Music at Prague, by J. Moscheles. Op. 70. Book 1. Pr. 15s. —(Chappell, New Bond-street, and J. B. Cramer and Co. Regent-street.)

This work, as the author himself informs us in his unassuming and sensible preface, is not designed for those who have made but moderate advancement in the art, but for those only who have formed themselves on the productions of the great masters, and acquired a previous proficiency on the instrument. Not only a well-grounded knowledge is required, but that species of execution which is the effect of taste and sensibility: for, Mr. M. adds, it is not so much the author's intention to cultivate mechanical perfection, as to address himself to the imagination of the performer, and to enable him to excel in all the delicacies of light and shade; in contrast, sentiment, and passion; in short, to make him master of all that is implied by the comprehensive term *style*.

After thus stating the design and object of the author in his own words, it remains for us to mention briefly the contents of the publication, and to give our opinion as to the extent to which he appears to us to have realized the expectations held out by the above promise, so far at least as such an opinion may be formed from the portion before us, aware as we are that another volume is to complete the work.

The present book extends to between fifty and sixty pages; nine of which contain a set of rules regarding expression, illustrated by short examples; the rest of the work is occupied by twelve successive lessons, partly aiming at perfection of manual and digital execution, and partly exemplifying certain varieties in style and treatment.

The didactic part of the work is almost exclusively limited to the few introductory pages of rules. It may naturally be supposed, that in nine pages, more than half of which consist of illustrative examples, the important and comprehensive subject of expression cannot be treated otherwise than in a most brief and cursory manner; at the same time we can assure the reader, that of the little Mr. M. has propounded, every line is so truly valuable, that the regret at the limits which he seems to have prescribed to himself is only the more sensibly felt. Both in manner and in substance the directions given are of unparalleled excellence. The language is select, impressive, and perspicuous, far superior to the homely diction of most similar works from the pen of natives of this country. Allowing for the good fortune enjoyed by Mr. M. of meeting with a sensible translator of what he wrote probably in German, the ideas, at all events, are his property; and in these we perceive, not only the knowledge and experience of the artist, which

we had a right to look for, but the traces of a clear intellect and a mind habituated to reflection and research. The rules given, few as they are, are golden rules, to be treasured up by every zealous practitioner.

With regard to the twelve lessons which constitute the principal portion of this volume, the aim of each is clearly stated in three or four introductory lines at the commencement; and this aim is fully attained, or at least the means of attaining it are completely afforded by the nature and character of the exercise, the composition of which, with the object in view, is really admirable. At the same time we confess, that, from the expressions used in Mr. M.'s preface, we had an idea that we should find a variety of explanatory directions, and hints as to delicacies of light and shade, sentiment, imagination, passion, &c. But these, it seems, are almost entirely left to the judgment and taste of the student; and, if his own feelings suggest the meaning and proper expression of particular passages, well and good; for, in these respects, Mr. M.'s first book affords as few hints as any of our best treatises of a similar description, whatever the succeeding volume may furnish. In fact, where the principal object is to produce a perfection of correct and generally effective manipulation, as in the lessons before us, there can be but little opportunity for touching that superior branch of execution which draws its charm from feeling and sympathy, and which, if we may be allowed the expression, is the poetry of musical performance. This cannot properly be taught by lessons principally devoted to mechanical proficiency; and we should probably have been silent on the subject, had the preface not induced us to look for something of the kind. The way to convey some instruction on this more elevated branch of the art, would probably be to propound some impressive composition of a classic stamp, to analyze its component parts, to enter into some illustration of their musical meaning, the relative bearings of the periods, their susceptibility of particular expressions, the different nature of the expression suitable here or demanded there, the light and shade to be given to different parts, &c. &c. An attempt of this kind remains still a desideratum in music, and considering the high professional qualifications of Mr. M. as well as the powers of reasoning and of language and style displayed in the present book, we do not think such an undertaking could be consigned to better hands.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. "*The Auricula,*" *Theme, with Variations for the Piano-forte on* "*Qual mesto gemito,*" *in the Opera of* "*Semiramide,*" *composed* by Fran. Lanza. Pr. 3s 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
2. "*Les Belles Fleurs,*" *consisting of select Pieces from the Works of the most celebrated Authors, arranged for the Piano-forte and Flute; the Piano-forte Part* by Bruguier, *the Flute Part* by Sola. Pr. 4s. No. II. (S. Chappell.)
3. *Madame Pasta's celebrated Song,* "*Ombra adorata aspetta,*" *arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte* by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
4. *No 3. of Rondolettinos founded on popular Airs for the Piano-forte,* by C. Dumon. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
5. *Challenger's Third Set of Quadrilles from Spontini's Opera of* "*La Vestale,*" *arranged for the Piano-forte.* Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)

1. Of Mr. F. Lanza's variations we can speak very favourably; as much so, at least, as this species of writing will fairly admit of, considering the endless number of variations brought before the public. Mr. Lanza's are written in a select and graceful style, free from any particular difficulties,

and yet extremely effective. No. 3. in A major (the theme being A minor), is remarkable for its elegance of diction; the second part especially is very meritorious. The finale, a polonaise, also claims our notice; it contains several attractive ideas, and presents some good modulatory writing.

2. The contents of the eleventh number of "*Les Belles Fleurs*" are an introduction, a slow movement, and a minuet, all in G major. It is not stated from whence any of these pieces have been selected; but be this as it may, the choice is good, especially as regards the larghetto. All of them derive their principal interest from the treatment of the flute-part, which is absolutely obbligato, the melody being chiefly assigned to that instrument. It has, moreover, the principal share in the ornamental amplifications, and in the variations which are introduced. In all these functions there is much elegance of treatment displayed, and great effect is produced, without any very great exertion on the part of the performer.

3. It is perhaps not generally known that the motivo of "Ombra adorata," in Zingarelli's opera of *Romeo e Giulietta* was furnished by Crescentini. With a subject so beautiful, so truly perfect, Mr. Kiallmark would have been inexcusable if he had not produced something agreeable; and the latter epithet may fairly be assigned to his labour. He has not launched out into any lofty flights of imagination; but the treatment, unpretending as it is, has the merit of general propriety, and, we may add, in the latter part, where the winding-up is entered upon, considerable effect is produced.

4. The third number of Monsieur Dumon's rondolettinos (the two prior numbers having been noticed in our previous reviews) claims a very favourable reception. It is founded on an interesting air in Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*, and really makes a very pretty and lively lesson, well calculated for the junior classes; at the same time that the interest in the air itself and the adequacy and effectiveness of the arrangement are likely to afford entertainment to greater proficients.

5. Quadrilles can demand but the passing notice of criticism. Whether those of Mr. Challenger are throughout formed upon airs from *La Vestale*, our memory for once leaves us quite at a loss to make out. If we could trust it, we should say that *La Vestale* has contributed in a very moderate degree to their confection, and that other sources have liberally been resorted to. Be this as it may, the tunes produced are very satisfactory and unquestionably very fit for the ball-room.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. "*Evenings in Greece:*" *First Evening, the Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music selected and arranged* by H. R. Bishop and Mr Moore. Pr. 15s.—(J. Power.)
2. "*Pretty Maid of Dieppe,*" *Ballad, by Thomas H. Bayly, Esq.; the Music arranged* by F. Millar. Pr. 2s.—(J. Power.)
3. *Three Italian Canzonets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte,* by C. M. Sola. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)
4. "*Young Love stole a rose,*" *a favourite Song, composed for Madame Vestris, the Words by J. H. Bradfield, the Music* by Aug. Meves. Pr. 2s.—(Cramer and Co.)
5. "*The Cossack's Adieu,*" *Song, composed for, and sung by, Mr. Sapio,* by Alfred Bennett, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)
6. "*I turn from Pleasure's witching tone,*" *a Song, written by M. E. A. composed* by Thomas Forbes Walmisley. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
7. *The Farewell of the Portuguese Maiden to her Brother on his joining the National Army, the Words written to a foreign Melody,* by William Ball. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

1. The "Evening in Greece" consist of a series of songs connected together by a thread of poetical narrative; the object of which latter, to use the author's own words, "has been to combine recitation with music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to take a share in the performance, by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel themselves competent as singers."

The scene is laid in the Island of Zia (Ceos), and the incidents are connected with the present struggle for the emancipation of Greece; the poetry consisting of patriotic and martial effusions, scenes of love, descriptions of local features, and of the manners and customs prevalent in modern Greece. In all these matters Mr. Moore is so entirely at home, and they are so analogous to the particular bent of his poetical vein, that success could scarcely fail to attend his labour. He has evidently written *con amore*. We meet with many beautiful thoughts expressed in the most smooth and harmonious language; a language quite peculiar to Mr. M. sweet as the honey of Hymettus, soft as the air of Tempé; a language which absolutely seems to court a union with music. We willingly would vouch our assertion by a quotation or two, but for the limits of our space, as well as of the province of our functions.

The songs are ten in number; viz.

"The sky is bright." (Glee.)—*Bishop.*
"Sappho at her loom."—Do.
"Weeping for thee."—*Massimino.*
"The Romaika."—*Moore.*
"The War Dance." (Glee.)—*Bishop.*
"As on the shore."—*National air.*
"The two Fountains."—*Bishop.*
"O Memory!"—*Carafa.*
"They are gone."—*Greek air.*
"Maidens of Zia." (Glee.)—*Moore.*

From this catalogue it will be seen that some of the pieces are selected from various sources, and that six are original; viz. four by Mr. Bishop, and two by Mr. Moore. The glee, "The sky is bright," composed by the former, is a composition of considerable merit and full of adequate effect. "Sappho at her loom" is a sweet and simple melody: some of the thoughts of which, however, are not entirely new to us; at least they resemble others which we have heard before. "The War Dance" is a fine characteristic glee. "The two Fountains" is an air of no extraordinary pretension; but the melody is very pleasing, and well suited to the text. Mr. Moore's two musical contributions, like his poetry, are smoothly melodious, clear in plan, and of attractive simplicity. They are sure to please every taste, the unlettered in the art as well as the cultivated amateur: the glee, in particular, gave us much satisfaction.

Great credit is due to the publisher, Mr. Power, for the typographical elegance with which the work has been brought out. The letter-press, paper, &c. are first-rate; and the music is engraved in a very superior style of neatness and clearness. If the musical type had been a little larger and fuller, it would have been all the better, particularly in the concerted pieces, in which the number of the singers renders a near approach to the book less practicable.

2. In the melody of the "Pretty Maid of Dieppe," as well as in some parts of the accompaniment, there are features of singularity, if not originality, which cannot fail to attract attention. The music is stated to have been arranged by a Mr. T. Millar; but we are not informed of the source from which it was drawn. In adapting the words, several errors of accentuation have arisen, such as

in "wĕ hăve | sūnnў dăys | too," &c. where the second syllable in "sunny" has been allotted to an accented note. The A ♭ in p. 2, b. 4, we do not exactly understand: why not B ♭? Some parts of the air remind us of Madame Vestris's original song in *Oberon;* and the cadence, p. 5, b. 4, more especially.

3. It is not so much on the score of novelty in thoughts that we would call the attention of our readers to Mr. Sola's three canzonets, as for their neatness and gracefulness in point of expression and musical diction, and the propriety and effectiveness of the piano-forte accompaniment. There is an elegance and captivating lightsomeness about them which strongly plead in their favour. Besides, not only the vocal part, but also the harmonic treatment, presents inviting facilities to the amateur, to whom we can well recommend Mr. S.'s labour. It will contribute considerably to advance the student's taste and good style of vocalization; and the reasonableness of the price at which this means of improvement may be obtained, constitutes a further claim to public patronage.

4. "Young Love stole a rose" has a pretty playful $\frac{6}{8}$ melody, especially in the first half of the song; not of an entirely new cast, but quite in accordance with the text, and altogether satisfactory. The accompaniment is rather simple and uniform; a little variety would have improved it. In the latter half (from b. 3, p. 3,) there are some little asperities which might easily have been softened; such as the last bar of the line in question, where the melodic leap up to the seventh of G, with its harmonic support of the successive common chords of G major, D minor, and E major, comes somewhat strange upon the ear; and the seventh bar of the same page might also have been exhibited under a more satisfactory form. The rhythm of the symphony is rather singular; but not the worse for this feature. How far the last half of the fourth bar is at [illegible] with a C harmony, to which but few notes of the treble can be referred, may be a matter of question.

5. Of Mr. Bennett's "Cossack's Adieu," the first, second, and fourth stanzas are set to the same, or nearly the same, air, which is of somewhat a martial character, and not quite in modern style. The third stanza has a melody of its own, the softness and generally tasteful conception of which impart to this portion a considerable degree of preferable interest.

6. Mr. Walmisley's song, is of a superior description. The softness and chaste flow of the melody, its good rhythmical structure, and the aptness of the harmony, as well as the chaste style of the accompaniment into which the harmony has been cast, are features by which we discern the master in his art. Some passages are truly in Haydn's manner; his placid ease, his smoothness of connection, are often to be met with in Mr. W.'s song.

7. Mr. Ball's endeavours to suit poetry of his own to foreign airs have often occupied our critical pen. His taste generally succeeds in the choice he makes. In the present instance he has given us a very interesting melody in G minor, possessing a peculiarity of rhythm not of frequent occurrence, the phrases throughout bearing the cæsuræ on the third bar. This has a good effect, especially when, as in the present case, there is proper symmetry observed in this ternal rhythm. The melody, which is of serious and impressive import,

resembles in style some of the foreign hymn tunes. The instrumental support is devised with much propriety.

HARP-MUSIC.

"*Rousseau's Dream*," *a favourite French Air, with Variations for the Harp, arranged* by Henry Horn. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell, New Bond-street.)

"*Aussitôt que la lumière*," *a favourite French Air, with Variations for the Harp, arranged* by the same. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell.)

The above two publications are quite alike in plan, treatment, and intrinsic value. Upon each of the two simple and very pleasing French melodies, Mr. H. has made three or four satisfactory and agreeable variations, calculated for performers of moderate advancement. The passages into which the subject has been moulded are neat and tasteful, and in good keeping and connection. In the march variation of the second air the progress of some running bass accompaniments is devised in good style, and attended with due effect. Both publications deserve to be recommended to the harp-student as fit lessons for executive improvement.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind."

The fifty-ninth Exhibition of the Royal Academy has just opened, and the above quotation from Dr. Johnson's admirable preface to Shakspeare is prefixed to the catalogue. It is time that a little plain and sensible English should take the place of quaint quotations from what are called the dead languages, which are rather thrown away upon the metropolitan crowd that flock at this season to Somerset-House. There is indeed a sentence in the first discourse which was delivered by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the opening of this very Royal Academy in the year 1769, which would have formed a very suitable preface to this catalogue; but as we trust it will keep for future use, we suggest it literally to the council. It is this: "There are at this time a greater number of excellent artists than were ever known before at one period in this nation; there is a general desire among our nobility to be distinguished as lovers and judges of the arts; there is a greater superfluity of wealth among the people to reward the professors; and, above all, we are patronised by a Monarch, who, knowing the value of science and of elegance, thinks every art worthy of his notice that tends to soften and humanize the mind."

There are one thousand one hundred and twenty-seven works in the present Exhibition; of these about sixty are in the sculptural department; so that here indeed is what the great artist we have just named would have called "an atmosphere of floating knowledge," where every mind can imbibe something congenial to its own original conception.

This Exhibition presents to the public a splendid emporium of the extensive efforts which are daily mak-

ing by our artists to acquire and deserve national patronage. It abounds with fine specimens of their skill and talents in every department of the fine arts, and

"In native colours paints a blooming scene."

We cannot behold these recurrent Exhibitions, when the Muse of British Painting

——"lays exulting, as the fruits refine,
Her annual offering at the public shrine,"

without congratulating the Royal Academy upon the powerful influence which it has had, under the auspices of his late and present Majesty (both munificent patrons of the arts) in promoting the proficiency of our artists, and stimulating and cultivating the public taste by the attraction and eventual popularity of its annual Exhibitions. By its encouragement and example (though occasionally depressed by imperfections, to which all corporate institutions are liable), the English school has grown and ripened under its administration, until it has taken its admitted and prominent place among the arts of Europe.

It is hardly possible, in an Exhibition so crowded with works of every character and degree of merit, to make any perspicuous classification of its contents; nor would the utility of the arrangement be worth the trouble of accomplishing it. The visitor will here suit his own taste and fancy, and the rules are few that he will deem necessary for his guide. The portraits as usual predominate, and Sir Thomas Lawrence takes the lead in England—in the world, in that branch of art. When we behold the portraits of the President of the Royal Academy, we contemplate every species of excellence of which this branch of art is susceptible; his portraits stand out from the canvas, and tempt us to exclaim with the poet,

"Hail, colours, which with nature bear a strife,
And only want a voice to perfect life!"

He preserves individuality of resemblance with an endless variety of accessories, positions, and attitudes suited to the character; or where that happens to have nothing to distinguish it from the general tenor of placid society, he supplies the additions from the resources of his own elegant fancy, to give a new attraction to the picture. His genius secures this advantage for each sex and every age. Who that remembers his portrait three or four years ago of Mr. Lambton's son, which has since been engraved, but must feel the exquisitely playful manner in which he can almost create a picture to personify the innocent and joyous state of infancy, without resorting to the gorgeous and meritorious regions of allegory! It has been well said of his female portraits, that he alone seems capable of transferring to the canvas all the loveliness and grace of woman's form:

"Beauty, frail flow'r! that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years."

The President has given his full number (eight) to this Exhibition. His portraits of ladies are those of the Countess of Normanton, Mrs. Peel, and Miss Croker; and they are full of becoming expression and delightful colouring. Just in the place where Sir Thomas Lawrence had last year his fine full-length portrait of Mr. Canning, he has this year an equally well-finished portrait of the Earl of Liverpool; it is also of full length. Political allusions are not within the scope of our purpose,

or we should say, that the noble earl's portrait, just at this time, possesses peculiar interest, when he can no longer

"Our hearts encourage, and our councils guide."

It is an admirable likeness: the earl is standing near a table, with his left hand resting upon a roll of paper; the expression of his features is calm but earnest, as if he had just risen to speak to an important question; his eyes are clear and animated, and the attitude is exactly copied from the original. Nothing can be more beautifully painted; the colour of the dress is black, but a richness of hue is imparted to it which has a beautiful effect. The other portraits are also good.

Portrait of the Duke of Wellington. —J. Jackson, R. A.

This artist has several portraits in this Exhibition: one of Mr. Phillips, M. P. is a capital likeness and very well drawn. The Duke of Wellington's is also good.

It is singular that the portraits of so prominently marked a visage as that of our illustrious hero, whether executed in Spain, while the lines of anxious care and stern command were mostly imprinted on his brow, or subsequently in France, England, and Flanders, when the glory of a series of unparalleled victories had crowned it with laurel, and flushed it with dazzling vigour and energy, should in general be so deficient in correct resemblance. About half of those executed by Sir Thomas Lawrence (particularly a small half-length in plain clothes, which was exhibited four or five years ago,) are very fine likenesses, bearing the impress of the original when animated by conversation. Only one of Girard's, done in Paris, after the first occupation of that city by the allies; and in the same proportion as the President's (about one half), the others done here by our principal portrait-painters, are entitled to any thing like the same degree of commendation. The countless hundreds of others of the Duke of Wellington bear just the same relation to truth, as the chalk images do which the Italian boys bear upon their shoulders along the streets of the metropolis. Mr. Jackson has, however, the merit in the portrait before us of giving a capital likeness. The duke is standing by a cannon, and attired in a foreign uniform. The back-ground corresponds with the nature of his awful and perilous pursuits in the field. It is formed of those dense masses of clouds which form "the sulph'rous canopy" that shrouds the soldier on the day of battle. The effect is very appropriate, and the painting creditable to the artist. The portrait of the late Mr. Flaxman is excellent.

Portrait of G. Watson Taylor, M. P. —T. Phillips, R. A.

This portrait, as well as that of Mr. Agar Ellis and a lady's, is very well executed: the same description equally applies to his other portraits in this Exhibition.

Our attention was likewise called to a number of pleasing portraits by Sir William Beechey, R. A. Mr. Pickersgill, R. A. Mr. Howard, R. A. Mr. Shee, R. A. Mr. Clint, A. Mr. Reinagle, R. A. Mr. Briggs, A. Mr. Drummond, A. Mr. W. H. Davis, Mr. Oliver, A. Mr. Phillips, R. A. Mr. Westall, R. A. &c. &c.

Among the ladies who have contributed portraits are, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Pearson, Miss J. Ross, Miss

Daniel, Miss Sharpe, Miss Kendrick, &c. &c.; and they have added considerably this year to the attractions of Somerset-House.

The Crucifixion.—W. Hilton, R. A.

This is the principal historical subject in the Exhibition, and it is in the highest degree creditable to the artist. We have always admired the historic power of Mr. Hilton's pencil; and indeed as often regretted that that highest department of art has not been sufficiently encouraged in this country, so as to bring out in their full extent the undoubted talents of our artists. Many of our painters have departed from the cultivation of historic painting, from the very natural and justified desire of adapting their pursuits to the more regular demands of the public. Few people have the eccentric Barry's hardihood to starve, rather than brook uncongenial employment; and both Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in our own times Sir Thomas Lawrence, have given nearly the undivided application of expansive and highly cultivated minds to a comparatively inferior department of their profession, which was every day sought after. If we recollect right, there was, or is, in the Duke of Norfolk's collection, an early picture of Sir Thomas's, from a passage in Milton, that for composition, breadth, and tone, and free and powerful execution, gave promise of excellence in the very highest walk of art. But Dr. Johnson's line for the players applies equally to artists, for both alike,

"Who live to please, must please to live."

Mr. Hilton still tempts "the dangerous and rugged path" of historic painting. His *Crucifixion* is painted on a very large scale, and we have heard for a church in Liverpool. The female figures are very well finished. There is an expression of anguish and pathos in the group, blended with devotional humility, that in the highest degree interests us. The colouring too is powerfully impressive.

Judith.—W. Etty, A.

"Then she came to the pillar of the bed, which was at Holofernes' head, and took down his falchion from thence;

"And approached to his bed, and took hold of the hair of his head, and said, Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day."

This large picture is conceived and executed in the most perfect manner. A magnificent glow of colouring pervades the canvas, and imparts a degree of grandeur to the awful story, far exceeding that which we have seen given to it in other pictures of the same subject. Mr. Etty has seized the moment of the highest interest; he has selected the time just before the assassination: Judith has reached the bed of Holofernes while he yet sleeps; his falchion is firmly held in her raised hand while she invokes the aid of Heaven in the awful words, "Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day." Her expression is awfully determined, and Mr. Etty has had a fine opportunity of displaying his anatomical skill in the delineation of the muscular figure of Holofernes. The drawing in this picture is correct, the composition bold and characteristic of the subject, and the colouring remarkably good.

"*Now for the Painter!*" (rope,) *Passengers going on board.*—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Mr. Turner has been very active this year, having contributed five of

his most splendid works, *Passengers going on board, Port Ruysdael, Rembrandt's Daughter, Mortlake Terrace*, and a *Scene in Derbyshire*. The first picture we have named is a fine sea and shore view, which is very imperfectly described by the exclamation of "Now for the painter!" indeed as far as the "painter" (every body knows this is the name given by sailors to the rope which is flung over the side of the vessel for any particular purpose) is concerned, the business is managed in what sailors would call a very "lubberly" way in the picture; for it is the man at the helm who is turning away from his duty to watch the rope's end, instead of a man near the foresheet. The sea is finely painted in this picture, and the shore-view is very fine indeed; perhaps the sky is in parts a little too yellow. The other pictures possess also that high degree of excellence for which Mr. Turner's pencil has been so long remarkable.

Lady Jane Grey prevailed on to accept the Crown.—C. R. Leslie, R.A.

This picture represents the hapless lady in the act of reluctantly accepting the crown, at the entreaties of all the chief members of her family. The grouping is admirable, and the expression of each figure is suitably appropriate. All the executive parts of the picture are well finished, the drawing is very correct, and the colouring, particularly the drapery, soft and harmonious. The relief between the plainer and brighter tones in the dress of some of the figures is beautifully managed. We were particularly struck with the finished and perfect drawing of the hands. Is not there a little hardness in the tone of colouring of the pillar at the left side of the picture?

A Boy firing a Cannon.—W. Mulready, R.A.

This little picture is admirably painted; a boy is firing off his brass cannon, half amazed himself at his prowess, and half terrifying the equally silly bystanders. It possesses all the happy touches of individual archness of character which Mr. Mulready's pencil can so well depict, with the same felicitous power of perfect finishing. The manner in which the light is introduced through the door is admirable, and reminds us of Wilkie's fine execution.

The Vision on May-Day, on Loch Lean, from the Legend of O'Donoghue.—T. Stothard, R.A.

A fine glowing picture, giving life and animation to a legend which has less of absurdity, and more of poetry, in its composition, than belong to the ordinary inspirations of tradition.

Heavy Weather coming on, with Vessels running to Port.—A. W. Callcott, R.A.

This is a very beautiful picture; every thing is in perfect keeping. The tempestuous squally sky, the curling sea, the haze which thickens around the ship of war at anchor, the animation observable on board the small craft which are running to port in company—all these apt accompaniments and effects of a storm are impressively portrayed. The curve of the sea, which seems as it were to connect the two ships, is a fine touch of art; and the manner in which the waves creep up their sides and boil over into spray, is perfect nature. We do not remember to have seen a finer specimen of Mr. Callcott's talents. *Bruges from the Ghent Canal, Dead Calm, Boats off Cowes Castle*, and *the Thames from Greenwich*, by the same artist,

and all well painted; that of Bruges in particular, which has some brilliant tones of colouring, equal to those of Cuyp (in his golden tints) when depicting similar scenery.

The Embarkation of Cleopatra, on the Cydnus, when she first met Mark Antony, in Cilicia. — F. Danby, A.

This picture has considerable merit. The sparkling of the sun upon the water is a beautiful and difficult representation of nature. There is a richness in the colouring, and a truth and correctness in the action of the figures, which are very attractive.

"*Sides all.*"—J. Ward, R. A.

This excellent artist has five pictures in the present Exhibition; they chiefly represent favourite horses, dogs, Persian sheep, and some favourite sporting subjects. The celebrity of Mr. Ward as the finest animal-painter of our times has been so long established, that it is only necessary to introduce his name, as connected with such subjects, to give them a universal passport for public currency. Who would imagine that *Sides all* meant a couple of rough sinewy draught-horses pulling up at a rope's end a heavy butt from a country victualler's cellar? To be sure, unlike *Now for the Painter!* the horses and the man and the rope and the butt are in their right places; but what detraction would it be from the merits of an excellent picture to have an intelligible name given to it? "Sides all," we suppose, means some exclamation given by the drayman, as he whips his horses to the spur of exertion: be that as it may, Mr. Ward has given us in his picture a capital representation of two rough hard-working horses, with every muscle in action, and a rural and agreeable landscape.

Buying Fish.—W. Collins, R. A.

Mr. Collins has three very beautiful pictures in Somerset-House, *a Frost-Scene, Children creeping into a Net*, besides the above picture. The *Buying Fish* is represented by an innocent group, chiefly of children, on the strand of the seashore, looking at the bargain; and the landscape, with all its appropriate accessories, is painted with the force and fidelity which always distinguish the representation of scenery by this eminent artist.

Chain-Pier, Brighton.—J. Constable, A.

A capital local landscape, with a connecting sea-view of peculiar interest. The perspective is very well managed; a little more warmth of colouring would have made the houses on the cliff look livelier. The artist was, however, determined to have a cool promenade at Brighton; and how glad would the summer visitors of that gay town be, if they could imitate his example!

Landscape, Moonlight.—T. C. Hofland.

A pleasing and agreeable picture, in a fine tone of colouring.

The dead Elephant.—W. Daniel, R. A.

This picture represents a number of the lesser animals disturbed from feasting upon the body of a dead elephant. It is in many parts painted with fine effect, and the subject is handled with uncommon interest. The *Attack of a Boa Constrictor* is equally attractive. A Lascar in charge of a boat has fallen asleep, and his companions, on their approach, are horror-stricken at seeing that a huge snake, seventy feet in length,

has writhed itself about their sleeping companion. Roused by a violent cut on the tail from an axe, the monster rears his head above the stern of the boat, but so vigorous were the successive blows that he was soon disabled. This picture is likewise well painted, except the water, which wants transparency. Mr. Daniel has some other very pleasing pictures of Oriental scenery, in which the native costume and description of Oriental buildings, ancient and modern, are very carefully given. His *View of Windsor Castle* is a very clever work; the sunny tints which illumine the tops of the trees, and fling their flaky light across the very long avenue, are a good imitation of nature.

An excavated Temple of the Hindoos in the Island of Salsette, East Indies.—T. Daniel, R. A.

An interesting representation of ancient art. The figures remind us of some of those in poor Belzoni's celebrated tomb at the Egyptian Hall, of which we believe not a fragment at present remains.

The Landing of Mary Queen of Scots at Leith in the year 1561.—W. Allan, A.

This is rather an elaborate description of an event which has been often illustrated by the pencil. Mr. Allan has introduced every figure which could be crowded upon the canvas and made a part of the pageant. The unfortunate queen is conducted by her brother (afterwards regent), and followed by her ladies. Behind her conductor stands Lord Lyndesay of the Eyres, leaning on his sword, and on her Majesty's right, Lords Morton and Ruthven are kneeling. On the pier above is the queen's white palfrey, and close behind it stand the Lord Provost and the Bailies. The artist has laboured hard, and indeed successfully, in portraying throughout this work individuality of character. His ladies are delicate, his warriors gallant and bold, and the crowd, even to the children, intensely engaged in beholding the ceremony. The performance of the pibroch, too, is given with an air of complete nationality. Great pains have been taken with the figure of the Queen of Scots, though we are far from thinking it the best in the piece. The subject is showy, without being sufficiently grand; and perhaps in that respect it more faithfully delineates the historical event.

Portrait of a Lady in a Vandyke Dress.—H. Howard, R. A.

If we miss this year the poetical Muse of this elegant artist in the absence of those gay and floating groups of which his pictures used to consist, we have still no small share of his style preserved in the display of his portrait-painting. The lady in the Vandyke dress, and another *Portrait of a Lady in an Italian Costume of the Sixteenth Century*, are most beautifully painted.

The Death of Sir Francis Russell, who was treacherously slain at a Border-Meeting in the year 1585.—A. Cooper, R. A.

This artist has largely contributed to the present Exhibition. The picture before us is not only a perfect example of his skill in animal-painting, but also of that spirit and animation which he can infuse into equestrian grouping. There is rather too much calmness in the dying features of the principal figure, as he falls from his horse under the sudden shock of an assassin-like blow.

Waterloo.—G. Jones, R. A.

The artist has handled this subject

in a different manner from most of his predecessors, and given the principal space to the display of the last struggle of Buonaparte before he quitted the field. He is near *la Belle Alliance*, and in his rear the British and supporting Prussian troops occupy all the horizon. Near Buonaparte, the life-guards and cuirassiers are engaged; and on his right, the French troops are in confusion. Ney is on the fore-ground, endeavouring to rally the broken troops. It is very difficult to portray the confusion of a battle; and yet to reduce the elements of which such a subject must necessarily be composed to the order required by the calm spectator who desires to study the event. This merit, however, Mr. Jones possesses in a high degree; and any man conversant with the field of Waterloo, and the history of the action, can apply his memory distinctly to the illustration which the artist has here given of the combat. The picture is very well painted.

The Vintage at Gensano, in Italy. —J. Severn.

The eye of this artist is evidently fresh from an examination of the old pictures and statues of Italy: the drawing of some of the figures is good, but the stiffness of outline in others is that of statuary.

Market-Gardeners loading.—W. E. Witherington.

The group in front is very pretty, and the colouring which falls on the cottage and fore-ground is quite suitable.

Autumnal Morning.—F. R. Lee.

This is a clever production; the colouring is good, and the arrangement of the parts of the picture does much credit to the artist.

The Challenge.—H. P. Briggs, A.

The subject is taken from the last canto of *Orlando Furioso*, the combat between Rodomonte and Ruggiero, in the presence of Charlemagne. It is a fine and spirited performance. The caparisoned horses, the manly figure of the combatants, and the fine display of their armour, present an imposing appearance: the colouring is very creditable to Mr. Briggs. He has also a picture from *Romeo and Juliet;* it is the scene between the Nurse and Juliet in Capulet's garden, and presents a fine contrast to the martial picture. In the one we have the clang of war, in the other all the softness and delicacy of a fine poetical incident. Mr. Briggs has this year several portraits, which are well finished.

The Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina.—G. S. Newton.

This picture is composed and finished in Mr. Newton's best style. It has, in the different characters, all the mixed expression of seriousness and humour which Gil Blas has given to the story.

We regret that little space remains to us for farther remarks upon this Exhibition. There are several other works well entitled to commendation, by Mr. Landseer, A. Mr. Reinagle, Mr. H. B. Chalon, Mr. Carse, Mr. Glover, Mr. Haydon, Mr. H. P. Bone, Mr. Worthington, Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Warren, Mr. Hofland, Mr. Linnell, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Eastlake, Mr. Westall, A. Mr. Stanfield, and many other artists, with whose names the public are already familiar.

The ladies who have this year most successfully contributed are, Miss J. Ross, Miss Gouldsmith, Miss Kearsley, Miss Beaumont, Miss Daniel, Miss Arnald, Miss Chalon, Mrs. Pear-

son, Miss Ainslie, Mrs. Hakewill, Miss Heaphy, Mrs. Pope, Miss Sharpe, Miss Drummond, Mrs. Robertson, Miss Kendrick, Mademoiselle Comelera, Mrs. Green, Miss Larkin, Miss Andree, Miss Jenkins, Miss Jones, Miss Reynolds, Miss Fox, Miss Gandy, Miss Hague, &c. &c.

The enamels are as usual beautiful. The principal are by Mr. Bone, R. A. There are some beautiful architectural drawings by Mr. Soane, R. A. Mr. Gandy, A. Mr. Wilkins, R. A. and several other artists who are eminent in this elegant and useful branch of their profession.

THE SCULPTURE.

Statue in Marble of the late John Philip Kemble, to be placed in Westminster Abbey.—The late J. Flaxman, R. A.

The two names here given, of the artist and his subject, suggest to the recent recollection of every lover of genius and taste, the fame of two of the most distinguished men in their respective arts who have figured in our own times, accompanied by the regret that they no longer live to adorn their country. If their works did not survive, this statue would be alone sufficient to confer immortality upon both the tragedian and the sculptor. It is the figure of Cato, standing before us in all the majesty of the Roman philosopher. The perfect personification of the character, clad in the flowing drapery of the best classical model (that much neglected though essential part of the sculptor's duty, if he intend his name to outlive the evanescent sway of unseemly fashion), and the *beau idéal* of the man. Kemble lives in the marble; his fine head and neck, thrown back a little, to give the fullest effect to a figure worthy of a noble Roman, are here admirably preserved. The expression of the features is in perfect unison with the conception of the attitude; indeed, both are perfect, and this statue does honour to the British school of art.

Statue of the late Stephen Babington, Esq. to be erected at Bombay.—F. Chantrey, R. A.

This, as well as another statue of *Sir Joseph Banks*, is the production of Mr. Chantrey. Both are in sitting postures, the one reading, and the other (Banks) in that quiet and unaffected expression of countenance for which our amiable philosopher was always distinguished, even when pain racked his debilitated frame. In the application of modern dress to sculptural subjects, however flowing the folds are endeavoured to be cast, there is, we think, a great drawback of effect. Shoes, or close slippers, or knee-buttons, are very commonplace; they save of course a good deal of trouble, but they are quite inappropriate. If it be worth any body's while to have his figure preserved in a statue, he should, whether he deserve it or not, be recorded for something better than the cut of his clothes. The expression of the features in these statues is admirably portrayed by Mr. Chantrey, and nothing can be easier or more unaffected than the attitudes.

Psyche borne by Zephyrs.—G. Gibson.

This is a very beautiful group; the figures are perfect symmetry, and the spirit and animation given them by the artist cannot be too much admired.

A Figure of Piety, part of a monument to be erected in the ca-

thedral at Bristol.—E. H. Bailey, R. A.

This, as well as other works by the same artist in this Exhibition, cannot be too highly praised.

Salmacis.—J. Heffernan, is a very poetical composition.

There is a good *Group* by Mr. Mc Dowell, and several very fine busts by our best sculptors.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

The twenty-third Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours has just opened at its Gallery in Pall-Mall East; and we have this year a larger than usual number of works from its able and indefatigable members. We have always said that water-colour painting was peculiarly a British art:

"She hails with honest pride her country's claim,
And calls on Taste to ratify her fame."

It is a branch of the fine arts which was created, and has grown to maturity, among us. Instead of the crude and delicate tints and lines and flimsy execution which it once exhibited, we have now a bold and vigorous touch and full relief, which in some instances rival oil-painting.

There are three hundred and fifty-nine pictures in this Exhibition, and they comprehend a display of miscellaneous subjects and a variety of merit, in the highest degree creditable to our artists. His taste must indeed be fastidious who cannot find some subject to please his eye in this gallery. We have landscapes in the endless variety of local and general scenery, sketches from Nature in nearly all her works, and delineations of objects which fill "earth, sea, air, and sky."

All our old friends of this Society exhibit and evince matured skill and unceasing industry. The labours of some of them are quite extraordinary, when we consider the perfect execution and rare merit of their works, which have stamped their received and admitted excellence in every school in Europe. But we must advert to particulars, and take a cursory glance (we regret we can give no more) at the drawings, in the casual order in which we saw them on a day of crowded attendance.

A Pilot-Boat going off to a Vessel in a hard Gale, near the Eddystone.—Copley Fielding.

This artist has contributed nearly fifty works to the present Exhibition: this is, perhaps, more than what ought to be his share of "the square feet" of the walls; but when we behold their merit, we are delighted at the prolific pencil from which they come. The *Pilot-Boat* is really a beautiful drawing; there is a depth and force in the execution which cannot be too much admired, and the effect is perfect nature. The tempestuous rolling of the waves is very striking. Objection has been taken to the strong hue of parts of the water; but that is the colour of the sea, when "tempest-tossed" and overhung by opaque clouds, on this part of the coast.

The *Distant View of Portsmouth* is also beautiful. Perhaps the bluish tints in the sea line are, in parts, rather too deep; but *the Vessels at Spithead* is a drawing of the very highest order for clearness and vividness of tint, and the most brilliant transparency of tone.

The *Morning Scene in Perthshire* and the *Snowden View* are likewise full of merit.

Cruchan Ben, from the upper Part of Loch Etive, Argyleshire. — G. F. Robson.

Mr. Robson displays his usual skill and industry in landscape-painting. He has several finely executed works, remarkable for their depth and repose. He is a perfect master of Scottish scenery; its mistiness and broken lights and craggy points appear the unlaboured production of a pencil which catches the aspect of bold and rugged nature with the fabled power of a talisman. He excels in delineating the grandeur of mountainous views, as exemplified in his Welch and Scottish drawings in this gallery. *Edinburgh, from Salisbury Craigs*, is a beautiful prospect of that romantic city, "where the huge castle holds its state;" and *Barnard Castle, Durham*, is a picture of great merit, but some singularity, from the poetical gloom and duskiness which envelope the atmosphere. It is, however, in unison with the romantic character of the local scenery, which has often furnished a subject for monkish legend, and inspired alike the poet and the painter.

The poor sequestered Stag. — R. Hills.

We cannot behold without unceasing admiration Mr. Hills' productions. It is rarely, and we know not why it should be so, that we see animal-painting in keeping with its appropriate and always accompanying scenery in nature, in the perfection which we find in this artist. It is difficult to say which is more meritoriously prominent, his landscape or his quadrupeds, but the attraction of both is very great. The picture before us, taken from Shakspeare's description of the

> "poor sequestered stag,
> That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
> Did come to languish,"

where "the melancholy Jaques" lay, under the antique oak in the forest of Arden, is a perfect work of art. The poor animal, standing

> "On the extremest verge of the swift brook,
> Augmenting it with tears,"

is finely portrayed, as well as the careless herd, "full of the pasture," which passes him heedlessly. The trees and verdure are well drawn and coloured, and make the landscape interesting. The *Cattle* drawing (No. 81.) is also fine; the gloomy hue which pervades it in the depth of the prospect has much grandeur of effect. The *Foresters*, a group of horses in a wood, is likewise a valuable drawing; and so is that of the *Fighting Boars*.

Ponte Rialto at Venice.—S. Prout.

This Exhibition abounds with interesting drawings by this artist, principally of foreign architectural views. There are two pictures of the above name, but the larger and more elaborately finished (No. 26.) is that to which we wish chiefly to point attention. Nothing can be finer than the colouring of the water, the animation and bustle of the gondoliers, and the rich variety of the buildings. Perhaps those in the distance are so elaborately worked as to partake a little of hardness of execution. He has succeeded in keeping alive an interest for a Venetian prospect, which has almost palled upon the English eye, from its constant recurrence in paintings and engravings, in poetry and the drama. But the view of Venice still possesses, from a variety of associations, a melancholy

interest. We may say, in the language of Shakspeare,

"Age cannot steal, nor custom wear,
Its infinite variety."

The *Church of St. Maclou, Rouen,* is a beautiful specimen of the rich Gothic architecture with which that city abounds. Among the other well-executed works by Mr. Prout which we were gratified to see in this Exhibition, were, *Views of the Arch of Constantine, Leaning Towers at Bologna, Part of the Amphitheatre of Verona, Temple of Nerva at Rome, Portico dell' Ottavia, ditto,* and *Temple of Jupiter Tonans.* The German scenery is also peculiarly interesting.

Remains of Peel Castle, Isle of Man.—H. Gastineau.

"Perplex'd
With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide,
By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd,
Oft dash'd."

A bold and well-executed sea-view, drawn and coloured with great beauty and precision, and in a very high degree creditable to this clever artist, who has several other drawings of equal merit in this gallery.

Scene from Thomson's Castle of Indolence.—G. Barret.

"In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found."

From these lines, and onward in the poem to the

"Sleeping groves and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,"

Mr. Barret has caught the inspiration of his subject. We have a very great respect for the talents of this meritorious artist, who can, if he pleases, avoid a fault very closely resembling *mannerism.* In the arts, the glowing enthusiasm of the mind must, for external representation, be regulated by the eye, and that organ must be true to nature. Men of all professions and studies may be original, without being correct; or they may strike out a path for themselves, without violating the modesty of nature. An able artist and poet of our own times (Mr. Shee) has given this just meed of praise to Hogarth, who

"Disdain'd the beaten track, the common crown,
And forced an untried passage to renown;
To nature true his sportive pencil moved,
Taught while it trifled, pleased while it reproved."

There is certainly a fine poetical conception in this rich drawing, and a calmness and serenity suited to the subject. It wants, however, enough of the air of nature to identify the ordinary spectator with the scene; it wants what Thomson so beautifully describes in the same poem, "the gay bloom of vernal landscapes." Why not impart to his poetical compositions something of the tints which Mr. Barret has so well given in the smaller drawing of *Morning,* No. 253. in this gallery?

Dover from the Sea.—D. Cox.

A very beautiful drawing: one, however, among many in this Exhibition, by the same artist, which ensure observation and deserve encouragement.

Taming of the Shrew.—H. Richter.

This drawing represents Catherine in the hands of Petruchio, who is flinging the coverlet from her shoulders, while poor Grumio is groping into the chamber with his lamp, guided by his fellow-servant Curtis, both of them staring at the "taming of the shrew." There is a good

deal of comic character introduced into the drawing, and it has considerable vividness of colouring.

A Gleaner.—S. Austen.

A very pretty drawing; and the same character applies to Mr. Austen's drawings of Liverpool in this gallery: that of the *Interior of the new Market* is very well executed.

Conifield, Westmoreland.—P. Dewint.

This artist has several good landscapes. There is a fine sweep of country introduced into the Westmoreland view, and the small spot of river which speckles one part of the surface has a very pretty effect.

Richmond Castle, Yorkshire. — W. Havell.

If we mistake not, Mr. Havell accompanied Lord Amherst's abortive expedition to China. His drawings, therefore, of Chinese scenery (some of which are in this Exhibition) have a genuine and official character. The monotonous shape and colour of the costume and *materiel* of the subjects of "the eldest son of the sun," and their unaltered character for ages, leave little to gratify curiosity in this day. Mr. Havell certainly clothes them in much finer drawing and perspective than they have heretofore been served up to us in our tea-services of China, or in the original drawings with which we have been favoured from Canton, and therefore renders them fitter for reception in our galleries of art. The Yorkshire view is a fine drawing; the clear sunny effect, and the fine perspective of the town and castle, deserve every praise. Perhaps there is a little too much of finishing in parts of the trees in the foreground.

Fountain at Inverary, North Britain.—J. Cristall.

What Rubens failed to accomplish with his Flemish models, Mr. Cristall sometimes very nearly hits off with his Scottish; that is, he succeeds in giving to their robust frame something like graceful expression. We are of course alluding to the peasantry of the North; for the assemblages of Scottish ladies at Holyrood have not been consigned to the glowing description of past annals, since his present Majesty has had the opportunity of receiving them in the old court of the Stuarts, where

"Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd,"

and displayed all the grace and elegance which adorn more southern drawing-rooms. Mr. Cristall has the merit of making very pretty pictures from sketches of the rustic grouping of the Highlands; and in some of his single figures there is a tenderness and simplicity of character which impart a very warm interest; for instance, the *Girl at the Well*, in this collection.

Lake and Town of Killarney, with Ross Castle.—J. Varley.

This drawing is shaped, we presume, for a particular situation: it is a most faithful and well-finished delineation of very beautiful scenery. The magnificent range of mountainous scenery, with its base washed in the wide expanse of the lakes, has been very correctly and spiritedly portrayed by Mr. Varley.

Interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, during the Apostles' Creed.—F. Nash.

There are some capital architectural drawings in this Exhibition by some of our best artists in this very useful department of their profession. We have here a fine view of this beautiful Gothic chapel, with a

vivid display of the rich ornamental colouring which is reflected from Mr. West's painted window, and from the helmets and banners of the knights. All the parts of the Gothic frieze-work are very finely wrought. The *View in Westminster Abbey of the Funeral of a Person of State in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, is also a rich piece of drawing and colouring. It has a force and relief which evince the capability of this branch of art in able hands.

The Penance of Jane Shore in the old Cathedral of St. Paul, A. D. 1483.—C. Wild.

This artist has likewise several very clever architectural drawings. That which we have just named is a very fine one, and full of all the merits of perspective, which are so essential for giving breadth and depth to this class of drawings.

Mr. Pugin and Mr. Mackenzie have also some pleasing architectural subjects; and there are likewise some well-drawn monuments by Mr. Essex.

Fall of Fyers,—W. Nesfield, has a good deal of merit; the landscape is good, and the waterfall is very well managed.

Rembrandt in his Study — Mary Queen of Scots (attended by the four Maries), in her Retirement at St. Andrew's, receiving Randolph, sent by Elizabeth to negociate a Marriage between Mary and the Earl of Leicester.—J. Stephanoff.

It has become almost trite to speak of the sparkling and brilliant tints of this artist's pencil. The *Study of Rembrandt*, like that of *Rubens* in a former Exhibition, is a rich display of colouring, most beautifully arranged; and every thing which can be imagined of splendid and glowing colouring, without a particle of meretricious glare, belongs to the drawing of *Mary Queen of Scots*. The composition of the subject is likewise very appropriate; the figures and expression are well conceived; and there is as much of true historic character in the sketch, as there is of glowing merit in the general execution of the colouring.

Paper Lantern.—W. Hunt.

Among some clever drawings by this artist, we noticed the above, which is a bold and successful effort at chiaro-scuro in water-colours.

We regret that we have not space for further detail, or we should particularly notice a number of pleasing subjects by Mr. J. Byrne, Mr. Finch, Mr. Pyne, Mr. Whichelo, Mr. Wright, Mr. Turner, Mr. Lewis, and other clever artists.

The ladies (why, we know not,) are not as numerous contributors to this Exhibition as we should wish them to be, from a knowledge of their power to shed additional grace and ornament upon its walls. There are, however, some pleasing drawings by Mrs. T. H. Fielding, some beautiful *Fruit and Flowers* by Miss Byrne and Miss Scott, and some *Game* by Miss Barret.

It would very much assist the visitor to this Exhibition, if the works of the members of the Society were numbered after their names in the Key to the Catalogue. This is done, we believe, in all the other Exhibitions, and it facilitates distinct reference. Why not, therefore, in Pall-Mall East?

MR. LOUGH.

An extraordinary genius has recently appeared in the British hemisphere of art, who has been hailed with that general acclamation by artists and the lovers of art, which proves that we live in an age of intellect. Time was when England produced the greatest epic poet of the world; and that same England left him to starve. It is known that the copyright of that matchless poem, *Paradise Lost*, was disposed of by its unfortunate author for the sum of sixteen pounds! Happily in our time as much is given for a few original elegant lines for the *Forget-Me-Not*.

It was our intention to have noticed what we had heard of this extraordinary young man in our last Number, but the bustle and confusion consequent upon a removal from our old to the new premises obliged the postponement of this and other notices interesting to the arts. It matters not, however, who were the first to bring the merits of Mr. Lough before the public; many gentlemen connected with the press, immediately on the discovery of such merit in obscurity, spontaneously stepped forward to bring his genius to light. The *Literary Chronicle* and the *Literary Gazette*, on the 12th instant, gave the first announcement. It is plain that a simultaneous kind feeling inspired the press; for on the next day, Sunday, the 13th, the *Examiner*, the *Atlas*, and, we believe, within a few hours many others of the leading papers, rendered the young artist the same service. He is thus at once established on the rolls of Fame by the concurring good sentiment of the press.

One circumstance, however, we take pleasure in recording. It is to the zealous exertions of the kind-hearted author of *The Social Day*, that this sudden publicity has been given to the mighty works of this phenomenon of sculpture; and it is our intention, in the next Number of the *Repository*, to give our readers a biographical sketch of the history of this highly gifted young man.

It is said that Mr. Lough has received a commission from Mr. Brougham to execute his admirable group of *Sampson slaying the Philistines*, in marble. If this be true, we hail the circumstance with no small gratification. This is almost as extraordinary a phenomenon, compared with other times, as the subject in question—the law to throw the first protecting mantle over genius in art!

NORTH-WEST VIEW OF THE REPOSITORY OF ARTS,

No. 96, in the Strand.

Written by an Old Acquaintance of No. 101.

The title of the annexed plate will announce to my readers, that this Repository is transferred by Mr. Ackermann from No. 101 to 96, in the same bustling of the metropolis; a building erected during the last year for the express purpose of affording enlarged means of promoting its objects and accommodating the public. This somewhat courtly edifice is situated on the same es-


96 REPOSITORY or ARTS. 96



tate as his late residence, and at the corner of Beaufort-Buildings; a site chosen with a view to give ample space for carriages in the return street on its western side, removed from the bustle of the Strand.

It was to be expected that a place so peculiarly devoted to the arts, should, in outward appearance and internal arrangement, correspond with the nature of its establishment; accordingly Mr. Ackermann has not been niggardly in conforming to the anticipation. The building is of the Corinthian order, raised on a firm basement, which includes the height of the shop, and the whole is surmounted by an attic, designed in architectural correspondence. The interior is disposed in rather a novel manner for such purposes, pillars being arranged so as to become a complete avenue down its centre, leading to the counting-houses and a flight of steps forming the approach to a store-room above. However large this edifice seems to be from the Strand, it is in reality much more extensive than it appears; because the building, when arrived at the court behind, returns considerably to the eastward, forming the letter L. This portion of it is nine stories high, having seven stories above the surface of the court, and two beneath it. The body of the house is six stories high next the Strand, and eight in the rear.

But a very small part of this edifice is employed as a dwelling; for extensive as it is, its apartments are fully occupied by the persons employed in the various branches of its trade, or with the extensive and accumulating stock necessary to a pursuit embracing such variety of subject. It was erected from designs made by Mr. John B. Papworth, the architect, and under his superintendence.

To many lovers of art, whether old or young, however imposing may be the claims of "No. 96," "No. 101 in the Strand" will be remembered with much interest, having been the object of their early admiration, as the repository of the means by which they would be enabled to become "great" at a future day. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, when coming first to London, looking with profound reverence, as I passed, at "The Repository of Arts, No. 101, in the Strand," having long contemplated it as the legitimate bank of art, and as abounding with enviable treasures for the benefit of genius. Even at this distant period, and in spite of the unquestionable importance and suitableness of the present new building, I cannot readily transfer my respect, and, I may say, affection, to No. 96 from the old one. Not being of the melting mood, I drop no tears; but as I pass by and see the soul of it, as it were, making a transit to the other body in the shape of bales and packing-cases, I sigh at the transmigration, and wonder if time will transfer my feelings to it with corresponding ease.

Farewell, long-remembered and respected friend of art and artists! I will, like the Bramin, try to convey my affections to your successor; believing that the spirit of your establishment was the real source of my esteem, though long correspondence has made its abode most valuable to me, your

FRIEND AND OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

PELISSE of lavender-colour watered *gros de Naples;* the *corsage* has a little fulness behind at the waist, but is made close to the shape in front, though not so high as the

throat, being rather open, and displaying a full chemisette of French cambric, with a square worked collarette falling over. The pelisse fastens in front with hooks and eyes, and is decorated with bows; a broad band, edged with satin of the same colour, descends from the waist, goes round and forms the border of the pelisse, and is ornamented by a row of painted leaves, with rouleau satin binding, which is continued over the bust and meets behind. The sleeves are *en gigot*, and have broad waistbands, with printed leaves to correspond: *ceinture* edged with satin. Rose-colour hat of watered *gros de Naples;* the brim extremely large, with a blond curtain veil, a quarter of a yard deep; the crown circular, and the trimming in the form of large leaves, with rose-colour satin rouleau binding, and a bouquet of flowers on each side: the strings are of broad satin ribbon, and descend from a bow on the left side; they are very long and untied, and have each a bow at the end. Gold ear-rings, chain and cross; yellow gloves; black kid shoes.

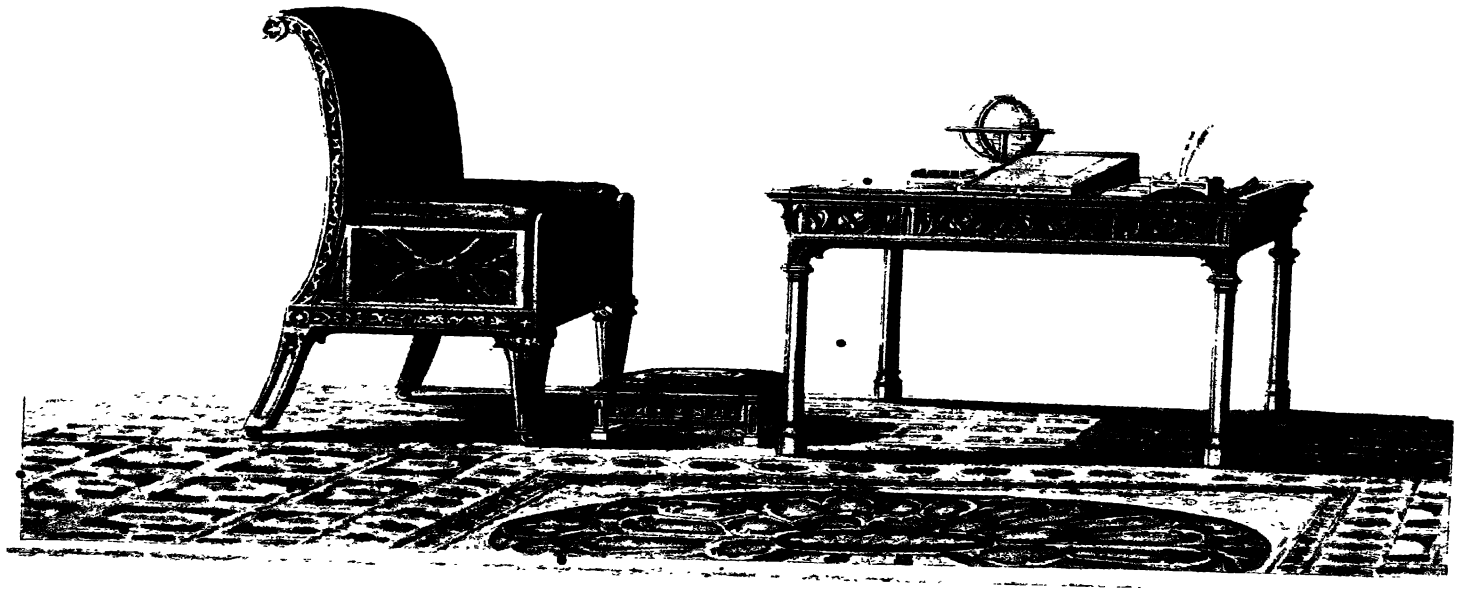
EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white tulle over a white satin slip, made straight across the bust, a little full in front, and rather low on the shoulder. The sleeves are short and ornamented with puffs in the form of cordatum, or heart-shaped leaves of tulle, surrounded by a band of white satin, edged on each side with gold-colour satin, and fastened at the points with small buttons. Narrow trimming of blond round the arm and top of the *corsage:* two bands of gold-colour satin are arranged on each side from the shoulder to the front of the waist, where they are crossed by the *ceinture,* which is fastened by a ruby clasp with a pendant pear-shaped pearl. Three bands descend from the waist half way down the skirt, and support three cordata puffs, similar, though larger than those on the sleeves; these rest on four beneath, which are placed on the points of five more, which belong to the border that surrounds the dress: a broad white satin band, ornamented with spots of gold-colour satin, between transverse bands of the same and a narrow rouleau, terminates the dress. The head-dress consists of a gold tiara comb adorned with different coloured oval stones, and an embroidered veil of tulle, arranged in two large bows on the crown of the head, and falling in graceful drapery over the shoulders. The hair is parted on the forehead and in large curls on each side; it is dressed very high at the top between the comb and the veil. Ear-rings, necklace, and locket of filigree gold, studded with rubies; gold bracelets with ruby clasps outside the gloves, which are of white kid, and drawn at the elbow with gold-colour satin ribbon; white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

LIBRARY TABLE AND CHAIR.

THE form and decorations of tables are infinitely varied; and as they are equally introduced in the library, boudoir, dining, drawing, dressing rooms, &c. they partake of different characters suitable to the destination of the apartment in which they are placed. It is in France that the







most elegant tables have been designed and executed, of which that of porcelain, *presented to the Emperor Napoleon, is a magnificent* specimen. The richest materials are sometimes employed in their construction; but mahogany and rose-wood are generally used, and sometimes ivory and other materials.

Respecting the tables of the middle ages little is known, but from the few documents which remain, they appear to have been very plain; and the rude state of the arts in those times amply justifies this opinion. *Hence, in designing them in that style*, the decorator is obliged to apply the Gothic decorations to modern forms.

The present design is intended for a library, to which is subjoined a chair in the same style. They may be executed either in light oak or rose-wood, and the ornaments in or-moulu.

THE DRAMA.

FRENCH THEATRE.

Since our last, the proprietors of this theatre have continued their spirited exertions in catering for the English taste. Their care and anxiety in imparting all the most lively novelties cannot be too highly commended. Added to this, they have engaged the best artists to visit and shew forth to our untravelled countrymen the excellence of French acting. To Potier succeeded Perlet; to Perlet, Emile; and to the last, our favourite, Laporte. Though his successes on the English stage were not equal to his deserts, yet he has certainly returned to his old and wonted sphere of action with capabilities more enlarged and action more fully developed. The different system of the English stage has effected this. The largeness of our theatres, the nature of our language, and the *solidity* of English conceptions, render a little of the burlesque in acting absolutely necessary. In order to a due relish of the English theatre, the lightness and construction of their language, so admirably suited for *badinage* and wit, works every thing for the French; and, from the smaller size of their houses, every expression is immediately caught, and has its due weight with the mercurial audience. The more closely then the actor studies nature, the more admirable he becomes; and this constitutes the excellence of French comedy. Nothing, however, which has been performed at the French theatre is equal to the *Ecole des Vieillards*, in which Perlet so much excelled, and which is a distinguished part of Laporte's. This is a most excellent comedy, and well worthy of the universal commendation which it has obtained. The name of M. Casimir Delavigne is too well known to all our readers even to make mention of those poetical works whereby he has acquired celebrity. This comedy, however, is of itself sufficient to award him considerable literary fame, although it may not teem with that wit and lightness and sparkling exuberance which are the great attractions of French comedy, and to which even the best of our dramatists, Congreve and Sheridan, must yield: yet the full justice with which the several characters are delineated, the ability which the writer shews in laying open the impulses and movements of the heart, and the various shades and differences of motives which influence youth and age, are well worthy of the highest commendation. It has been rendered remarkable by one circumstance, but altogether of an adventitious quality, that the part of Danville was the only one of a comic character which the celebrated Talma ever

represented. The *usual* unities of the French drama are strictly adhered to, and the plot is of the most simple construction. Danville, an old seaman and ship-owner of Havre, and one who, by the privateering system, had well filled his purse with prize-money, marries a young wife in the bloom of youth and fulness of beauty. She and her mother persuade the old man to leave his native town and reside in Paris. His wife comes to Paris before him, and two months after Danville follows, and the scene opens with the meeting between him and his old friend Bonnard.

They presently speak of marriage: the new-married husband of course extols it; the bachelor decries it. Here they are interrupted by Valentine, who, from an old sailor and comrade of Danville's, is converted into a Parisian footman. He is full of complaints, and gives his master an insight into his wife's extravagance. His wife now enters, and after giving the poor sailor a heterogeneous mass of fashionable directions, not any of which he understands, she is introduced to Bonnard, at whom she laughs outright for his old-fashioned appearance and antiquated manners, very much to the discomfiture and displeasure of her husband. The scene of her extravagance is afterwards made to appear, and she admirably parries the attacks of M. Danville. Madame Sinclair now enters, and proposes a walk to the Tuileries,

> Le temple de la mode et des galanteries,
> L'école des grands airs.

The attraction is too powerful for his wife, and the husband remains at home to meet his friend.

The second act opens with M. Danville and Madame Sinclair. The former imagines that he has just cause of complaint against his wife's behaviour towards him in the Tuileries Gardens; the other is ready to vindicate her daughter.

The Duke d'Elmar is the minister's near relative, and through him Madame Sinclair and her daughter hope to gain that preferment for M. Danville which will give them the consequence they so much affect. The duke readily allows them to hope this, as he, in his turn, *hopes* to triumph over the wife's virtue. The point of the play turns on this incident. Bonnard informs the husband of the duke's libertine propensities, and he interdicts his wife from attending at a grand entertainment to be given by the minister, at which she was to be attended by the young nobleman. The wife insists upon going, and hence arises a desperate quarrel.

The third act commences with a reconciliation between the high parties, with an assurance from Madame Hortense, that she will obey her husband's behests. Scarcely has Danville left, when her good resolution fails her, and persuaded by the old lady and the young duke, she hurries to the ball. Her absence is discovered by her husband, and he follows her. She, in the mean time, returns, is met by the duke, who has obtained the official appointment for the husband, and thinks it a good opportunity to urge his infamous proposals to the wife. Danville now enters: from the confusion of the wife, he suspects the presence of the duke, discovers him, and on the following morning they fight a duel, when the youth of the nobleman overpowers the age of the sailor; but his life is spared, and silence is of course imposed upon him. He, however, refuses with indignation the situation obtained for him by such a polluted channel; and by a letter from his wife to the nobleman, discovering her good resolutions and her perfect innocence, a reconciliation is effected, and the parties retire into the country, satisfied with what they have seen of Paris. This, with a slight incident which proves the disinterested friendship of Bonnard, constitutes the comedy.

Hortense has all the lightness of the most light and frivolous of her sex. Young, gay, volatile, extravagant, vain of her beauty and her attractive loveliness, she opens her ears to all the insinu-

ations of flattery which the recklessness of youth can offer, or which the soft and honeyed treachery of the seducer can whisper. She has the misfortune to be married to a man infinitely beyond her in years, the heyday of whose blood is over, and who is long past that prime when he might fashion his language to that sweet phraseology on which every beautiful woman feeds and lives. Yet the structure of his mind is composed of every noble and exalted principle, and so works on her sensible mind (for a beautiful woman, in contradiction to the universally believed principle of fashion, can be sensible,) the full conviction of his worth. Still Hortense, under the conviction of her firmness, thinks it a matter of indifference to her husband, and of grateful feeling to herself, to gratify her vanity, provided it may be done without her own debasement. Such is the inconsistency of conduct induced by an imperfect education; and what her education must have been, the character of the mother will best shew. Madame Sinclair is of the worst description of characters. In her is painted an old age, without one redeeming virtue. Life has passed with her as a dream, in which her senses have been intoxicated with pleasure; and she has not, from example or experience, learned one lesson or principle of wisdom or good conduct. She presents us with one of the most loathsome and detestable characters which this chequered world contains.

ITALIAN OPERA.

The proprietor having shut his doors against all orders, our reporter has not been able to attend; and therefore we beg leave to disappoint our readers. *Trahit sua quemque voluptas!* which means in modern English, "When a man thinks he can save a shilling by following an injudicious plan, we are the last who will say nay to his resolution!"

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Ackermann has in preparation, in one vol. royal 8vo. a work of a humorous cast, entitled *Adventures of a Griffin, or the History of Tom Raw, the East-Indian Cadet*, illustrated with twenty-five coloured engravings.

Mr. Ackermann has also nearly ready for publication, four engravings, in illustration of *the Adventures of Don Quixote*, representing the Hero brought Home by the Peasants; his being Relieved of his Armour by six young Damsels; his Reception at the Duke's Palace; and the Library scrutinized by the Curate and the Barber. These plates are in mezzotint, 18 inches by 12.

The same publisher will speedily have ready, three *Views* after Prout, and engraved in imitation of his designs, representing, 1. The Town-Hall at Louvain, 24 inches by 20; 2. The Cathedral of Ulm; 3. The Palais de Justice at Rouen; each 22 inches by 17.

Mr. Ackermann will also publish, in a few days, an engraving by Taylor, from a picture by M. W. Sharp, with the title of *Open your Mouth and Shut your Eyes*, 12 inches by 9.

The first part of *a Natural History of the Bible*, illustrated with numerous engravings, by William Carpenter, will appear in a few days.

A new literary journal, by the title of *The London Weekly Review, and Journal of Literature and the Fine Arts*, will make its first appearance on the 16th of June. It is intended to be of a more critical character than the existing publications of its class, and to embrace all important new works of a profounder cast, which are systematically neglected by them.

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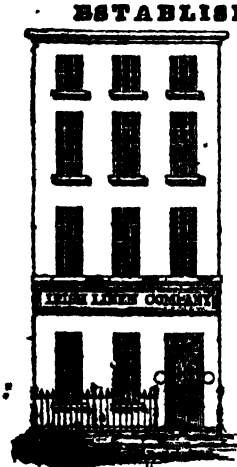
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